The Independent.

"BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

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The Independent.

THE QUESTION OF THE YEAR'S LAST NIGHT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

Once again our sad Earth, swinging
Tireless on her axis true,
Hath pursued her olden journey
Through the pathless wastes of blue:
In among the great worlds, wheeling
Round the mighty central light,
Through the starry wildernesses,
Who hath guided her aright?

'Tis the same Earth her Creator
Blessed amid her Eden bowers,
When his smile brought heaven about her,
When her love yearned forth in flowers;
Ere her face, august in beauty,
Human sin and strife had marred,
Ere her sweet life death had tainted,
Ere her breast with graves was scarred.

He who set the lordly planets
Blazing through the dusky even,
Who that orb of fire unwasting
Balanced in the kindling heaven,
Fount of day, forever welling
Tides of life and waves of light,
For the thirsty worlds outflowing,
Breaking on far shores of night;
He hath left her not unheeded,
Darkened with the primal curse,
Lone and helpless, blindly floating
In his awful universe;
For his smile paternal breaketh
Ever through the darkness cold—
Still his care is round about her,
And He loves her as of old.

He in all her motions worketh,
Baleth all her sin and strife,
From the fearful chaos slowly
Rounds the perfect, full-orbed life;
In the shock of mortal battle,
Cruel murder, made sublime,
Pride and hate, and lust of conquest,
Tyranny's Titanic crime;
In the triumph of Oppression,
And in Freedom's vain defense;
In the woeful waste of famine,
And the scourge of pestilence;
In all woes and wrong around us,
In all strife of man with man;
In all discords that confound us
Runs his great harmonious plan;
Over-ruling evil chances,
For his purposes divine—
Mortal guilt and mortal sorrow
Bending to His Good Designs.

Patient in his calm eternal,
Sees He sad Humanity,
Bound and wounded, through the darkness,
Sending up her ceaseless cry!
For his eyes outwatch the ages,
To behold the good in store,
Striking through her little night-time
To the morn that lies before.

Not his ways and will to question
Look we on this night of nights,
Still and vast, with solemn splendors
Flashing from the starry lights;
Gone, forever and forever,
Old year seasons, snows and showers,
Grief and gladness, loss and triumph;
But the fresh New Year is ours!
Pure and bright it lies before us,
Like the snowy moor, untrod—
Trampled, soiled with evil passions,
Shall we give it back to God?

THE FREE SPEECH OF NEW ENGLAND.

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON,

AT THE NEW ENGLAND DINNER, DELMONICO'S, N. Y., DECEMBER 22D, 1869, IN RESPONSE TO THE TOAST: "THE FREE SPEECH OF NEW ENGLAND—MAY ITS CHAMPIONS BE HELD IN PERPETUAL FAME."

MR. PRESIDENT:—As I have not asked you to change my place on the programme, I shall take the liberty to change my place at the table; for just behind me, as you see, are these gas-lighted glass globes which I might break by some sudden gesture of my right hand. So, begging the pardon of my friend at the left—whose speech, *like his name*, has proved more brilliant than this glittering glass—the chief Jewell of Connecticut [referring to Gov. Jewell]—though, on looking at these other glasses which stand half empty round his plate, I have yet to see any evidence that he is a "Jewell of the first *water*" [Laughter]—asking his pardon for passing in front of him, I will step to the more convenient place just made vacant by the ex-minister to France; but I shall not go so far as to ask the Senate to confirm me in it. [Laughter.]

In coming to this New England feast, although I have brought to it a New England appetite, based on a New England reverence for the scriptural text which enjoins a renewal of the inner man; yet when I open my family Bible at its "Family Record," I there find no certificate of my New England nativity.

Nevertheless, born a Knickerbocker—standing to-night within arm's length of my cradle—yea, and standing too, like St. Paul, "a citizen of no mean city"—unless you envious Bostonians decry it as a very mean city [Laughter]—perhaps from me, as having no birthright in any of the six Yankee states, a tribute to the "Free Speech of New England" may come with a better grace than from the lineal and Yankee tongue of Brother Jonathan himself. For, you know, sir, Solomon has left a very sarcastic proverb, "Let another praise thee, and not thine own lips"—a passage accidentally omitted from the Yankee edition of the Scriptures. Nevertheless, if this edition shows certain omissions, it shows also certain additions. For instance, the Prophet Ezekiel's mysterious and uninterpreted prediction concerning "a wheel within a wheel" has at last found a solution in the Boston rendering of the "Sermon on the Mount," in that interpolated and eloquent passage which declares "I am the Hub of the Universe, and let all the people say Amen." [Laughter.]

But, sir, I am one of those Greek-styled barbarians who, gazing with an alien's eyes at New England—that mother of manly sons!—admire her just as her manly sons, seated at this feast to-night, admire their mother. New England? And who is *she*? She is Minerva! I recognize the goddess, and I salute her!

Now, sir, what is Free Speech? Even amid these convivialities, I may so far exercise it as at least to define it. Free Speech, sir, is not merely the spark that scintillates from an eloquent orator's glowing tongue; no, not even though his utterance has the fire to kindle men's passions or to melt men's hearts. Free Speech is an eloquence above eloquence, it is an oratory of its own, and not every orator is its apostle.

For many years in his pulpit, a Carmelite monk, successor to Massillon and Bourdaloue, touched many a soul with the consolations of faith; and all Paris, listening, said, "This is eloquence." Then, in the trial hour of his history, the same preacher—against the impending and dread anathema of Rome—exclaimed, "I will not enter the pulpit of Notre Dame in chains"; and all the world, putting its hand to its ear, said, "Hark! This is more than eloquence—it is free speech!"

Yes, sir, eloquence is one thing, and free speech another. Open Macaulay's history. Lord Halifax was the chief silver tongue among a whole generation of English statesmen; but, though he woke the ringing echoes of many a Parliament, and though wherever he went he carried with him a full mouth of fine English, yet never in all his public career—adding all its public occasions together—never did he utter so much free speech as John Hampden let loose in a single sentence when he said, "I will not pay thirty-one shillings and sixpence ship-money." [Applause.]

Edward Everett leaves many speeches; Patrick Henry left few. But the great word-painter who busied himself with painting and repainting the white lily of Washington's fame never caught that greater language of free speech which burned on the tongue of him who knew how to say, "Give me liberty or give me death!" [Applause.]

Sir, the Greeks, when once a Persian envoy came to them and, in Greek, demanded the surrender of their city, put him instantly to death for daring to utter such a proposition in the Greek tongue. That was a savage denial of free speech. But when, a few days ago, in the House of Representatives at Washington, a public enemy proposed that this nation should surrender its honor by repudiating its debt; and when his own political associates, with swift accord and with just rebuke, flayed him alive on the spot—that, sir, was as noble an instance of free speech as we are likely to get again in all this winter's volumes of Congressional *Globes*. [Great applause.]

I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet; but I think I can foresee, in another quarter, a possible exigency which may one day elicit an indignant outburst of free speech. The Rev. Mr. Erskine once thought it necessary to offer this public prayer: "O God, have mercy on all simple fools, and especially the magistrates of Edinburgh." [Laughter.] If ever, in some degenerate future, unlike our own unsullied times, some patriotic clergyman should feel constrained to pray, "O God, forgive all cunning rogues, and particularly the judges of New York"—that would be a devout instance of free speech. [Laughter.]

Sir, free speech is like the angel that delivered St. Peter from prison—its mission is to rescue from captivity some divinely-inspired truth or principle which unjust men have locked in dungeons and bound with chains. For thirty years the free speech of this nation was thus mainly consecrated to one sublime idea—an idea graven on the bell of Independence, and which made it say, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof"—an idea which oppressors, in treading on the necks of their fellows, sought to crush under their heels into the earth; but it sprang up, and, like Tennyson's flower,

> "—burst into the blood-red blossom of war,
> With its heart of fire"—

an idea which the cunning Philistines of North and South sought to bind with green withes, like Sampson; but it broke its fetters, put one arm around the North, another around the South, and hurled them together till the whole world trembled with the shock—an idea which traitors sought to blot from their country's flag by a shot at Sumter; but the flag only went down awhile to the earth, as if just to touch the level of the poor, the lowly, the enslaved, in order that, when again it should be lifted up, behold it might uplift all men with it! [Applause.]

And now, after this thirty years' debate on Human Liberty, this toast to-night is like Ophelia's "rosemary"—it is for "remembrance." It calls to mind the champions of the free speech of New England. And who, sir, are these? Shall I undertake to call the long roll of the legion of honor? Time would fail me, as it failed an apostle when he spake of "Gideon, and Barak, and Jeptha, of David also, and Samuel, and the prophets," and undertook to summon before his fancy the long array of those "of whom the world was not worthy." And yet I cannot choose but name the names of some that must not go unnamed. First of all, I point back to the Mayflower mariners, who brought with them, as the prime article of their cargo, a shipload of those grievances against Great Britain of which President Grant has now an abundant supply; and he may yet be tempted to reship them to British ports in vessels which, compared with the Mayflower, shall be of less fragile build and less fragrant name! [Applause.] Next, I recall the great founder of Rhode Island, who bequeathed part of his illustrious name to a certain Metropolitan bank president, in whose vaults I keep a few current funds which are always growing small by degrees and beautifully less; I mean Roger Williams. Then comes the Boston boy who sent up a kite and brought down the lightning; after whom, I judge, about twelve per cent. of all Yankee boys have since been named, including Gen. Butler, who continues to fly kites and catch lightnings. [Laughter.] I speak of Benjamin Franklin. Then remember that burning and shining light of the colonial bar, who, in the heroic days of the Writs of Assistance—"the times that tried men's souls"—instead of saying, "I am a lawyer, I can have the king for a client, I will defend the tyrant," banished the base thought, and said, "I am a patriot, I will espouse the people's cause, I will arraign the renegade!"—a rare specimen, sir, of a lawyer!—the Evarts of his time [Laughter] —illustrious and immortal James Otis. [Applause.] As a companion-picture to this, look back to the merchant who was above merchandise, one of the first great examples of those "who sold their goods and not their principles," a free speaker who delivered his free speech in the form of a loud handwriting and signed it John Hancock. [Applause.] Add also to the roll the country clergyman who went to Stockbridge, shut himself in an old-fashioned house, took pen and ink, wrote a treatise on "The Freedom of the Will," and on coming forth from his hiding-place held up the sheets in his hand as credentials to rank him among the master intellects of all time—and such he still stands—Jonathan Edwards. Then, at a later day, appears another preacher of righteousness, who reminds me of Fenelon, though of opposite faith—a man whom I would always contemplate as a model of Christian eloquence, except that I more often contemplate him as a model of Christian character; and this was William Ellery Channing. In due order, and soon after, steps forward the great heresiarch of Music Hall, who will one day vindicate to all the world the truth of the saying that "not he is the heretic who burns in the fire, but he who lights it"—Theodore Parker. And speaking of ministers, of course I include the powerful pulpiteer of Brooklyn Hights, to whom I am bound by many ties of gratitude, chief among which was, he married me—and I hope it's valid [Laughter]; and the letters of his name spell Henry Ward Beecher. [Applause.] Then, sir, in reversal of that customary providence which forbids a reformer to witness the consummation of his reform—for the way of history is, "One man labors, and another enters into his labors"—I call up with glad homage the man who, in the year and month when I was born, was dragged through the streets of Boston with a rope around his waist, and whom the sons of those riotous sires now point to on those same streets, and say to each other with pride, "That is William Lloyd Garrison." [Applause.] And as there was associated with him through many a stormy day, so now let there be associated with him on this gala night, a man trained in that chief American university, the Mob, to be the chief of American orators—yea, and who would prove himself the chief of American statesmen, except for that inherent cowardice of democracy which fears to trust a leader who marches a half-step ahead of his age; I allude, sir, to Wendell Phillips. [Applause.] Beside him, in coequal honor I put his early fellow-student and boyish mate, who now in the vigor of a stalwart moral manhood leaps to the forefront of every battle in the Senate Chamber, wearing always "the white plume of Navarre"; and he is Charles Sumner. [Applause.] Nor let me omit the New Hampshire lad who, with a big head and bigger heart, came to this city, caught up a handful of types and, by the miraculous touch of hard work, set and reset them till they grew into a great newspaper in which he now every morning prints the free speech of New England; and, although his writings are mostly anonymous yet, if you inquire at the *Tribune* office, you will be told that his name is Horace Greeley. [Laughter and applause.] Likewise, and never to be forgotten, is our Tyrtæan poet of Freedom—bachelor of Amesbury—brother of the negro—father of Maud Muller—John Greenleaf Whittier. And as after the poets come the philosophers, so now comes that maker of sunbeams, that distiller of dew-drops, that excellent Brahmin—Ralph Waldo Emerson. And, sir, lest these ladies who have just been allowed to enter at this middle hour of our feast, but who ought to have been invited to enter with ourselves at the beginning [Applause]—lest they should say that I have remembered the heroes of free speech, and forgotten its heroines, I will name—pre-eminent among them all—that Quakeress of Nantucket, cousin of Ben Franklin, and chief heir of all his greatness, who now, after the "white blamelessness" of eighty years of an almost fruitless life, stands firmly the undisputed queen of American women; and her title is Lucretia Mott. [Applause.]

Sir, these, and such as these, are the champions of the free speech of New England, whom my toast commends to a perpetual fame. Some of them are dead and now honored; others are living and still decried. To the dead—traduced by one generation—the next has already built its monuments. On the living, the future waits till they shall have died, and then *their* monuments shall likewise be built. Yes, and while yet they tarry among us *I* am proud to say of them as Anthony said of Brutus, Cassius, and the rest: "They are the choice and master-spirits of this age." Some of them you have hissed—others, you have hated—all, you shall revere. In days past you have given them the thorn; to-night, give them the rose. Dare for one generous moment to be as just as the future.

But, sir, shall they indeed inherit the perpetual fame which this toast predicts? I cannot tell. The brightest sun that shines to-day may pass into eclipse to-morrow. Transitory reputation is not abiding fame. And yet, sir, as every generation has a few names that posterity will not willingly let die, so I believe I have pronounced to-night the names of some who shall not taste of death! As the legend runs, St. Humbert died, and was buried, and a green branch, lying on his breast, was buried with him; and when, at the end of a hundred years, his grave was opened, the good man's body had dissolved into dust, but the fair branch, unwithered, had kept its perennial green. So the great and good men whom I have mentioned shall die and be buried, and their laurels awhile be buried with them; but when the next generation—wise, just, and impartial—shall make inquisition for the heroes and prophets and princely souls of this present age, I cannot doubt that long after their bones are ashes their laurels shall abide imperishably green. Yea, if all other tongues should be dumb in their praise, the free speech of New England would utter its own voice, and commend its own champions to perpetual fame. [Applause.]

DEATH OF EDWIN M. STANTON.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

ONE week ago this day the Republican members of the Senate, with singular unanimity, gave their signatures to a letter recommending to the President the appointment of Edwin M. Stanton as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. This recommendation was sincere and hearty. Gladly did senators, many of whom had stood by his side through the trying scenes of the last eight years and witnessed his unsurpassed labors for his country, avail themselves of this opportunity to express their gratitude for his services in the past, and their wish that they might be secured for the future.

That letter, expressive of the wishes of the Republican senators, was placed in the hands of the President on Saturday morning. He expressed his high gratification at this action, and promptly avowed his purpose to call in person on Mr. Stanton and tender him the nomination. The Republican members of the House of Representatives, too, hastened to join in the request that the President would place upon the bench one in whom the people of the country had such abiding confidence. On the next day, it being Mr. Stanton's birthday, accompanied by the Vice-President, Gen. Grant called upon him, found him upon his couch of pain, and cheered him with the tender of the high office and the earnest request that he would accept it.

This unsolicited action of members of Congress, this prompt, courteous, and cordial action of the Chief Magistrate, were received with profound gratitude. On Monday the President sent his nomination to the Senate; and it was promptly concurred in by that body, without the usual formality of a reference. For this action of Congress and the Executive, the general approval of the loyal press of the country, and the congratulations which flowed in upon him from all parts of the country, he expressed to intimate friends the most lively gratification. He realized, perhaps, for the first time, the hold he had upon the nation, and appreciated in something of its fullness the gratitude and confidence of his countrymen.

But in the moment of supreme triumph he was suddenly smitten down by mortal disease, doubtless fastened upon him by the immense responsibilities and herculean labors of the war. It is a source of gratification to his friends that his closing hours were brightened by such manifestations of interest and appreciation. Like Mr. Lincoln, who fell when the rejoicings of the nation over the fall of Richmond and the surrender of the rebel army were ringing in his ears, so did his trusted Secretary pass away amid these demonstrations of popular rejoicings and regard.

As the intelligence spread through the Capital, the joys of this bright day, which was ushering in the holiday season, were suddenly clouded. Strong men, who knew, honored, and loved Mr. Stanton, manifested the deepest sorrow. During the past fifteen years in the Senate many men distinguished in the civil and military service have fallen; but, with the single exception of Mr. Lincoln, I have never witnessed deeper and more unfeigned sorrow. The moistened eye and trembling voice reveal the depth of feeling pervading the national metropolis.

Mr. Stanton's patriotism was intense. He loved his country with more than Eastern devotion. This great fact impressed itself on all who knew him, who witnessed his immense labors during the rebellion, and his anxieties since its suppression. It was the crucible in which every other feeling, interest, and purpose seemed to be fused into an ever-burning zeal for that country's salvation and welfare. It was that intense and vehement patriotism which induced him to enter Buchanan's cabinet in the closing days of its weak, inglorious, if not traitorous career; and held him in Johnson's cabinet when friends doubted the wisdom of his action, while the President sought his resignation. To me he said, in those days of trial, when he was sinking beneath the complicated burdens of his public duties and a mortal disease, that he longed to leave the office, that he felt that he was imperiling life itself by remaining; but that the country was in danger by the machinations of a bad man, that duty demanded the sacrifice, and that he would remain at his post if he died in that room. To the sharp criticism of some papers, which he felt most keenly, he said that the time would come when they would vindicate his motives and justify his conduct.

He had faith in the rights of man, and was an earnest and able advocate of the interests of the colored race. He was of Quaker descent and anti-slavery antecedents, his grandfather having willed the freedom of his slaves as soon as the laws would permit. When a child, he often, as he said to me, sat upon the knees of Benjamin Lundy and listened to the words of that early abolitionist. During the war he was a sagacious friend of the slave and the freedmen. Though, with Mr. Lincoln, he believed the first business in hand was the suppression of the rebellion, he did not neglect the incidental benefits which could be conferred on them who had found liberty indeed, but liberty with the wreck of almost everything else. If he did not originate the declaraation that they were the "wards of the nation," he made the felicitous addition that they were "wards in chancery," and nobly was his great influence given to the realization of that grand idea. On Saturday last it was my privilege to visit him, in company with a delegation, mostly of colored men, from Florida. He reminded them that their race had a hard and difficult work before them; but assured them that the men who had maintained their rights in the past would not forsake them.

Mr. Stanton was a man of indomitable will, controlling faith, and positive convictions. Like his martyred chief, he had faith in his country, in humanity, and in God. Through the darkest hours of the rebellion he never doubted, faltered, or hesitated. While he was Secretary of War, his room in the War Department was always open to me as Chairman of the Military Committee of the Senate. Our relations were intimate and confidential. I met him at all times, by day and by night, in the glow of victory and in the darkness of defeat. But I never saw him downcast or disheartened. I never heard him utter a word of doubt or distrust of the cause, or of its successful issue. Indeed, it seemed that the darker the hour and heavier the pressure the firmer was his confidence and the more determined his purpose. He believed in Providence, and felt that the war was working out to a sure result the great problem of a higher than any earthly wisdom. The saved and regenerated nation should always gratefully remember that during that terrible struggle its President and Secretary of War had faith in the overruling providence of God.

Mr. Stanton has been the subject of the sharpest criticisms and of unmeasured censure. The disloyal, the lukewarm, the incapable, the selfish, and the corrupt have heaped upon his head their coarsest invectives and their fiercest denunciations. Nor, indeed, had they much occasion to love him; for on such the marks of his disapprobation fell unequivocal and strong.

His natural energy and impulsiveness of character, with the intensity of his convictions, made him sometimes brusque in manner and curt in speech, even to friends in whose loyalty, devotion, and purity he had all confidence. But he seemed ever ready to correct a mistake or right a wrong, and gladly made the *amende honorable* to those who felt aggrieved by any hasty word or act. His bosom was full of tenderness for every form of suffering, and he had a tear and word of sympathy for every smitten and afflicted man. I shall ever gratefully cherish the remembrance (and so will a stricken mother) of his tenderness, sympathy, and kindness when the telegram brought from Texas, three years ago this day, the intelligence that the light of a young life had there been suddenly quenched.

In a year fruitful of such harvests as Death only reaps the great Secretary has been gathered to his fathers. Though he will not take his seat in the high tribunal where the gratitude and confidence of the nation had placed him, he has passed on to take his place in the minds of his countrymen with the illustrious dead of the Great Republic. HENRY WILSON.

A RHYME FOR THE HOUR.

[1869—1870.]

BY WILLIAM M. BURLEIGH.

As in the Past's great deep abysmal
The Old Year drops, some memories dismal
Weave their dark threads with hopes and fancies

That brighten as the New advances;
Sighs blend with songs of gratulation;
Gleam follows gloom in alternation;
Our very joy is tinged with sadness,
And grief is qualified by gladness.

Some loves, some friendships, fondly cherished,
Have, haply, with the Old Year perished;
Some fears have gone—some foes we dreaded
Vex us no more—are dead—or wedded;
We've had our pains—our gains—our losses—
Our fights—our frights—our crowns—our crosses;
And the lapsed year, in its completeness
Was filled with bitterness—and sweetness.

But thanks for this!—the World is moving,
Guided by ONE all-wise, all-loving;
And year by year its air grows clearer,
Its orbit nearer still and nearer
To the GREAT CENTER, whose attraction
Shall conquer yet all counteraction,
And hold it in its sphere supernal
By force centripetal, eternal.

And thanks for this!—through all the ages
Its war with Wrong the Right still wages;
And still, through changes and o'er chances,
The blessed Cause of Truth advances;
And Freedom still, the strife maintaining
With tyrant power, new fields is gaining;
And Earth, long held in Death's subjection,
Hastes to a glorious resurrection!

STATE THEOLOGY.

BY REV. SAMUEL T. SPEAR, D.D.

THE term STATE, used in the political sense, means any civil community, organized under the forms of law; exercising, through some governmental agency, legislative, judicial, and executive powers; being monarchical or republican according to the form and manner of vesting these powers in such agency; and having for its conceded sphere the definition and defense of human rights, and the regulation of human conduct, in the relations of time. By the term THEOLOGY we understand the science of God, called natural or revealed in reference to its sources; embracing in its contents all that is assumed to be known of the nature, attributes, relations, purposes, and actions of the Supreme Being; consisting subjectively in the opinions or beliefs, whether true or false, which men hold in regard to God, and hence as diverse as these opinions; in its natural sequel involving all the forms, types, and expressions of religious worship, and in this sense having the character of an experimental or practical theology; and in reference to the thoughts and hopes of men relating specially to their duties and interests for another life. Such are the elementary ideas of the two terms which compose the title of this article.

Compounding these terms, and thus creating a STATE THEOLOGY, we have theology attached to the organic being and functions of the body politic, forming an integral part of its life, giving shape to its legislation, and regulating individual action through the agency of civil law. We have theology with the authority and powers of the state impressed upon it and mingling with it. It is not an abstraction without any forms or modes of life; it is not the theology of individual conviction, simply representing the aggregate of all the opinions held by the people; but it is the state's doctrine or creed in regard to God, when speaking or acting *as* a state. No other state theology has ever existed in our world, and no other can exist. It is either a state theology, or it is not such. The moment it is a matter of *individual* conviction and choice, untaught, unregulated, and untouched by the state, and hence dissevered from it, and hence again leaving the whole question to the private judgment of each person, it ceases to have the essential character of state theology. It is then no part of the law of the land. All then exercise their religious liberty, without any constraint or restraint, disabilities or advantages, arising from civil law; thinking what they please, and worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

The natural and, as experience shows, the necessary result of such a state theology is, either an absolute identification of *church* and *state*, so that the powers of each become practically the powers of the other; or such an intimate legal union between the two that they mutually act through each other. In the former case the state is the church, and the church is the state; in the latter case they are formally distinct as organisms, yet so related as to transfer their functions to each other. In both forms ecclesiastical and civil powers are blended to a greater or less degree.

The reader will see at a glance that this question of state theology is really a very grave matter. *Who* shall determine what this theology shall be? whether it shall be Atheistic, Deistic, Pantheistic, Pagan, Jewish, or Christian? and, if the last, then, whether it shall be Calvinistic, Arminian, Trinitarian, Unitarian, Protestant, or Roman Catholic? State theology is a definite something, embracing a certain number of dogmas, or it is absolutely nothing. The propounder of this definite something is, by the very terms of the case, the state itself; for the purposes in question becoming a theological professor through the edicts of a king, or by the votes of those who represent a popular majority. There is no other possible way of having such a theology. It must exist, if at all, by the action of the state defining it, and formally incorporating it into its own life.

What shall the state *do* with its theology? There would seem to be but little use in having it unless some use be made of it. All the reasons which demand its existence at all equally demand that the state should put it into effective action. Surely, if the state has a right to construct a theology for itself, then it has an equal right to be governed by it, and to govern the people by it. The least that it can do with its own theology is to devise the ways and means of asserting, perpetuating, and enforcing it. State patronage, state power, and state administration are its logical corollaries. That would, indeed, be a very queer state theology which the state first adopts and legalizes into being, and then leaves to shirk for itself. We accept the conclusion that, if the state *ought* to have a theology, then it ought to use all the means which are necessary to maintain and administer it; and that, too, as against all opposing forces. We then go for putting it into effect. The state should see to it that not only the children in the public schools, but also the adult population, should have its theology, provided always that the care of theology is one of its proper functions.

Moreover, all this would be practically simple enough, whatever might be the fate of the idea as a mere theory, if all the people thought exactly alike, and their common thoughts were faithfully reflected by the state. This, however, does not happen to be the case, never has been so, and we cannot reasonably expect that it ever will be so. What, then, shall be done with those who dissent from the theology of the state, who do not believe it, and will not conform to its requirements? This is a question with which the state is confronted, which it must answer, and which it generally does so answer as to involve some principle of proscription or persecution. It is a fact wide as the world that state theologies have with great uniformity been *persecuting* theologies, sustaining and enforcing themselves by the power of the civil arm. Such was the fact with the state theology of the Jew in the days of Christ and his apostles; with that of the Romans for three bloody centuries, and with that established by Constantine; and the same feature has marked the state theology of the Roman Catholic and the Protestant. We have the same fact in the state theology of Mohammedanism and in all the state theologies of the Pagan world. The missionary efforts of the present age to propagate Christianity among the heathen meet with one of their most formidable obstacles in state theologies; and the same was true of like efforts made in the apostolic age. It is a general fact that the moment theology allies itself with the state and commands its powers it becomes persecuting in respect to all who dissent from it—and that, too, whether it be Pagan or Christian, Catholic or Protestant. Such a result flows naturally from the very theory of the case. The theology of the state is a part of its organic law, to be supported by its authority and power; and, hence, heresy is a *crime* to be punished by the state. So the state reasons, and that too correctly, provided we accept the doctrine of state theology. "Heresy and unbelief are *crimes*—that's the whole of the matter; and, where the Catholic religion is an essential part of the public laws of the land, they are punished as other crimes." So says the *Shepherd of the Valley*, a Catholic paper published at St. Louis; and so Protestant state theology has often said, and is likely to say wherever it prevails.

We present, then, the history of the disabilities, persecutions, and martyrdoms of ages past, as the dire commentary of facts upon this theory. In the presence of such a history we more than suspect that there is some radical mistake in the very doctrine itself. It certainly has proved itself a malign enemy to religious liberty and the rights of conscience, as vested in individual minds. The plain truth is, religion is always a question between the individual himself and his God; and no theology of the state can settle it for him, or determine how he shall settle it. It may load him with its curses in the name of God; but it cannot reach his soul or govern its spiritual movements. State theology, in its relation to the individual mind, is not only a gross usurpation, but a natural impossibility, except by the mere law of force.

Christianity, as a matter of fact, has prospered most when it has had least to do with the state, and the state least to do with it. For the first three centuries it was the theology of individual conviction, holding no other relation to the state than that of a persecuted religion, and doing its entire work by the use of spiritual means; and then it was that it spread with a purity and power that have never been equaled. Afterward it became a state theology; and then, in the hands of the state, it was not only corrupted and half paganized, but became itself a persecuting religion. All the persecutions of the Romish Church have their basis in state theology. Be it remembered that the state is not *inspired*, and hence that it can furnish no guaranty for the correctness of its theology. It can show no warrant from God to propound the true religious doctrine. It is, at best, fallible, and often exceedingly corrupt. Unless God shall be pleased to inspire the state, or send archangels to earth to administer its affairs, we think it best for religion and best for the world that the state should mind its own business, and leave theology to the individual convictions and private judgments of men.

Let it be granted, as we do most cheerfully grant, that a sound theology in the heads and hearts of the people is a very important and much-needed influence in relation to civil governments; and it does not follow that the state is the proper party to take care of this theology—to define it, teach it, support it, or enforce it, or in any way organize it into the forms of effective life. Those who set up the proposition (and this seems to be the sum of their argument) that religion is essential to morality, and morality essential to good government, and hence that the state must have a theology to give to the people, are guilty of a logical *non sequitur*. The truth of their premises, even if granted, does not by any means prove the truth of their conclusion. It may be (facts prove that it is so) that the state will receive the largest contribution of morality founded upon religion when the latter is left entirely to the educational influences of the family and the church; and, if so, then state theology is not only a superfluity, but a positive damage to the best interests of the commonwealth. We totally deny the proposition which directly or indirectly commits the administration of things spiritual to the state. The government of the state is for this world, and in relations which begin and end in time, and for no other. It is quite enough for the state to preside over things *temporal*, here exercise its authority, and administer all its functions, without attempting to take the cure of souls in their relations to God.

The structure of this government, both state and national, is built upon the wise principle of excluding all religious tests and all establisments or prohibitions of religion by civil authority. It neither affirms nor denies any doctrine in respect to God. It commands no duty as a *religious* duty. It deals with the people as *citizens*, and leaves out of view entirely the question as to what sect of religionists they belong, or whether they belong to any. Such is the great American principle in respect to the sphere and functions of civil government; and would to God that it were as universal as the race and permanent as time! We have been not a little astonished at the position taken by some who have participated in the recent discussion of the school question. A large part of the argument of Messrs. Ramsey, Sage, and Dr. Potter before the court in Cincinnati means, if it means anything, that Protestant Christianity is a state theology in this country. Others who have written on the subject plant themselves squarely upon the principle that the state should have a theology; and in this respect they unwittingly ally themselves with all the religious despotisms that have ever existed among men. Have they well considered the tremendous overturning of American society, and the utter reversal of the best antecedents of our political history, which are involved in the adoption and application of their theory? What do these gentlemen mean? In a moment of intellectual rashness, fired by a zeal that would be better if it were wiser, they have committed themselves to a principle which has in all ages been the enemy of religious liberty; a principle against which heroes have fought, on whose cruel altar martyrs have bled, and whose historic enormities are sufficient to startle the world; a principle that never did anything for Christianity but to corrupt and weaken it as a moral power; a principle which the political fathers who organized this government swore before High Heaven should never rule this land.

We design in this article to place on record an earnest protest against the whole theory of state theology from top to bottom, anywhere and everywhere; and that, too, whether it be applied to men, women, or children. The history of the world shows that the state can do religion no favor so great as that of simply *letting it alone*. It asks no favor at its hands. It wants not its patronage. It cannot accept its authority without serious injury. Let the state take good care of the *citizen* in his rights as a man; and, the citizen being thus cared for, the religionist will have all that he needs. Going beyond this, the state passes out of its province, and always does vastly more evil than good.

A WORD FOR THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

BY REV. THEO. L. CUYLER.

THIS paper will reach many thousands of Christians on the eve of the Week of Prayer. For several years the first week of January has been observed by the great majority of Evangelical churches throughout Christendom as a season of daily united prayer for the descent of the Holy Spirit. Especial topics are agreed upon for each day: prayer is offered on one day for heavenly blessings on Sabbath schools, another day upon the work of preaching Christ to the heathen; and by this method there is a *concentration* of thought and petition in a certain direction. Men are commanded "*always* to pray." But there is a peculiar fitness and beauty in the idea of all Christians, of all denominations, *uniting* in one devotional service over the entire globe. It furnishes a genuine "Œcumenical Council"—not convoked by one man in a single city, but gathered by mutual agreement in ten thousand places, at the same time and for the same holy purpose.

In some quarters this observance of certain days for religious meetings may degenerate into empty form. Some Protestants may observe the "Week of Prayer" as superstitiously as some Roman Catholics fast during "Lent." But every good thing may be perverted; men have even died from excessive drinking of pure cold water. It is better that some Christians should pray out of mere idle ceremony than that all Christians should give up praying at all.

Those churches which have spent the opening days of January in each year in fervent united prayer, and accompanied their prayers by the *right kind of work*, have usually reaped rich blessings. Glorious revivals have been born during the Week of Prayer. The most powerful awakening ever witnessed in the church to whom this writer preaches began in one of the prayer-meetings of that blessed week. The first meeting was held on the memorable "cold Monday," January 8th, 1866. The house was crowded with fervid worshipers, while the thermometer stood outside at five degrees below zero! By Friday night the church was literally "at a white heat" of spiritual fervor, and during the revival then begun two hundred and forty were converted to Christ, of whom one hundred were heads of households! A good work for *temperance* in the congregation also helped to pioneer the way for Christ's advent among us with great power.

Each congregation must arrange the special services of the Week of Prayer to suit themselves. Our custom in this church has been to hold daily prayer-meetings from eight to nine o'clock in the morning, and a service for preaching or prayer on every evening except Saturday. In many places it is desirable for several neighboring congregations to hold "union meetings." But if *all* the meetings are of this character the fire is too apt to be scattered, and no one church is fairly kindled into a glow. Every church ought to have several meetings *of their own* during the sacred week. If the church is large, there will be no lack of material to sustain the meetings with vigor and variety. If it is small, then every man and woman should bestir themselves to prayer and special efforts for its enlargement. Some of the most delightful prayer-gatherings I ever attended were in a little flock which at the outset of the revival had *only two men* who had ever prayed in public! These two soon became twenty.

There is no lack of themes to talk about or to pray over next week. We do not need to go to the "Evangelical Alliance" for instructions. The hideous heathenisms of our great licentious cities, the missionary operations abroad and at home, the frightful prevalence of drunkenness, the growth of perjury and political corruption, the wants of the freedmen, the extravagance and worldliness that are eating into the church like a cancer, the multitudes of unconverted souls in all our congregations, the growth of infidelity—surely, in all these we find abundant reason for not only one week, but *many* weeks of humiliation and prayer.

The meetings in the coming week ought to be characterized by great *freedom of speech*, both to each other and to God. In our confessions of sin, let us "make a clean breast of it." In our appeals to the impenitent, let us strike close and hard, "speaking the *truth in love*." The singing should be of such a free and spontaneous character that, if any wide-awake member wishes to strike up a verse or two of some rousing hymn, he should be encouraged to do it.

Many of our city churches are dying of dignity. The Sabbath discourses are too polished to awaken a sinner or to nourish a saint. The prayer-meetings are small, stiff, and stereotyped. It is no wonder that, when social parties are lively and prayer-meetings are dull, the young people are drawn to the former and desert the latter. If on next Sunday all of us pastors would make our pulpits *red-hot batteries*, and so use God's Word as "a fire and a hammer" to break men and to melt them, the Week of Prayer would be well begun. Then let our men of prayer and the Christ-loving women give themselves undividedly to the week's work. Let social fr

The Independent.

THE DEATH OF THE YEAR.

His trembling form is bowed and bent,
His ebbing strength is almost spent;
He walks with feeble steps and slow,
And his hair is white as the wintry snow.

Only twelve fleeting months before,
Rosy and hale, he stood at our door;
Firm was his step and bright his eye,
As with song and jest he hurried by.

Twelve circling months of light and shade,
Their mingled woof o'er our pathway laid—
An added year of joy and pain,
Never to dawn or fade again.

Failing fast is the Old Year's breath,
Calmly he lies on his couch of death:
But late in the flush of his strength and pride,
Now helpless and wan—O, woe betide!

Hark! to the night-wind sighing low;
List! to the church-bells clanging slow;
The light fades out of his sunken eye,
To our tender words comes no reply.

He has gone to join the buried hours:
We will strew his bier with the fading flowers
We have gleaned from Memory's sunlit track,
But we cannot call the OLD YEAR back!

E. V. S.

DECEMBER, 1869.

A CRY FROM AUSTRALIA.

MR. EDITOR:

THE enclosed MSS. came to me with a request to send it instantly to some widely circulating journal. I received it at midnight. I forward it at early dawn.

Yours agitatedly,

ELIZA S. TURNER.

KIND EDITOR:

THINK not, from the apparently trivial nature of my introduction, that the statement I am about to make is unimportant; for O— But let me be calm.

My native home is No. 29 —— street, Philadelphia. My house has been in the family for generations. It and the neighborhood are permeated with the deepest respectability. I am the father of three perfectly-broken young women and the husband of the best-trained wife in Philadelphia. How then, you will ask, have I incurred this misery? I was successful abroad and supreme at home. All my little whims were accommodated; for I had educated my family to devotedness. All my aspirations were fulfilled; for I was vice-president of three associations. All my tastes were gratified; for I did my own marketing. Yet am I most pitiable, Mr. Editor; for O— But let me be coherent.

In an evil hour my females obtained my consent to spend the evening with a Mrs. Ponderit—a person barely within, I might say on the verge of, our hereditary social set. I accompanied them, to prevent their being escorted home by a nephew of Mrs. P., whom I had reason to suspect of being literary.

One of the amusements of this house is the old-fashioned game of bagatelle. My daughters played well for novices—too well, indeed; for sharpness of calculation is not a pleasing trait in a female. And I was about to express my disapproval of the game when my youngest daughter, Martha, impatiently threw aside her cue, and took up a gentleman's, remarking that ladies' cues were foolish, and she wanted a little more power.

I instantly took our departure.

Was it or was it not a prophetic instinct that caused this unladylike expression to haunt my restless slumbers?

She wanted a little more power!

Next morning my wife observed, while standing on tiptoe to reach me my dressing-gown from the wardrobe: "Mr. Odeer, I have, I think I have an Idea."

"A what?" I asked, suspiciously.

"Oh, nothing. I only thought perhaps the reason why all the hooks and pegs and shelves in houses are so inconvenient to ladies is that the gentlemen plan all the houses."

This must have been put in her head by Mrs. Ponderit.

"Mrs. Odeer," I responded, severely, "do you mean to say that females could plan houses?"

I here turned upon her a look expressive of what a modern writer terms the "Conquering Male." It reduced her. And yet, am I sure that she totally abandoned the pernicious idea?

How next to impossible it is to preserve in its pristine purity that sacred ignorance which is so essential a trait in the female character! Even at my own table, even from my own carefully-selected family paper, was exploded on me one of those baneful, uncomfortable ideas, that will finally subvert all existing institutions. "Just think," said my second daughter, Anna, pouring out my sherry (I am strictly temperate in my family; but a man, of course, needs a little something), "here is a young woman earning $10,000 herself! And in such a grand way—a marble portrait of our President."

There was an unfeminine eagerness in her voice that called for instant rebuke.

"Girl," I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that *you* want to go out and earn your living? To herd with artists, and doctresses, and bloomers, and strong-minded females?"

"I should like to earn $10,000," she answered, wistfully.

"Do I not feed and clothe you?" I asked, in amazement. "Do I not even sometimes furnish you with pocket-money, when you can show me that you need it for a proper purpose?"

"I should like to know how it feels to earn it," was her absurd reply.

This was alarming; but worse was yet to come. That evening, stepping from my smoking-room—I should say study—suddenly into the parlor, I beheld a sight that raised the hair on my head. My eldest daughter, Mary, sitting directly opposite to and gazing straight into the face of that person whom I had justly suspected of being literary. And these were the ridiculous, if not positively offensive, words he said:

"What new world do you see? Your eyes are opened so wide. You look as I can imagine we shall all look at the first call on resurrection-morning."

Now, mark the wildness of my daughter's reply:

"That is it; it *is* a resurrection. And you have called me."

Bewilderment choked my utterance. I turned unobserved, and left them staring in each other's faces.

After this, it was clear that something must be done. If the atmosphere of —— street had become as dangerously surcharged with Ideas as a modern lecture-room, it became my duty to move. To move, and at once. But where? I decided on New York. As my family is too well brought up to impede any motions of mine by inquiry or criticism, I was soon established at an inexpensive but perfectly quiet and comfortable hotel in that city.

Having settled my females at their plain but healthful dinner, I sallied forth to see a little of life. I had scarce reached Broadway ere I met an old-time acquaintance—one with whom I had been, in my youth, a little gay. At sight of him a sense of festive freedom revived within me.

"We will go to Delmonico's!" I cried, in a burst of enthusiasm. "We will honor old times. We will dine, we will drink; we will end with a roaring night!"

"Soh, my boy!" said my friend. "We shall not dine at Delmonico's. Delmonico dines to-day the ladies and gentlemen of the press."

I smiled. "You mean the gentlemen of the press."

"The gentlemen *and* the ladies. Gentleman inviting lady, gentleman foots the farewell letter. Lady inviting gentleman, *vice versa*. Much fun, little wine, no spittoons. Gentleman offers sentiment, lady responds; and earth shudders not in her orbit. *Vive les femmes!*"

Here was another blow; New York was clearly no refuge from the Ideas. I relinquished my festive intention; and, having seen my females suitably launched in an enlivening conversation with a lady of domestic tendencies, whom, with the aid of our host, I had selected for their acquaintance, I finished the evening quietly with my friend at the opera burlesque.

Returning, I unbosomed myself to the friend. "I leave this infected place," I ended, "to-morrow. I will find some quiet city, which the vulgar spirit of agitation and clamor has not yet reached; some spot where women are seldom seen and never heard (except in ballet or opera), and where my females may still preserve that sacred ignorance which—

"Stay!" said my friend, "did you give the name of that place?"

"It is many years since I was in Boston. Why do you sigh?"

"I was wondering," he answered, "whether your daughters might not be wanting to join the Woman's Club; it is sustained by some of the very first women in Boston."

"A club of females! Yet, no, it cannot be; the first men in Boston would not allow. But do you allude to eccentric geniuses who write for a living, or people of real substance?"

"Oh, very much so," he replied, ambiguously. "And then the suffrage people! At the last election 100 female teachers of Boston asked for the ballot."

"Say no more," I answered. "I have a wealthy and valued relative in Springfield, Mass.; Mr. ——."

"An excellent man; I knew him in this city. But changed, sir; gone over to the rabble. I saw his wife's name in the memorial to the Massachusetts legislature against the appropriation of any money for educational institutions which exclude women."

"So wealthy, so near a relative, and he is gone! Ah! now I bethink me of a little town in New Hampshire, named Concord; pretty place. I once stopped there."

"So did I, last December. Equal Rights Convention; president, Mrs. A. White; six clergymen, representing four denominations, all preaching female suffrage. Ah! I guess it won't do."

"Certainly not. My mind reverts to Washington. Of course, our patrician, conservative capital is the place to preserve that sacred. Why do you groan?"

"I was thinking that the social leaders in Washington are apt to be our representatives and their families."

"Naturally; and when I think of such men as Brown, Anthony, Julian, Pomeroy, Wilson, Wade, and heaven knows how many others, all publicly preaching the ballot for women."

Staggered, but not overthrown, I quickly answered: "Then am I resolved to betake me to the virgin West. Chicago, for instance."

"Never! A chronic earthquake; nothing stands there two days."

"Then will I venture into the wilds of Iowa. Why do you start?"

"I was thinking your daughters might want to enter the Iowa University; charter requires the same terms of admission for women and men."

"Disgusting! Yet there is Kansas. Why do you grin?"

"Did I? Oh, pardon. But I must read you an advertisement I clipped the other day from the Lawrence *Tribune:*

"'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—I hereby give notice that the sale of spirituous liquors to my husband is contrary to my wishes; and I shall prosecute, according to law, any person disregarding this notice. CATHERINE HAYES.'"

"Then," said I, firmly, "nothing is left me but to turn to the South. In Richmond, I have heard, there still remain some of the oldest and most distinguished families of our erring brethren. Surely, in that good old feudal atmosphere I may hope to preserve that."

"Ah! I suppose you will write before making your final arrangements. I understand the postal department is much improved under the superintendence of the new postmistress."

My courage began to falter. "John," I cried, "be merciful! Tell me, O tell me, is there not a place called Jersey, disconnected from this rattling railroad-train of states, and reposing peacefully by the seaside? And cannot I certainly there preserve—"

"In Vineland, New Jersey," said John, in a hollow voice, "189 women went to the polls at the last election, and claimed the right to the ballot."

For a moment I sank; but my indomitable spirit soon restored me.

"My means are sufficient; why not take a bold step, and leave this headlong democracy forever? To England, then, to monarchy and moderation. There, at least, I shall have a chance to—"

"Hold!" cried John; "don't you know that in these atrocities Great Britain leads America? Suffrage associations in all the principal cities; women's club in London; girls attending Cambridge; meetings held constantly by noble and distinguished ladies, aided in and out of Parliament by such men as Kingsley, Mill, Gladstone, Sir John Coleridge, Lord Houghton, Sir Charles Dilke, M. P., Marquis Townshend—"

"Cease!" I exclaimed, disdainfully. "There are other parts of the globe, I hope. What do you say to gentle, careless Italy?"

"I say that Italy is awaking. The common people—gondoliers who never thought to learn anything but a song—are begging for education. And several academies and learned societies have decided to open their doors to women."

"Is it so? Alas! my beautiful Italy! Well, there is France."

"France has its widely-circulating *Journal des Femmes;* France has its female lecturers; France has translated Mill's "Subjection of Women." France, Sweden, Holland, Austria, Moravia—all give the franchise to a proportion of their women. Berlin has her Victoria Lyceum, under the direction of the crown princess; St. Petersburg her university, under imperial patronage; Prussia her woman's educational movement."

My courage was oozing; still I faintly murmured: "The Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!"

"In Greece," echoed John, "Queen Olga accompanies her husband to all the cabinet meetings."

"Heaven and earth! The world approaches its dissolution! But I *will* escape! I will preserve my rights, if I have to secure them in a Turkish harem!"

"The *Zeraki* of Stamboul," droned John, in a voice of inhuman disregard for my feelings, "issues a regular edition, on fine-tinted paper, for the benefit of the ladies of the harem. And wherever a newspaper enters, sooner or later 'that sacred,' you know, must die."

It was the last straw that broke me. Tortured, despairing, I shouted: "Speak no more! I know of one place yet unscathed by improvement. No one shall convince me that progress has found its way to Botany Bay."

"Do you mean to say," cried John, "that you would bury your family in Australia?"

"Farewell!" I responded. "I go!"

"Yet, stay!" he entreated. "Oh, stay; let me tell you something."

I was deaf to remonstrance. What right had he to pity my family? I ought to know, I hope, what is best for my females.

I must shorten my story. I started, I journeyed, I set foot on that land that was to free me from all my perplexities. It was the British Australian colony of Victoria.

Horror of horrors! What was the first thing I saw? Not a few reckless, ostracised females, separating themselves from the herd of their shrinking sex to squall and argue for what they might never get; but all the women, with an utterly shameless, matter-of-course indifference, walking to the polls!

Mr. Editor, as I am a living sufferer, *every* woman in this hideous colony has as good a right to vote as I!

My aims are defeated. My spirit is broken. My females have irrevocably lost their sacred ignorance, and with it their confiding reliance on me. If I return, my daughter Martha will learn a trade; my Anna will become a roving artist; my Mary will marry the literary person, and write articles for his paper, with her name to them. If I remain, my wife may become a dignitary in the place, elected by heavy majorities over my head. Tell me, *is* there yet a Gilead? Speak, kind Editor, and soon. Yours, distractedly,

SIMON ODEER.

THE DESCENDANTS OF NADAB.

BY H. H.

THE line has never been broken, and they have married into respectable families, right and left, until to-day there can hardly be found a household which has not at least one to worry it.

They are not men and women of great passionate natures, who flame out now and then in an outbreak like a volcano, from which everybody runs; but which, though terrible while it lasts, is soon over. There are great compensations in such souls. Their love is worth having. Their tenderness is great. One can forgive them "seventy times seven," seven hundred times over, for the hasty words and actions of which they repent so immediately with such tears.

But the Nadabs are sullen; they are grumblers; they are never done. Such sons of Belial are they to this day that no man can speak peaceably unto them. They are as much worse than passionate people as a slow drizzle of rain is than a thunderstorm. For the thunderstorm, you stay in doors, and you cannot help having pleasure in its sharp lights and darks and echoes; and when it is over, what clear air, what a rainbow! But in the drizzle, you go out; you think that, with waterproof, an umbrella, and india-rubbers, you can manage to get about in spite of it, and attend to your business. What a state you come home in—muddy, limp, chilled, disheartened. The house greets you, looking also muddy and cold—for the best of front entries gives up in despair and cannot look anything but forlorn in a long drizzling rain; all the parlor-windows are bleared with trickling, foggy wet on the outside, which there is no wiping off nor seeing through, and if one could see through there is no gain. The street is more gloomy than the parlor; black, slimy mud inches deep on crossings; same black, slimy mud in foot-prints on sidewalks; hopeless looking people hurrying by, so unhappy by reason of the drizzle that a weird sort of family likeness is to be seen in all their faces. This is all that can be seen outside. It is better not to look. For the inside is no redemption except a wood-fire—a good, generous wood-fire—not in any of the modern compromises called open stoves, but on a broad stone hearth, with a big background of chimney, up which the sparks can go skipping and creeping.

This can redeem a drizzle; but this cannot redeem a grumbler. Plump he sits down in warmth of its very blaze, and complains that it snaps, perhaps, or that it is oak and maple, when he paid for all hickory. You can trust him to put out your wood-fire for you as effectually as a water-spout. And, if even a wood-fire, bless it, cannot outshine the gloom of his presence, what is to happen in the places where there is no wood-fire, on the days when real miseries, big and little, are on hand, to be made into mountains of torture by his grumbling? Oh, who can describe him? There is no language which can do justice to him; no supernatural foresight which can predict where his next thrust will fall, from what unsuspected corner he will send his next arrow. Like death, he has all seasons for his own; his ingenuity is infernal. Whoever tries to forestall or appease him might better be at work in Augean stables; because, after all, we must admit that the facts of life are on his side. It is not intended that we shall be very comfortable. There is a terrible amount of total depravity in animate and inanimate things. From morning till night there is not an hour without its cross to carry. The weather thwarts us; servants, landlords, drivers, washerwomen, and bosom friends misbehave; clothes don't fit; teeth ache; stomachs get out of order; newspapers are stupid; and children make too much noise. If there are not big troubles, there are little ones. If they are not in sight, they are hiding. I have wondered whether the happiest mortal could point to one single moment and say, "At that moment there was nothing in my life which I would have had changed." I think not.

In argument, therefore, the grumbler has the best of it. It is more than probable that things are as he says. But, why say it? Why make four miseries out of three? If the three be already unbearable, so much the worse. If he is uncomfortable, it is a pity; we are sorry, but we cannot change the course of Nature. We shall soon have our own little turn of torments, and we do not want to be worn out before it comes by having listened to his; probably, too, the very things of which he complains are pressing just as heavily on us as on him—are just as unpleasant to everybody as to him. Suppose everybody did as he does. Imagine, for instance, a chorus of grumble from ten people at a breakfast-table, all saying at once, or immediately after each other, "This coffee is not fit to drink." "Really, the attendance in this house is insufferably poor." I have sometimes wished to try this homœopathic treatment in a bad case of grumble. It sounds as if it might work a cure.

If you lose your temper with the grumbler, and turn upon him suddenly, saying, "Oh, do not spoil all our pleasure. Do make the best of things; or, at least, keep quiet!" then how aggrieved he is; how unjust he thinks you are to "make a personal matter of it." "You do not, surely, suppose I think you are responsible for it, do you?" he says, with a lofty air of astonishment at your unreasonable sensitiveness. Of course, we do not suppose he thinks we are to blame; we do not take him to be fool as well as grumbler. But he speaks to us, at us, before us, about the cause of his discomfort, whatever it may be, precisely as he would if we were to blame; and that is one thing which makes his grumbling so insufferable. But this he can never be made to see. The worst of it is that grumbling is contagious. If we live with him, we shall, sooner or later, in spite of our dislike of his ways, fall into them; even sinking so low, perhaps, before the end of a single summer, as to be heard complaining of butter at boarding-house tables, which is the lowest deep of vulgarity of grumbling. There is no help for this; I have seen it again and again. I have caught it myself. One grumbler in a family is as pestilent a thing as a diseased animal in a herd: if he be not shut up or killed, the herd is lost.

But the grumbler cannot be shut up or killed, since grumbling is not held to be a proof of insanity, nor a capital offense—more's the pity.

What, then, is to be done? Keep out of his way, at all costs, if he be grown up. If it be a child, labor day and night, as you would with a tendency to paralysis, or distortion of limb, to prevent this blight on his life.

It sounds extreme to say that a child should never be allowed to express a dislike of anything which cannot be helped; but I think it is true. I do not mean that you should be positively forbidden or punished, but that it should never pass unnoticed; his attention should be invariably called to its uselessness, and to the annoyance it gives to other people. Children begin by being good-natured little grumblers at everything which goes wrong, simply from the outspokenness of their natures. All they think they say and act. The rudiments of good behavior have to be chiefly negative in the outset, like Pundi's advice to those about to marry—"Don't."

The race of grumblers would soon die out if all children were so trained that never, between the ages of five and twelve, did they utter a needless complaint without being gently reminded that it was foolish and disagreeable. How easy for a good-natured and watchful mother to do this. It takes but a word.

"O dear! I wish it had not rained today. It is too bad!"

"You do not really mean what you say, my darling. It is of much more consequence that the grass should grow than that you should go out to play. And it is so silly to complain, when we cannot stop its raining."

"Mamma, I hate this pie."

"Oh! hush, dear! Don't say so, if you do. You can leave it. You need not eat it. But think how disagreeable it sounds to hear you say such a thing."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I am too cold."

"Yes, dear, I know you are. So is mamma. But we shall not feel any warmer for saying so. We must wait till the fire burns better; and the time will seem twice as long if we grumble."

"Oh, mamma! mamma! My steam-engine is all spoiled. It won't run. I hate things that wind up!"

"But, my dear little boy, don't grumble so! What would you think if mamma were to say, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little boy's stockings are full of holes. How I hate to mend stockings'? and, 'Oh, dear! oh, dear! My little boy has upset my work-box! I hate little boys'?"

How they look steadily into your eyes for a minute—the honest, reasonable little souls!—when you say such things to them; and then run off with a laugh, lifted up for that time, by your fifty-spoken words of help.

Oh! if the world could only stop long enough for one generation of mothers to be made all right, what a millennium could be built up in thirty years!

"But, mamma, you are grumbling yourself at me because I grumbled!" says a quick-witted darling, not ten years old. Ah! never shall any weak spot in our armor escape the keen eyes of these little ones.

"Yes, dear! And I shall grumble at you till I cure you of grumbling. Grumblers are the only thing in this world that it is right to grumble at."

MUNICH, October 1st, 1869.

A PLEA FOR HUMANITY.

BY REV. LYMAN ABBOTT.

A SINGLE woman, aged twenty-one, was placed not long since by her friends in a madhouse in this state. We cannot dignify the institution by the name of lunatic asylum. She was left absolutely without any curative treatment. She was thrown into a ward where all classes and all sexes were intermingled. There were no wardens to protect her in her defenseless situation from the violence of her companions. Before the expiration of a year this woman, whose character had before been without reproach, had given birth to an illegitimate child. The father was another inmate of the same house. For herself, she was guilty of no fault except that of a mental incapacity which left her unable to resist this foul wrong.

Our readers will ask, Where is this madhouse situated? Who is its proprietor? They will demand that instant measures be taken to abolish the one and punish the other.

This madhouse is situated in Saratoga County. Its proprietors are the people of the State of New York. This outrage occurred, in other words, in one of the almshouses of the Empire State. It is a not infrequent occurrence. The last annual report shows the birth of 304 children in the almshouses of the state, a large proportion of whom were illegitimate. We are not told how many of them were children of idiots or lunatics. We are assured that not a few of them were so.

This fact alone is fearfully significant. It tells a terrible story respecting the poorhouse system of this state. System! It is not a system. It is chaos. With a slight modification, we might apply to these social pesthouses, these moral lazarettos, the language which Sydney Smith, nearly fifty years ago, employed in describing the prisons of Great Britain: "There are in every county in England large public schools, maintained at the expense of the county, for the encouragement of profligacy and vice, and for providing a proper succession of housebreakers, profligates, and thieves. They are schools, too, conducted without the smallest degree of partiality or favor; there being no man (however mean his birth or obscure his situation) who may not easily procure admission to them. The moment any young person evinces the slightest propensity for these pursuits, he is provided with food, clothing, and lodging, and put to his studies under the most accomplished thieves and cut-throats the country can supply."

What the prison system of England was in 1821, the poorhouse system of New York is in 1869. It is, indeed, borrowed from the days of Elizabeth, with but little modification. The improvements which were introduced in English law in 1834 have never been incorporated in our legislation.

Our poorhouse system is two centuries behind the age. Each county is made by the state to assume the charge of its own poor. In some counties this responsibility is yet further divided. The almshouse ceases to be even a county, and becomes a township, institution. There is no general supervision, no organized system, no individual responsibility. The charge of the poor is not infrequently let out to the lowest bidder. Cupidity is thus absolutely enlisted against the pauper. There are no public provisions—none, certainly, that are adequate—for the incurably blind, deaf and dumb, lunatics, and idiots. With a single [illegible] public institutions for these unfortunates are organized for their education only. Such as are incapable of education are sent back to their friends. The friendless are sent to the poorhouse. Those whom Nature has singularly deprived of the means of earning a livelihood are cast into company with those who are too idle to work. In but a comparatively small number of almshouses is there any attempt made to discriminate between those who will not and those who cannot work. In most of them the sexes are not separated by day, in many of them not even by night. One can hardly read such an epitome of the provision for lunatic paupers made in the almshouses of this state as is afforded in the following brief but terrible paragraphs without hanging his head in shame that he is a citizen of a state which suffers such a disgrace. We condense from the recent report of the State Commissioners of Public Charities:

Albany.—No means of amusement furnished. No strict confinement. No classification.

Alleghany.—Appartments meaner and badly arranged. Asylum crowded, and lunatics in the halls with the idiots. Receive no other attention than that which paupers receive.

Broome.—No ventilation. Insane mingle with other paupers. No special medical attendance. Insane are in charge of paupers.

Cortland.—Without proper ventilation or bathing apparatus. Noisome smell pervades every part of the buildings.

Orange.—Contains twenty cells; ventilated only at the windows; wholly deficient in appliances for bathing. Ten locked up in cells. Nearly all filthy in their persons, and one, a female, nearly nude. Cells dirty and beds torn in pieces.

Otsego.—The stench pervading the building rendered it intolerable. Deficient in ventilation; no bathing-tubs. A large number of the inmates filthy.

Queens.—Buildings old, dilapidated, and badly arranged, and the insane prefer the accommodations of the ordinary paupers. The excitable are confined in dirty cells.

Richmond.—Accommodations meager and unsuited to the wants of the insane. Four small dark cells set apart for their use. One, a male, was found in an outhouse, entirely nude, where he had been confined for over fourteen years. Was found in an extremely filthy condition.

Scoharie.—No separate apartments for the insane. Restrained by the use of chains. One was found thus confined in a corner of the room.

Ulster.—Insane in an utterly deplorable condition. The cells are small and without ventilation. No bath-tubs. No yards for exercise. No proper arrangements for warming the buildings. Beds disordered and torn. Cells and halls littered with straw and bits of clothing. Inmates besmeared with filth. Several nearly nude. The stench almost insupportable. The institution presided over by paupers.

Warren.—Insane filthy in their persons, and the stench arising from the place intolerable. The building contains four cells, all unfit for use. Rats perform the duties of scavengers.

Do not think we have selected a few startling examples.

"The result of these details," say the Commissioners of Public Charities, (details of a thorough inspection of nearly all the almshouses of the state), "is that in some one or more of the counties there are these forms of abuse. The buildings are meager or greatly out of repair, with broken walls and floors, and badly arranged as to conveniences for light and ventilation. There are no cells for the confinement of the insane—sometimes in prison style, with heavy grated doors; again in the basement, with imperfect light; again in the form of dungeons, wholly dark and without any furniture. The air of the rooms is close and the stench intolerable. The cells are dirty, the beds torn in pieces, and the floor littered with straw and bits of clothing. Rats, at times, perform the duties of scavengers. Into these pesthouses the insane are crowded, associating with idiots and paupers of sound mind, adults as well as children. The excitable and noisy may be found confined in the cells in chains close neighbors to the inoffensive and quiet. Two of them may be locked up in a single cell. Among them are those who are filthy in habits; others are partially or entirely nude, females as well as males, and continuing in this condition for months and even years."

What Christian citizen can look upon this picture and read the denunciation of Christ without awe: "I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not [illegible]. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me"?

It is, perhaps, enough for us in this article to point out the wrong. We may leave for the future a discussion of the remedy. Two duties, at least, are plain. The first is a duty of the press and the pulpit. "Every preacher and parson," says an old statute of Henry the VIIIth, "shall in their sermons, in time of all confessions and the making of all wills and testaments, exhort, move, stir, and provoke people to be liberal, and bountifully to extend their good and charitable alms and contributions, from time to time, toward the comfort and relief of the indigent, decrepit, and impotent people; and for the setting and keeping to continual work of sturdy vagabonds and valiant beggars." We commend this admonition to our clergy. If they are in want of information, let them send to the secretary of state for the "Second Annual Report of the State Commissioners of Public Charities." Let them exchange their Calvin's "Institutes," during a single week, for this more modern publication. Let them describe to their people what their own county is doing for Christ in the person of his poor. The other duty is that of the legislator. What has been done in England must be done here. The almshouse must cease to be a purely local and irresponsible institution. The state must take care of its own poor. A central board must, at least, supervise, if it do not manage, the almshouses. A careful and well-considered system of classification, analagous to that of France, must be adopted. The sick, the crippled, the incapable, the children must no longer be confined with the willful vagrant. We must know when to pity and when to punish pauperism. We must relieve the incapable; we must compel the remainder to work. The pauperism of New York State is less than one-half that of Great Britain. Under a well-ordered system, there is no reason why there should be a single able-bodied mendicant in the state.

Our Western Letter.

CHICAGO, Dec. 22d, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

WE lately called attention to the general lack of knowledge of the West shown in Eastern magazines and newspapers, and are pleased to find that our notices of Western life have excited considerable interest among Western people. This ignorance is not to be wondered at, for the West which travelers from the East see is only a transplanted East, and there are very few Western correspondents who are Western men. During the war, the New York *Tribune*, on the occasion of a steamboat explosion above Vicksburg, censured the engineer with great severity for having such a frightfully excessive weight of steam. The editorial writer did not know that almost every steamboat on the Western rivers has high-pressure engines, and that the number of pounds stated was not above the ordinary amount of steam. I have been much struck with the ignorance of the Western dialect shown by most writers who have affected to use it. In reading Lowell's "Biglow Papers" over again, in their diamond form—I know nothing that will bear reading oftener—I am astonished to find that one who attempts only a New England dialect is far truer to what we generally consider the peculiarities of Western phraseology than those who attempt the pure Hoosier. "Pison-mad pig-headed fitin'" is perfect Hoosier, and would never be mistaken for anything else in Southern Indiana or Southern Illinois. The first ear-mark of the Middle States and Western dialect, however, is the use of the verb allow in the sense of suppose. It is noticed in that admirable preface to Mr. Lowell's "Biglow Papers"; but he mistakes its meaning, translating it by "affirm." It *never* means affirm; but is generally almost exactly equivalent to that word so much beloved of clergymen, "opine." But even that does not always cover it; as in the phrase "I 'low I'll go to town to-morrow." It is always beheaded; I never heard it used with the first syllable. The genuine Hoosier says, "I 'low that air's a good hoss"; by which he means, "I think" or "I esteem that a good horse." "I 'low thair'll be a right smart sprinklin' of peaches next yer"; which, translated, is that he supposes there will be rather more than an average crop of peaches. But this phrase, I think, is never used by Artemus Ward, nor yet by Nasby or Josh Billings. I have used above another of the ear-marks of the Western patois. I have often seen attempts by writers not "to the manor born" to use "right smart" in the Western sense; but never a successful one. Such persons always treat it as an adverb, while in good Hoosier it is always a qualifier to a noun. If a dialect might be supposed to have three ears, I should surely say that the third ear-mark of Westernism is a curious use of a verb for a noun. The phrase "An invite to the wedding" is slang at the East; but it is perfectly correct in the Hoosier. "He tendered his resign." "According to your own tell you are a smart man." "Is that your make of butter?" which last is not confined to this dialect, I think. But this tendency to use a verb as a noun exists in some degree in all our dialects. The Maine lumbermen "go on a drive" every spring. So far as I know, none of our humorous writers have ever availed themselves of this grotesque and somewhat picturesque peculiarity. Artemus Ward uses, as Westernisms, expressions never used in the West. "Apple-parin' bee," which he puts into the mouth of an Indiana man, is as unintelligible in the Middle and Western States (except in New England or New York settlements) as so much Greek. A back country Hoosier does not know what a *paring* is, nor yet what a "bee" is, in this sense. But he is very fond of "apple-peelins," and "quiltins," and of "wood-choppins," and of nothing more than a "corn-shuckin." For the word "husk" does not occur in his vocabulary. *Yourn* for yours is recognized by Lowell; but the rest of that set of pronouns—*hisen*, *hern*, and *theirn*—I do not remember to have seen in the "Biglow Papers," though of almost universal currency in the back country dialects of the West, and I take it of New England also, though I am not sure. North Carolina and some mountain districts of Tennessee and the contiguous parts of other states have a dialect of their own, very different from the general speech of illiterate people at the South. A rebel officer who was in one of the batteries before Petersburg told me of an amusing example of this. It seems that when this battery shelled an opposing battery in the Union army, the latter was accustomed to retaliate by firing on the North Carolina infantry alongside. Not relishing this, one of these North Carolina men came into the rebel battery with a rueful face, and burst out with, "Ef you uns could shell the' uns 'thout the' uns shellin' we uns or hurtin' you uns, we uns would'n keer of you uns shelled the' uns all the time." I shall leave it for the reader to translate, only remarking that the second personal pronoun among ignorant people in the South, except in this "tar-heel" dialect, is not *you uns*, but y' all, a contraction for "you all."

Our Illinois Constitutional Convention is a curious body. It is not Democratic, and yet it is not Republican. There are a few men who control it by holding the balance of power. They are men who are neither fish nor fowl, exhumed fossils; men of every kind of ability, except that of coming to a definite conclusion on any subject. These men—who seem to have no other principle of action but that of absolute impartiality, voting alternately with each party, who think that a judicial mind is one that never decides, symbolized by a man astride a fence turning one eye each way—these men actually control the State of Illinois, and are likely to make the convention of no value, and to set back twenty years the incorporation of modern ideas into the constitutional law of the state. I suppose these human negatives, finding the white male citizen in possession, will leave him there; and so of every other venerable abuse.

The Illinois State Teachers' Association have, through a committee, sent out circulars to prominent educators, asking their opinion on the subject of one session a day for primary schools, and in regard to the usefulness of kindergarten education in connection with the public schools. We really hope that the reforms which these inquiries point to may become accomplished facts.

The *Lutheran and Missionary* did not like the remarks of this correspondent on the general council. It quotes my criticisms in a mangled, disjunctive way, so as to conceal the friendly spirit in which they were written; and then, with the spitefulness of a genuine polemic, construes every word said in praise of Lutheranism into an extorted admission. Instead of being "forced to admit" the many excellent things in Lutheranism, we wrote them down with the greatest pleasure; and confidently hope, despite the influence of bigoted editors, to see still other excellent things develop themselves in that denomination. We cannot possibly agree with the editor that, if the system of doctrine which is embraced in Lutheran symbols does not become the religion of America, "then this is not one of the countries that is to be given to the Lord and to his Christ." We should hate to think of the kingdom of heaven as fenced in with Augsburg Confessions or any other creeds. Of that kingdom no accurate map has yet been published, and of God's truth no sect has a copyright.

It is no rare thing for "Penholder" to be pelted; but the past week has afforded an experience sufficiently amusing, I am sure. The *National Prohibitionist*, a very intemperate temperance paper of this city, feeling offended at a remark in one of my recent letters, throws a brickbat in return, in the shape of a personal fling at Mr. Tilton. "If you don't let me alone," said an irate school-girl, "I'll make faces at your brother!" As this is not the first time papers have retaliated on "Penholder" by assaults on the editor, we take great pleasure in stating that Mr. Tilton neither writes these letters nor exerts the slightest influence upon our expression of opinion. We are a little proud of our connection with a paper which allows its correspondents to be something more than automata. And as to the temperance question, we have only to say that, having been all our life a consistent total-abstinence man, and a warm friend of prohibition, and a close and anxious observer of the progress of the temperance cause, we are more than ever convinced that its most disastrous failures have come from the utter folly of such men as those who talk of a National Prohibition Party at the present time. For such men to claim to be the *only* friends of temperance is what the boys call "somewhat fresh." That they are earnest men and true men we do not question; but when they assume to sneer at those who question the propriety of their ill-advised and hopeless enterprise, to impugn the fidelity of those who are unwilling to trust a great reform to a cockle-shell boat and imprudent pilots, we deny their right to excommunicate Theodore Cuyler, and Robert Hatfield, and other men whose faithfulness and courage have been too often tried to be doubted, and whose wisdom, to say the least, is equal to their own.

The *Congregational Review* will make a hegira from Boston to Chicago, with its March number, passing under the editorial control of Drs. Chapin, Bartlett, Magoun, and Savage, the latter being the actual office-editor and the publisher. And he is well suited to the conduct of such a periodical. There is a fine field for the *Review* here, and it will not fail for lack of a "good opening."

The usual delightful annual banquet of the Y. M. C. A. came off at the Tremont, last Monday evening. This is always managed so that it is without expense to the association and is free to the ministers.

For several years past, Chicago has annually issued a chromo of some popular picture. This year it is E. H. Trafton, who has reproduced the painting "Morning Prayer" in a really fine chromo with all the elements of popularity.

The superior court of Chicago have just rendered a verdict in the case of the Norwegian Lutheran church, which involved the question of the supremacy of the synod. The court decided in favor of the Congregational theory; which, curiously enough, is maintained by the Old Lutheran or High Church party. But the case goes to the supreme court, with considerable chance for a reversal.

PENHOLDER.

Art and Artists.

THE Dusseldorf painters, who, unfortunately for us, are altogether too well-known in this country, appear to be busily employed in manufacturing pictures for the American market. A letter from Germany says:

"There are now about two hundred artists in Dusseldorf, including the professors and scholars of the academy. They have this year produced about 360,000 thalers' worth of pictures. The foreign art trade, both direct and indirect, especially to America, is important. This foreign export trade, which is almost exclusively supplied by a few skilled artists, represents nearly the half of the value of all pictures painted. America alone has imported in this year fifty thousand dollars' worth of paintings. The trade in ordinary pictures is increasing."

It is a thousand pities that some means could not be devised to save us from the calamity of a deluge of paintings from Dusseldorf. Nuremberg is the great manufacturing city of Germany, whence all our children's toys are imported—the dolls and the Noah's arks, upon which our excellent tariff imposes a duty of fifty per cent. *ad valorem*. But Dusseldorf, which stands in the same relation to our parlors, in furnishing them with pictures, that Nuremberg does to our nurseries, is favored by a most disproportionate rate of duty by our revenue laws, which impose only 10 per cent. on its productions. The Nuremberg toys are about as valuable, artistically considered, as the greater part of the Dusseldorf paintings; and we can discover no good reason for making so great a discrimination as forty per cent. If children have any rights which Congress is bound to respect, we can't understand the philosophy of compelling them to pay 50 per cent. duty on their toys, while their parents are taxed but 10 per cent. on their pictures. We commend the subject to Commissioner Wells and the indefatigable president of the Free Trade League. It is not for us to say that Nuremberg toys are taxed too high; but, if they are not, then it is very clear that Dusseldorf pictures are taxed too low.

....We called attention not long ago to an extraordinarily fine genre painting by Erskine Nicol, called "The Rent Day," which we are glad to learn was sold to a Western collector, and has been taken out into that expansive region, where it will give the people a healthy idea of the possibilities of earnest effort in art. Another picture by the same artist, smaller in size and of less pretensions, is now exhibiting at Mr. Schaus's gallery, in Broadway. It is called an "Irish Courtship," and represents the wretched interior of a genuine Irish hovel, where Paddy sits making love to a willing Bridget, while the mother stands listening, with a stick in her hand, outside, and preparing to rush in and bring the tender conference to a sudden termination. There is neither sentiment nor humor in the picture, but, as a vivid and honest representation of the ordinary aspects of life in Ireland, it is worth studying by Americans, who have to endure so much from the inordinate exaction of Patrick and Bridget when they cross over to this side of the Atlantic. It is one of that valuable class of paintings which improves the beholder by teaching him hard facts, without touching his feelings or affecting his morals.

....There is a very excellent marble bust of the late Charles L. Elliott on exhibition at the gallery of Mr. Knoedler

Our Young Folks.

MARY BELL.

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD.

BY ALICE HOBBINS.

A little maid was Mary Bell,
Of scarce nine summers yet;
A pretty child, whose winsome face
One could not soon forget.

Her eyes were blue, and clear and bright;
Her smile was gentle, too;
And all sweet duties she could find
She ever tried to do.

Her home, until her mother died,
Was always nice and clean—
A neater girl than Mary Bell
I'm sure was never seen.

Her hands were white, her hair was smooth,
Her cheeks like roses fair,
And frank and joyous all the day
Was Mary, everywhere.

Until her mother died, I said;
O sad that parting hour!
'Twas tearing from the tiny stem
The full and blooming flower.

The child stood sadly by, to see
Her mother, cold and white,
And never to her dying-day
Forgot that woeful night.

Her father, sad and lonesome now,
Went often to the "Crow,"
A large and brilliant "corner-shop,"
Of which you may not know.

'Twas all alight with jets of gas
And pictures hung within,
And many a tankard, foaming, stood
And tempted men to sin.

The owner of this horrid "Crow"
In handsome broadcloth went,
While the poor drunkards reeling round
Their every penny spent

In wretched beer, and hung in rags;
Their children went the same,
Until they dared not lift their eyes,
Or speak, for very shame.

But the fair children of the "Crow"
In silks and laces dressed;
They lived upon the drunkard's woe,
And ate and drank the best.

And so poor little Mary Bell
Sat often sad and lone,
And crept in silence to her bed
When the bright sun was gone.

No loving hands to tuck her in,
No listener to her prayer,
No kiss upon her little lips
Or light touch on her hair.

No voice to say, with smile of love,
"Good-night, my little one.
Sleep sweetly; mother watches near,
And God the Holy One."

But yet the gentle mother watched—
How mortals cannot tell;
But angels hovered round the bed
Of little Mary Bell.

A change began: her food grew less,
The little frocks were torn,
Her fair white feet came peeping through
From shoes too hardly worn.

Her father left her all the day,
With neither coal nor wood;
And then the neighbors pitied her,
And gave her all they could.

But she was forced at last to beg,
She nothing had to sell,
And cold eyes looked with careless scorn
On little Mary Bell.

"O, mother, mother!" Mary cried,
One bitter, bitter day,
"I am so cold, and hungry too!
Why did you go away?

"To-morrow is sweet Christmas time;
But no one comes to see
Your little girl, and no one speaks
Of Mary's Christmas tree.

"Does the dear Christ forget because
Poor papa goes away,
And leaves me all the winter night
And all the winter day?

"Papa neglects his little girl;
Or, if he does come near,
He frightens me with angry words!
Why did you leave me here?"

So, weeping in her little bed,
She sudden fell asleep,
And thought an angel carried her
Where mortals never weep.

O! beautiful the walls she saw,
All blazing red with gold,
And streets so bright, she quite forgot
The city-streets so cold.

And flashing gates, and rivers white,
And gardens rich with flowers,
And palaces of purest pearl,
And crystal-covered bowers.

And there, in robes so new and fair,
Her own dear mother came,
And held her close unto her heart,
And called her by her name.

"Mamma, I have been longing so
To see your darling face;
I used to cry the whole day long
Down in that dreary place.

"Papa has quite forgotten me,
He does not love me now;
He's always at the public-house—
The 'Black Crow' or the 'Flow.'

"You'll keep me with you, dear mamma,
In this bright, happy place;
You will not send me back again
To darkness and disgrace?"

"My darling," said the angel, soft,
"You must not stay to-night.
Go bring papa"—and then, alas!
Quick faded all the light.

The golden gates grew dim and far,
And swift the darkness came;
One sob she gave, then woke to hear
Some voice pronounce her name.

"My Mary! Wake, my little one!"
Her father by the bed
Stood with a candle. "Oh!" he cried,
"I thought my child was dead.

"She was so still, and wore the look
One wore who went above;
If she had lived, I should not now
Be lost to hope and love!"

"Papa, I've seen her!" Mary cried.
"Seen who, my child?" "Mamma.
She would not let me come, she said,
Till I brought you, papa.

"And will you'go, dear, dear papa?
O, such a glorious place!
And brighter than the brightest star
Shone mamma's darling face.

"And will you go? She said you would,
And I should take you too;
I am so tired of cold and wet
And such hard work to do.

"For, oh! 'tcas hard to beg, papa,
And have them pass me by,
Without one look, or, if there was,
So cross it made me cry.

"Say, will you go with me to heaven?"
Her father could not speak;
He trembled like the aspen frail,
And tears ran down his cheek.

Hot, bitter tears; his breath came quick;
His anguish none could tell;
His heart was touched by those sweet words
Of little Mary Bell.

"I will go, darling—here's my hand;
You shall not blush for me.
I've been a cruel father, dear,
But will no longer be.

"And God forgive me; help me now
To break the drunkard's chain;
Help me to live that I may meet
My angel-wife again.

"Now, little Mary, go to sleep.
You've made a man of me;
You shall not beg again, my child,
Or dirt or misery see."

He left the "Crow," he left the drink,
He left his wicked mates;
And often little Mary told
About the pearly gates.

And comforts came, and coal and wood,
And dresses clean and neat;
And little Mary kept at home,
Nor sought the wicked street.

And year by year she taller grew;
And he found work enough,
And came home money in his hands,
And never drunk and rough.

He bought a pretty house for her,
And loved to see her there,
At work for him, and not in rags,
But smiling, neat, and fair.

And Christmas came, with frost and rime,
And sunshine fair to see;
And beautiful the gifts that hung
On Mary's Christmas tree.

MAY AND JULY.

A STORY OF A NEW YEAR.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

You will all be wondering at the name of my story, and puzzling to find out what May and July *can* have to do with the first of January. You see *my* May and July are not months; but two little sisters, whose real names were Mary and Julia—two little twin sisters. When they were babies, they lay in the same cradle, with the same frocks and the same sort of lace on their caps, and were so exactly alike that nobody knew them apart, except that one always wore a pink ribbon and the other a blue. If May's blue ribbon had been put by mistake on July, I'm not sure whether any one would have found it out, or she ever got her own name again. That was seven years ago; and, though they had never been away from each other a single day, they were not so alike now.

May was a gentle, cool, sweet little soul, with soft blue eyes, like violets, and a voice as tender as a ring-dove's coo. July's blue eyes were bluer, and her cheeks were pinker, and she had a warm, passionate, loving temper, as full of changes as a summer's day. There were thunder-storms in the day, too—quick flashes of anger and tempests of tears; but they always ended with rainbows and bright sun, and did no harm, except to poor July herself, who was sure to be sorry. Altogether the nicknames suited their little wearers very well.

They were "only children," as July would say; and, besides mamma and papa and kind old grandmamma, were so lucky as to have ever so many bright young aunties to love and pet them, and I really think they must have been spoiled if they had not been the dearest little things that ever were. They had more presents and treats than you can think of. All the birthdays and holidays were duly kept, and each seemed pleasanter and more perfect than the last; only this year—which is last year now—both of them agreed that Christmas was the very nicest day they had ever known. It was because they all went to grandmamma's.

It was the first time. You see papa was a clergyman, and could hardly ever be away; but, as it happened, this time he could. And so the whole family started as soon as church was over Christmas morning. There was a short ride by rail, then another in a carriage, and there they were. The windows of the old house were all fiery with the sunset, and there on the steps was the whole group of aunties—Aunt Sue, and Aunt Emma, and Aunt Juny, and Aunt Dotty—the very nicest aunties in the world, the children thought. There they were, in their pretty dresses, with gay ribbons and long curls; and such a hugging and kissing and laughing as went on, before any one could be got indoors out of the cold!

Inside were splendid fires, and long wreaths of ground-pine and laurel and hemlock everywhere. And grandmamma on the sofa—just like a picture of an old lady, in her black dress and snowy cap, and the little white shawl she always wore. And then came more laughing and kissing, and then they were taken up stairs to get ready for dinner.

"Oh, Aunty Sue," cried July, as her white frock was being fastened, "it's so lovely! May and I tried all the way down to guess what we should do this evening; and we couldn't. Won't you tell us?"

"Not I, you inquisitive pussy!" said Aunty. "What makes you suppose you will do anything except sit by the fire and be kissed?"

"Why, Aunty, we always have a *surprise*," chimed in sober May. "There's always a surprise, you know; and that's what we were trying to guess about. Do tell us."

But Aunt Sue only laughed and shook her head.

Dinner was perfectly splendid, of course, as everything grandma had to do with always was. Turkey and oysters, and cranberry, and plum-pudding, and ice-cream, and I don't know what. Last of all came in the little frosted cakes, with a circle of almonds round them, and a candy basket on top.

"Oh, Aunty Sue, I knew we should! Those are the surprises!" cried May. But Aunty Sue only laughed again.

They were all sitting about the fire after dinner, May in one aunty's lap and July in another's, when there came such a big ring at the door-bell that it made them all jump.

"What can that be?" said mamma.

The door opened, and in walked Mary the housemaid and Annie the cook. Each held something strange in her hands. "For the young ladies, ma'am," Mary said, trying not to smile; and they set the things down on the small tables, which seemed there all ready for them.

What do you think they were? Two trays covered with white napkins, and in the middle of each was a Christmas tree. Such cunning trees—not more than two feet high, and planted in two flower-pots, exactly alike. Each had twelve little blazing tapers, two big yellow oranges, two big red apples, twelve enormous sugar almonds tied to ribbons, a cornucopia, a kaleidoscope, and a tiny scarlet pail full of sugar-plums. Each had a bouquet of fresh flowers on top, and the trays were full too. There were two wax dolls, real beauties, in walking suits, with velvet hoods and muffs; two "Aunt Louisa Picture Books"; two cunning little squirrel-skin caps (these were from grandmamma); a blue sash apiece; and a grand magic lantern, which was to belong half to one and half to the other, and would be just the thing when they had their little friends to ten.

The children danced round and round the enchanting trees, and were almost too happy to exclaim, at first.

"What do you think of those by way of a surprise?" asked Aunty Sue.

May hugged her with both arms. "Oh, they're splendid! I never did see anything like them. What aunties you are; ain't they, July?"

We never know, when we are happiest, but just before us may be something which, if we could only see it, would turn our joy into sorrow. So it was with this charming Christmas evening. Such a sad week followed it. They went home next day; and the day after that May was taken sick. It was fever, and it went at once to her brain. She didn't know any of them, and lay tossing about and talking to herself in a voice which sounded so unlike hers that they hardly knew it.

Poor little July! When the third dreadful day came, and still May did not know her—did not answer when she spoke, looked at her with those strange wild eyes—it seemed as if her heart would break. The pretty playthings were put aside, and she sat all day by the bed, keeping just as still as a mouse, because the doctor had said all must be quiet. She was so good and thoughtful that mamma let her stay. Only once or twice she ventured to touch May's hand, and say in a whisper (she could hardly speak, she was crying so), "May, darling May, don't you know me?" And once May looked at her in reply, and said something that sounded like "kiss"; but that was all. They were not sure that she was conscious even then.

The fifth day came. May was no better. The doctor said the fever would turn that evening. He came and went. Mamma sat by bathing the hot head and measuring the medicines. All was so still that even the clock's ticking seemed loud. July kept close to the pillow and had her face hidden in it. She was thinking how gentle and sweet and good little May had always been; and what should she do if she were to die, as the doctor feared she might. Every little selfish or unkind thing she had ever done or said came into her mind then, and made her heart ache, and a hard, painful feeling arise in her throat, as if she wanted to cry and couldn't. If she could only *do* something to show how she loved her, she thought; and she got up at last, very softly, and crept out and collected every nice plaything she had that May had not, and arranged them in a chair by the bedside, so that, if May woke up just for a moment even, she might see they were for her, and be pleased. Mamma saw how she was feeling; and said nothing, though the chair was rather in the way. And so they waited all day long.

It grew dark. May was quiet now and seemed to be asleep. Nurse came to the door at bedtime; but July looked so miserable and imploring that mamma let her stay, and made nurse a sign to go. And it got late; and all at once July recollected that this was New Year's Eve. What would a New Year be without my dear little twin sister to share it? And then she thought of what papa had told her about God—how good he was, and how he could, if he willed, make May well again; and she found herself saying a little prayer over and over again in her heart—a very strange little prayer, but she put her whole strength in it: "Please, God, let me have May back for a New Year's present. Please, God, give me darling May for a New Year's present." She said it a great many times, and it seemed to comfort her to do so.

At last the doctor came. How they all held their breaths as he felt the pulse and counted its strokes, and listened to May's breathing. At last he said, in a low voice: "I think there is hope for this dear little girl."

It was too much. July felt that if she did not get away somewhere, where she could cry out loud and clap her hands, she should burst. She almost ran out of the room, but without making a bit of noise; and when she reached the nursery she began to sob so that nurse was really frightened.

"What is it, darling?" she said. "Is the little sister worse?"

"Oh, no, nursey," cried July; "she is better. She is going to get well, and I'm so happy."

And she did get well. It was a long time before the thin hands and cheeks filled out and strength returned to the limbs; but at last it did. "Little New Year Present" July calls her sometimes; and she loves to think how much more dear and precious she is than any other gift that could possibly be given.

"But what if God had not seen best to let May get well?" mamma asked her, one day.

"Oh, mamma," she said, "now that I *know* He is so good, I should think, even if he hadn't, that it was right."

GOOD-BYE.

"A happy New Year! Well, perhaps it will.
But then the Old Year has been happy too,
And mother thinks it's only natural
To love the old friends best of all; don't you?

We knew him first a little new-born thing,
As brave and bright as a young child at play.
It isn't very long ago; and yet
He's all grown-up to-night, and bent and gray!

See! *I* have only grown a single inch.
An inch—and just a tiny quarter past—
That isn't much. Doesn't it seem a shame
That the dear New Years should get old so fast?

Such a good Year! He brought us many gifts:
Snow-storms and peaches, strawberries and ice,
Skating in March and gypseying in July,
Nuts in October—everything that's nice.

Dear little baby-brother, he brought him
(He has two teeth and hardly ever cries!)
He gave the kittens too, and Bessy's calf—
It isn't strange we're sorry that he dies.

When we wake up to-morrow, he'll be gone.
Where to my mother says she does not know.
But it is somewhere very far away,
Where all the Old Years when they're ended go.

Good-bye! The clock strikes bed-time, nursey says,
I'd like to sit up late and see you die;
But I'll tell Next Year all the things you did,
And he'll be envious. Dear old friend, good-bye!

Sunday Schools.

Rev. W. A. Niles, chairman of committee on Sunday schools for the Synod of Geneva, N. Y., sends us a circular embodying the action of synod on the subject, and recommending uniform lessons and graded schools. We endorse the sentiments of the circular in the main most heartily—excepting, perhaps, the grading and the distinct departments. We believe in the most thorough instruction possible, and in a certain amount of classification. But an hour or two a week is hardly enough to get the friction out of complicated machinery. We hope, however, the day is not distant when we may have a uniform undenominational series of lessons worthy of universal adoption. It would be an immense saving of waste paper and misdirected labor. If such a series could be inaugurated for 1871, and receive the endorsement of representative men like Rev. J. H. Vincent, editor of the *Sunday School Journal*; Rev. Edward Eggleston, of the *Chicago Teacher*; Dr. Newton, of the *Sunday School World*; Rev. George A. Peltz, of the *Baptist Teacher*; Drs. Hall, Duryea, Crosby, Ralph Wells, and other prominent laymen; and be issued simultaneously by the different societies and publishing houses, it would be a step in the right direction—perhaps a series of rare merit—metropolitan and truly national.

....Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D., of Brooklyn, and Dr. Hastings, of this city, addressed the N. Y. Teachers' Association on Monday night. We cannot make room for even a synopsis of these valuable and timely addresses. We quote a single sentence from Dr. Hastings, on the "Values of Christian Labor." "Nothing," said he, "can save the community but the self-denying Christian work that will dig down to the foundations of society, and carry the Gospel there; for the social fabric must crack from foundation to pinnacle if it be built on neglected classes. We may preach the doctrines of human depravity and the endless punishment of the wicked, and we shall make more Universalists and Unitarians than anything else, unless we preach them somewhat as Christ did. When pastors and people work for men as if they really thought them fallen, and in danger of eternal perdition, then, and not till then, can those mighty truths be preached with success." Father Seaton, the octogenarian; S. E. Holmes, superintendent of the Reformed Church School of Harlem; and Mrs. J. Cleveland Cady, authoress of several of our valued Sunday-school hymns, have passed away from among us since the last meeting. Brief tribute to their memory was paid by J. Bennet Tyler and Rev Dr. Tyng.

....The Southwark Sunday School Society, London, was founded by Rev. Rowland Hill, in 1799. Its present president is Rev. Dr. Newman Hall, whom so many of us have learned to love for the beautiful simplicity and earnestness of his character and preaching, as well as his public services. There are now 13 Sunday and ragged schools connected with and supported by the society, of which Surrey Chapel is the head and center and Dr. Hall the pastor. The 13 schools had at the date of the last report to which we have access, over 5,000 scholars and over 400 teachers. More than 200,000 scholars have been in attendance since the organization. The schools are considerably larger at the present writing. We notice that the Surrey Chapel school has a morning session at 9 o'clock, a children's service at 10:45, and an afternoon session at 2:30. Each scholar is expected to pay for a Bible and hymn-book. The library books are distributed on Tuesday evenings. Surrey Chapel and its missions are located in one of the worst portions of London, and are a remarkable illustration of what has been done and what can be done in making the Gospel self-supporting in the worst quarters of our great cities.

....Our friend, Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, of Brooklyn, gets off the following good thing on children's books:

"Have at least one book in your library in which all the good children did not die. My early impression from Sunday-school books was that religion was very unhealthy. But I do believe that children may have religion and yet live through it. Indeed, the best boys I ever saw occasionally upset things, and got boisterous, and had the fidgets. The goodie-goodie kind of children make namby-pamby men. It is not religion that makes that boy sit by the stove while his brothers are out snow-balling; but the 'dumps.' Oh! for a religious literature that shall take for its model of excellence a boy that loves God, and can digest his dinner in two hours after he eats! If the Church of God could trade off three thousand hogsheads of religious cant for three thousand hogsheads of fresh air and stout health, we should be the gainers; but the fellow with whom he traded would be cheated mercilessly and forever."

....J. C. E., in the *Sunday School Journal*, says that the Central City M. E. Sunday school of Colorado, is arranging for their next 4th of July pic-nic on the top of a neighboring mountain, several thousand feet above the city. They expect to have snow and "coasting" on one side of the mountain, and wild flowers on the other. Coasting and botanizing! Snowballs and bouquets, all in one day!

....Gov. McClurg, of Missouri, is a Presbyterian elder and a wide-awake Sunday-school man. Transferring his residence to the capital, he was lately installed an elder in the Presbyterian church at Jefferson City. He organized and is now superintending a colored Sunday school of about 100 scholars. Members of his family are engaged in teaching a school in the penitentiary.

....We notice that our friend, Rev. Edward Eggleston, of the *Chicago Teacher*, is delivering a course of Sunday school lectures before the students of the North Western University, at Evanston, and that he is down for a similar course before the Chicago Congregational Theological Seminary.

....Three houses of worship are in process of erection near Campbellsville, Kentucky, the outgrowth of rural Sunday schools started within the past few years. Several new preaching-stations have lately been established through the same means.

Scientific.

A correspondent of the *American Naturalist*, that most delightful monthly, gives an account of the introduction, through the principle which Spencer calls "the survival of the fittest," of a new variety of deer in the Adirondacks. The writer has hunted there for 21 years, and first heard about 14 years ago of "spike-horn bucks." They have been gradually multiplying, till now they are frequently shot in all that portion of the Adirondacks south of Raquette Lake, and probably north of it. "The spike-horn differs greatly from the common antler of the *Cervus Virginianus*. It consists of a single spike, more slender than the antler, and scarcely half as long, projecting forward from the brow and terminating in a very sharp point." This gives the buck a great advantage in running through thick woods and underbrush; and is, also, a far more effective weapon than the common antler. With this advantage the spike-horn bucks are gaining on the common sort. Usually they have spike-horn was a freak of Nature, and has propagated his variety so as to be crowding out the antlered bucks.

....The Great Auk is a bird of historical interest, from its having become extinct within 25 years. It was the largest of the penguins, and of the size of a goose. The last that were seen were two killed near Iceland, in 1844. It is difficult to say what could have caused their extinction. They were not hunted down, like the Dodo and Dinornis. They were once quite abundant, and have been seen within a century even as far south as the coasts of Massachusetts, and their bones are often found in shell-heaps. This country, as we learn from the *American Naturalist*, has but three stuffed specimens; which are in the museums of Vassar College, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. The two last museums have each an egg of this bird, of which less than 30 specimens are preserved. Of the skeletons but two are known—one in the British Museum, and the other in the Cambridge Museum of Comparative Zoölogy.

....Designolle's new powder, which we find described in *Van Nostrand's Engineering Magazine*, is made of picrate of potassium, niter, and charcoal. It can be made of any required degree of strength, and either slow acting or quick acting. The strongest blasting powder is ten times more powerful than an equal weight of ordinary powder; and a gunpowder is made having a shooting power equal to that of the ordinary black powder, but with considerable less explosive effect. As no sulphur is used, the smoke is slight and not unpleasant, and has no injurious effect on the metal. When picrate of potash explodes under pressure it is resolved into nitrogen, carbonic acid, hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, and carbonic of potash. It is manufactured on a considerable scale in Paris.

....Professor Von Hochstetter has carefully estimated the velocity of the ocean-wave which passed from Arica, in Peru, across the Pacific Ocean at the time of the terrible earthquake of August 13th 1868. This gives data for discovering the depth of the ocean, as the depth is one element in the formula of the velocity of a wave of translation. He finds that the rate was from 284 to 417 nautical miles per hour; and the mean depth between Arica and the Sandwich Islands was 15,390 feet, and 9,006 feet between Arica and Australia. The eastern portion of the Pacific is much the deepest.

....The monument of King Henry VII, in Westminster Abbey, was lately taken down and rebuilt, as it had become badly cracked, as if from the settling of the foundations. It was found, however, that the foundations were perfect, and the cracking was due to plates of iron which had been built into the masonry. These had oxydized, swelling to several times their original bulk, and thus acting as a wedge to split the monument. Iron should never be built in masonry, where permanence is desired.

....Dr. Stimpson, of the Chicago Academy of Science, finds a weak solution of carbolic acid quite equal to alcohol for preserving wet specimens. He puts the specimen first in a solution of half of one per cent. of the crystallized acid, and increases the strength daily till it reaches two and a half per cent. When the specimen is sufficiently saturated, it is safe to transfer it to a permanent solution of one-half per cent., which is strong enough for sealed jars. A little alcohol is necessary to prevent freezing.

....There are at Moulins Galant, 22 miles south of Paris, some paper-mills the waterpower of which is in a wheel nearly half a mile distant. The connection is made by a wire-rope, run on pulleys. The rope is half an inch thick, weighs 9 pounds per yard, and runs at the speed of 61 feet per minute.

....Professor Spencer Smith has carefully examined the noted "Big Mound" near St. Louis, as it has been removed for grading a railroad. He found very few Indian remains, and is satisfied from its stratified nature that it was not artificial, but a river deposit.

....During 1866 93,415 tons of copper were produced in the world, being double the quantity for 1846. There is a tendency to a rise in cost of valuable deposits of excellent copper are known to exist in Polynesia, but have never been mined.

....The *American Naturalist* is exceedingly dissatisfied with Huxley's "Classification of Animals," just republished. The classification of insects seems to have been hastily done, and is not up to the present state of the science.

Temperance.

The Olive Branch Anti-Tobacco Society of this city was organized in January, 1869, and has for its object to bring in boys and young men, and shew to them the evils arising from the use of tobacco. Though small, it is composed of working members, who distribute tracts to old and young, and seek in other ways to dissuade them from the use of the dangerous narcotic. The officers of this society for the ensuing year were elected (at its room, 348 Eighth Avenue) on the 17th inst. They are: Wm. C. Bell, President; Harry Arnold, Vice President; Charles H. Buchanan, Rec. Secretary; Frederick McKaulis, Cor. Sec.; Wm. H. Cochran, Treasurer; Louis Roth, Ass't Treasurer. There are 39 other societies of the same kind in the country, having a membership of between six and seven hundred; and they are doing a noble work, and one for which they will not lose their reward. How many men, young and old, there are who spend from 20 to 25 cents per day on tobacco to satisfy their appetite, when the poor and hungry around them are asking for something to eat!

....In response to a circular addressed by the temperance committee of the Brooklyn Young men's Christian Association, inviting the pastors and lay-delegates of Evangelical churches to meet for conference, a number of ministers and laymen of the various denominations met at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association lately, and adopted, by a unanimous vote, the following propositions:

1. To provide for Sabbath-evening discourses in the churches, and such Sabbath temperance meetings as may be deemed important in certain localities; also to hold evening meetings during the week.

2. To recommend the organization of a society of persons calling themselves "workingmen" in each of the churches to cooperate with the temperance committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

3. To obtain special statistics in relation to intemperance for publication.

4. To circulate tracts and temperance literature, and recommend the introduction of the *Temperance Banner* into the Sabbath and mission schools of our city.

5. To protest against the use of intoxicating drinks at the New Year's receptions and at social gatherings, and that the pastors be urgently requested to present this subject to their congregations.

....The Vermont State Temperance Society at its annual meeting voted that it was not expedient to organize a distinct political temperance party in that state. The legislature, at its last session, strengthened the prohibitory law, making the dealer in intoxicating drinks liable for the evil consequences resulting from his traffic, whether he sells the whole or only a part of the liquor causing the mischief.

....The Vermont State Temperance Society has voted that, although the use of unfermented cider as a beverage may be harmless in itself, yet it is of a dangerous tendency, as it is liable to lead to the use of fermented cider and the formation of an appetite for other alcoholic drinks.

Pebbles.

Mr. Howells, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, gives this bit of horse-car talk: "Let the women vote," said he, "let 'em vote, if they want to. I don't care. Fact is, I should like to be there to see 'em do it the first time. They're excitable, you know; they're excitable," and he enforced his analysis of female character by thrusting his elbow sharply into my side. "Now, there's my wife; I'd like to see her vote. Be fun, I tell you. And the girls—Lord, the girls! Circus wouldn't be anywhere." Enchanted with the amusing picture which he appeared to have conjured up to himself, he laughed with the utmost relish; and then, patting the green bag in his lap, which plainly contained a violin: "You see," he went on, "I go out playing for dancing-parties. Work all day at my trade—I'm a carpenter—and go to the concert sort. Usually have my own home better if we had women as to cut that out. Wife don't like it. Says she wouldn't mind a good deal, and I tell you they're all excitable, and I sh'd like to see 'em vote. Vote right and vote often; that's the ticket, eh?" This friend of woman suffrage, no doubt, was otherwise a reformer, and held that the coming man would not drink wine—if he could find whisky. At least, I should have said so, guessing from the odors he breathed along with his liberal sentiments.

....The *English Independent* is landably engaged in exposing the "D.D." and "LL.D." as it has been marked amongst a portion of the Non-conformist ministry. The subject is not a new one. When the Scotch Universities, in 1728, made a wholesale creation of D.D.s, Dr. Kippis sent to Dr. W. Harris the following lines:

"Since dunces now are doctors made,
As well as men of skill,
What does the title signify?
I'll tell thee, honest Will.

"The same as trappings to a horse,
Which, be he fleet or slow,
Not for his own, but rider's sake,
So wondrous fine is made.

"So, when our universities
Doctorial honors give,
'Tis not our merit they declare,
But their prerogative.

"G. C. M."

....Here is Lowell's description of a "well-meaning dunce." It is from "A Fable for Critics."

"He meant well enough, but was still in the way,
As a dunce always is, let him be where he may;
Indeed, they appear to come into existence
To impede other folks with their awkward assistance.

If you set up a dunce on the very North Pole,
All alone with himself, I believe, on my soul,
He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,
And pitch him down bodily, all in his sins,
To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,
All shortening their grace to be in for a slice;
Or, if he found nobody else there to bother,
Why one of his legs would just trip up the other,
For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions
Like a well-meaning dunce with the best of intentions."

....A pulpit orator in Oberwesel, on the Rhine, improved his discourse on the 7th of November by giving his audience some original views on the cause of the earthquakes. "For the earthquakes and their cause," he said, "there is only one explanation. What the learned naturalists would teach is pure foolishness. They can only prove that man descends from the ape. From time to time God seizes the earth-ball in his mighty hand and thoroughly shakes it, in order to rouse up the godless human race from its sleep of sin. And that is the earthquake."

....At a Presbyterian church-fair in Chicago, the other night, printed invitations mingling things spiritual and carnal in the following ludicrous way were handed round:

"Walk down to supper,
Our ladies wait you there
With viands rich and rare:
Walk down to supper,
Do not stay, but haste, haste away;
Then the Lord will bless you:
Then, then the Christ-child will confess you,
His, his forever.
Walk down to supper."

....Says the renowned Josh Billings: "Pity is about the meanest wash that one man can offer another. I had rather have a ten-dollar greenback that had been torn in two twice and pasted together than tew hav all the pity there is on the upper side ov the earth. Pity is nothing more than a quiet satisfacshun that I am a great deal better oph than you am, and that I intend to keep so."

....On the complaint book of the St. Louis city engineer there is the following epistolary curiosity:

"*Herr Inspector Sir*:—Ter ist ein tam pad blase in der Seitvolk (sidewalk) in der Franklin Ebenu Streets vor mein Haus unt I vanshim fix quick, as vonst: als mein vrow mit der Kinder—she falls in dem, and now I sits tam doctter bill au bay."

....A brother in one of our churches, more distinguished for zeal than knowledge, lately prayed in a public meeting to be anointed with the "isle of Patmos"! On another occasion, at a crowded conference meeting, while acting as usher, he requested a gentleman to stand in the "oil."

....A minister at an eating-house gave the order: "Roast beef, well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Current Religious Views.

SPIRITUALISM.

Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, replying in the *World* to Carlyle's description of Spiritualism as "*ultra-brutalism*," and as the "*Liturgy of Dead Sea Apes*," says:

"This exceedingly gross and vulgarly vague definition of Spiritualism is unworthy the transcendent talents and acknowledged attainments of the Scotch philosopher. It is narrow and bitter in its injustice, and disgustingly incomprehensible in its insinuations.

"Concerning Spiritualism, permit me to remark that the *reality* of nothing in this world is more certainly established. It is as certainly true as that man is endowed with a mental and spiritual constitution. The history of Spiritualism begins where the human race began its eternal career. The supernaturalism of all ages and peoples is nothing but that thing which calls itself Spiritualism.' This thing which calls itself Spiritualism.' The foundation of all absolute knowledge concerning the world beyond the tomb. Deprive the religious world of its so-called miracles—put out the clairvoyant eyes of the world's seers of spiritual existence—and instantly, 'in the twinkling of an eye,' the glory of immortality is extinguished, and God's beautiful universe becomes an empty circle of materialism and everlasting death.

* * * * * * *

"Spiritualism is generally esteemed as the name of a new religion. On the other hand, I employ the term 'Spiritualism' as applicable to a revival of 'evidence,' appreciable by the physical senses, that a person is not destroyed by the chemistry of death; but *exists* as much of an individual as before, and enjoys the privilege of traveling in the spiritual universe, and of revisiting the earth and holding converse with friends still in the flesh.

"Spiritualists hold very generally that 'circles' and 'manifestations' should be multiplied and continually evoked. On the contrary, I hold that, beyond establishing the momentous question, 'If a man die, shall he live again?'—beyond a sensuous demonstration of the fact of personal immortality—the holding of 'circles' and the accumulation of repetitious 'manifestations' are not at all beneficial, but rather weakening to both the nerves and the judgment.

"Excepting for scientific investigations—to test the delicacy and wondrous power of spirits over material things—I hold that 'dark circles' are valueless and injurious. As a means of carrying conviction to skeptical minds the lightless sessions amount to nothing. Persons convinced of Spiritualism by such evidences usually require an endless repetition of 'facts' to keep their faith from languishing. Perhaps Mr. Carlyle's mind has been disgusted with the weakness and superstition of persons calling themselves Spiritualists. Of this class I think Spiritualism can show as large a percentage as did early Christianity, or as can the juvenile years of any sect in Christendom.

"But, although Spiritualism is not, according to my definition, a *new* religion, *it is the herald of a higher era of spiritual development*. It makes possible and hospitably welcomes every fresh thought in philosophy, and inspires every advancement in science, society, and life. A free religious development of the essentials of Christianity is one of the effects of 'this thing which calls itself Spiritualism.' An age of new ideas is dawning beyond the ocean of this spiritual agitation; and I had some hope that a mind so large and far-seeing as Carlyle's would be touched with at least one ray from the new sun."

BISHOP POTTER ON REVISION.

The *Christian Witness* (Low Church Episcopal) thus criticises Bishop Potter's pastoral on the subject of the circular signed by nine bishops in favor of revision of the Prayer-book:

"The Bishop of New York has poured a broadside of the very heaviest metal into the remonstrance, or petition, or circular, or whatever it was, (he calls it the 'vote') of the nine bishops who were so innocent as to imagine that their High Church brethren might surrender what they regard as the very key of their position upon any weak concessions of charity or brotherly sympathy. That one who has generally been looked upon in rather an amiable light as a brother of high tendencies, but of gentle susceptibilities, should have shown himself on this occasion a very Ironsides—plated at least seven inches thick, with ever so many feet of oak and teak behind—and fired eight columns of leaded matter into the extremely modest appeal of his brethren, is perhaps the very best evidence possible of the utter hopelessness of the task of getting the Church at the next General Convention. We confess this warlike *pastoral* took us by surprise. As a pastoral effort it can only be compared to the achievement of the youthful shepherd of Israel, when he caught the lion by the beard and smote him and slew him; only it looks altogether more as if, for the nonce, David had been transformed into Goliath, and the lion and bear into a family of wistful lambs, utterly unconscious of the weight of the 'weaver's beam' about to descend upon them. The excellent Bumble himself was not more astonished at the presumption of Oliver in asking for '*more*' than is Bishop Potter at the assurance of our poor Evangelicals who dare to ask for '*some*.' It is an improvement upon Bumble, however; for our ecclesiastical overseer is determined to cut off all chance of an appeal for *more* by at once refusing to give us *any*. So we may as well carry back our porringers, and content ourselves with the cold rations. Perhaps it would have been better if we had answered at once that our food was disagreeing with us. What!' exclaims the Bishop, 'you poor weak-stomached Churchmen, are ye too nice to eat what the saintly Venn, and Wilberforce, and Cecil, and Daniel Wilson, and our own White and Moore and Griswold—men after your own style of Churchmanship, or those worthies of a still higher type of intellect and piety—Hooker, Herbert, Ken, Andrewes, Hall, etc.—swallowed without a wink, and felt all the better for it?' Doubtless, we ought to be satisfied and even thankful for the rebuke; though we might, if not too scared, object somewhat to the *sauce* with which the old dish has been served up in these latter days, to which some at least of those good men might have taken exception as well as we. 'Worthy prelate of New York,' we might urge, 'it is the flavor of Romanism which has been imparted to our food that has suggested these qualms. So long as it was cooked for us in the good old ironware of our fathers we found little fault; it is only since you have prepared it for us in the copper, or shall we say the *brazen* vessels of Trinity, and St. Albans, and Christ church that we have been forced to cry out, with the prophets of old, 'Alas! master, there is death in the pot?' *Death*, ye simpletons! What you call Romanism is, if ye but knew it, the broad, genial, *Catholic*—ah! that is the word—CATHOLIC truth of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

A CATHOLIC VIEW OF METHODISM.

After quoting the statistics of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the past year, the *New York Tablet* says:

"We take the foregoing table from the *Christian Advocate*, the official organ of the Methodists in this city, which informs us that the total membership, lay and ministerial, of the Methodist Church is 1,318,117, and the net increase over the current year is 45,179. This is less than we supposed. When we consider that the ministerial force is 19,179, it is very meager. The increase is less than 2¼ to a minister, and bears no proportion to the natural increase of the families attached to the Methodist denomination. The Methodists by no means show a ratio of increase equal to that of the country; and yet we are told they are, and they doubtless expect to be, 'the future church of the United States.'

"Even of their meager increase the larger part is apparently among the freedmen, and in the New England and the Middle States they barely hold their own; for not to increase in a country growing so rapidly as ours is really to decrease. They seem to have obtained their principal accessions from the colored population, and from the newly-arrived Germans; and to have made no impression on the older sects of the country, or the old American people. This, we confess, is not what we looked for. From the sounding of Methodist trumpets, from the lofty tone and arrogant assumptions of the Methodist journals and periodicals, and the allusions of the secular press, we were led to suppose that they were gaining on all the other Protestant sects of the country, and threatening to absorb them. Such is not the fact.

"We notice one significant fact—the increased investment in meeting-houses and parsonages. This proves that the Methodists are growing in wealth, and that they are losing the original simplicity enjoined by the founder of the sect, and are aiming at worldly position and respectability. They are thus losing the qualities and the habits to which they have hitherto owed success, which win in great measure among the less educated, the poorer, and more neglected classes, where they will be less successful hereafter."

Publisher's Department.

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies."—The Weed Sewing Machine has acted its part so well for the past few years that it is gaining at every public exhibition the very highest honors. It is really a gem of a sewing machine, and has never failed to satisfy its patrons Remember it in your holiday presents. Office 613 Broadway, N. Y.

Ann Arbor Business College and Telegraphic Institute.—Among the progressive educational institutions of the West this takes high rank. Its proximity to the largest university in America, its corps of able instructors, and its thorough practical training are advantages unsurpassed. The president, A. C. Parsons, A. M., LL. B., is a man of thorough culture and a very successful educator. The penman, Prof. W. F. Parsons, is an accomplished master of the art. He received the first premium for specimens of business and ornamental penmanship at the Ohio State Fair, and the first premium for business writing at the Michigan State Fair for 1869. We know of no institution in which a thor

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☞ All communications for the Editorial Literary, News, and Miscellaneous Columns of this journal should be addressed to **Theodore Tilton, Box 2787.**

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, December 30, 1869.

A WORD AT A GRAVE.

EDWIN M. STANTON—pure patriot, strong statesman, and true hero—fiercely hated, greatly feared, and kindly loved—one of Nature's greatest men—prince of war ministers, and chief executive genius of his time—a will of iron, and a soul of fire—has passed from among the multitude of his detractors,

"To where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

And now that the grave has opened to receive his dust, we join that greater multitude of his countrymen who stand strewing his name with grateful memories as they have sweetened his bier with funeral flowers. "Of great men, the whole earth is the sepulcher." Of such an American, the whole Republic is the tomb. Often and often have we borne our zealous witness to his gigantic strength and Hurculean toils. We knew him well—and never knew his peer in any administrative office. He was the Oliver Cromwell of his country. A hundred years of our national history may pass away before the American people "shall look upon his like again." A great orator says, "Critical occasions unveil the luster of great spirits." It was his country's peril that developed his lion-like powers. Who is wise enough to say that there lived any other man in this nation competent to conduct the War Department as this great organizer conducted it? If Providence ever raised up *any* man for a nation's need, then Providence raised up *this* man to be His chief agent in the suppression of the Rebellion. It is trifling with the truth of history to say that any other person, either Lincoln or Grant, was so much the conqueror of the great treason as the eagle-eyed war-minister who, throughout the war, was the controlling master of both. Nations are lost or saved by individual men; and Edwin M. Stanton was the one man who saved the Republic. Never too green can be the laurel which crowns his fame—never too white the marble which marks his dust! The Congress of the United States owes him a monument. Let it be built during the present generation—to show that republics know how to be grateful. By and by some eloquent pen or tongue ought to give to our literature a permanent eulogy of his life and labors. To-day, while the bells are tolling for his funeral, all patriotic hearts are too full to speak fitly in his honor. We "come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him." Brave spirit, hail and farewell!

"WE MUST EDUCATE, OR WE MUST PERISH."

THESE seven words, spoken by Lyman Beecher, many years ago, contain, after all, a complete statement of a great political truth—a truth so true that it is positively terrible. The founders of American society had a clear vision of this stern alternative. Great men and good men of the early days of the Republic undoubtedly perceived it. It seems reserved for this generation not only to have an intellectual grasp of it, but to be on the verge of an experience which may demonstrate it, with frightful vividness, to all our senses. Is there in any mind the least doubt concerning the proposition at the head of the present article? Is there a reflecting human being in America who thinks it possible for popular institutions to live long on a basis of popular ignorance? While we have wrangled over every other idea in what is called the American political system, we have been, we are, absolutely unanimous in the opinion of the inexorable necessity of having the mass of the people educated.

Well, then, here is a common ground of perfect agreement. All standing here together, can we not, with a quiet and tolerant temper, talk over between ourselves these sad questions which are pressing upon us relative to our common school system?

For example, is there not fairness in the following line of thought?

Popular education is necessary to the success of popular institutions. To that we all assent. The question now arises, How shall popular education be most effectually secured? Upon the decision of this question everything turns. Let not the statement which we are about to make be dismissed from the mind as either unimportant or commonplace; for it is really the pivot of the whole question. We solemnly believe that popular education can not now be effectually secured by being left to the management of religious organizations; but that, in the present state of society, it can only be effectually secured by being controlled and supported by the state. In other words, secular knowledge, as distinct from theological knowledge, can be best diffused through the community by the secular system of schools, as distinct from the parochial or denominational system.

At this point, of course, we part company with all our Roman Catholic brethren. We part company with them hopelessly. The Catholic Church has fully resolved upon the parochial system of schools; has determined to establish them wherever it has a parish; and all its loyal disciples must and certainly will accept the arrangement.

With the inevitable withdrawal, then, of all the Catholic portion of society from the state schools, whom have we left to defend and support these schools? We have, at present, Jews, Protestant Christians, and that numerous class who are alienated from all the visible churches, whom some reproachfully describe as Infidels, but whom we will simply call Outsiders. These are undoubtedly the vast majority of American people at present—Jews, Protestant Christians, and Outsiders. And, if they can only agree upon this subject of the state system of education, they can still save that system; if, however, they cannot agree, and will not stand firmly together, the state system will surely be destroyed by its adversaries, who *are* agreed.

Let us face this proposition that in the present state of society the secular system of education is preferable to the parochial system. Why is it so? The principal reasons are two.

The first reason is one of economy. It costs infinitely more to sustain the parochial system. There is a very simple thing to be done; namely, to teach all children in America reading, writing, and arithmetic. To do this in each community requires a building and a teacher. Is it not vastly cheaper to have the children of Jews, Protestant Christians, and Outsiders, in order to learn to read, write, and reckon, all availing themselves of the one building and the one teacher, instead of going to the expense of at least three buildings and three teachers? The difference in cost may not be very formidable to look at for a single village; but multiply this difference by all the villages and townships and cities in America, and it becomes enormous—so enormous that under it popular education would go to the wall. As we do not go to the expense of separate railroads and post-offices for Jews, Protestants, and Outsiders, why should we for edifices in which to teach their children the alphabet and the multiplication table? And this objection to the parochial system, that it is needlessly and outrageously expensive, we urge in no miserly spirit; but because experience in other directions amply proves that such expensiveness is always fatal. Society could not stand up long under such an outlay; and the result would be that, having already thrown overboard the economical system of popular education, society would soon send the expensive system after it. Thus the momentous business of education would be left to sporadic and individual enterprise.

But the second reason in favor of the secular system of schools is that, besides being infinitely more economical, it is infinitely more efficient. As a rule, parochial schools, considered as a means of teaching children human knowledge, are poor schools. Here and there, under peculiar stimulation, they may do well enough; but the report of an English parliamentary commission, a few years ago, upon this subject gives overwhelming evidence that where it has been extensively tried it has proved a lamentable failure.

If, then, these things be so—if universal education is necessary to our national existence, and if that universal education can only be obtained by the system of state schools, now our pride and glory—what ought to be done by the three great sections of the non-Catholic community? Ought we not to make that system one which can give offense to no religious prejudice among us, and therefore one which all non-Catholics can support? The Jews should not insist upon any exercise in the school to which Protestants and Outsiders could not assent; the Outsiders should not demand anything offensive to Jews and Protestants; Protestants should not stand up for anything in the school which would alienate the Jews and the Outsiders. In a word, let the secular schools merely teach secular knowledge, leaving it to each religious sect to instruct at home and at church its children in its own special religious views.

So far as we know, Jews and Outsiders are ready to agree to this.

It is only a portion of the Protestant Church that still refuses. We know that this refusal is sincere, that it rests on no ignoble spirit. But look at the consequence of discord among us—the ultimate disintegration of our common school system! Granting that the omission to read the Protestant New Testament in the schools be an evil, is not that a lesser evil than the destruction of those schools altogether? And is it not a maxim of true wisdom that, when the choice of two evils is forced upon us, we should choose the lesser? Why should Protestants demand that a chapter of their New Testament should be read every morning in the common schools, any more than in the common post-office, or the common custom-house, or the common law-courts?

THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE.

IT is one of the chiefest brags of our demagogues, in Congress as well as out of it, that we have no privileged class in this country. That we have none such as a constitutional institution, now that we have sent slavery to its own place, we are ready to admit. But we have put it into the power of a class of our public servants to endow themselves with privileges at our expense, which they will be slow to relinquish unless followed up with a sharp stick. One of these privileges the President gently hinted at when suggesting the insufficiency of our judicial salaries—to wit, that Congress had twice increased its own rate of compensation. It is likely enough that this privilege will be again exerted to the further depletion of our national pocket; and we know of no help for it, excepting making part or lot in the same an element of action at the polls, when these self-seekers again invite us to give them another chance at the treasury. The other especial privilege—that of sending and receiving unlimited mail-matter for nothing—has long been a stench in the nostrils of the people; as it well might be, as they have had to pay through the nose for it. Every year the subject is brought forward; but every year to share in the massacre of the other innocents, that had some chance of usefulness if they could have been allowed to live. Whether the official recommendation of this year will have any effect remains to be seen, though the history of past years gives no ground for extravagant hopefulness.

We should think that the concise statement in the message would arrest the attention of every one, even of those who may not have time or disposition to examine the details in the report of the Postmaster-General. "This is an abuse from which no one receives a commensurate advantage. It reduces the receipts for postal service from 25 to 30 per cent., and largely increases the service to be performed." Two such sentences must bear fruit, should this good seed have the luck to fall upon good ground. It is the business of the press to see that the cares of the lobby and the deceitfulness of corruption do not choke its growth and bring it to naught. This reform would save the people of the United States one cent on every letter they send, and diminish by one-half the postage on their newspapers, if not abolish it altogether. And it is by no means impossible that within ten years after a thorough reform in the Post-office Department—in which the franking privilege is by no means the only mischief to be remedied—a one-cent postage may be established, with speedy delivery at every door in the land. During the war, when the slaveholding states were cut off from mail service, the accounts of the Post-office nearly if not quite balanced themselves, even with the mill-stone of franking about its neck. Those states never paid their postage-bill, even in their most prosperous days, with the exception of Louisiana—an exception occasioned by the Northern merchants in New Orleans. The North, as we remember, had to pay up for the empire of South Carolina a deficit of some $70,000 per annum. These states must long be a drawback upon the country in this particular as well as in others; but, as peace is established in those borders, and prosperity follows it with education in its train, letters will multiply and in time pay their own way. But in the meantime it is all the more important that this other devouring abyss should be filled up and abolished.

And there seems to be the less reason why the collective wisdom at Washington should refuse us this measure of relief, since it is not proposed that they should demean themselves by paying their own postage. And, indeed, it is hardly just that it should be expected of them, considering that the appointing power has been virtually transferred from the Executive to them and that the swelling tide of office-seeking first breaks upon their heads. If we write to our congressman to ask for a fat office for ourselves or a friend, it is perhaps reasonable that he should not be obliged to pay three cents for his answer. But there is surely no reason why we should not pay three cents on an application. But the nuisance should be abated as far as it can be done in the nature of things. This has been done in England—and done, too, by Lords and Commons. For many years the abuses of the franking privilege were even more flagrant than ever in this country. In the old days of high postages, a frank was a privilege much sought after. Till somewhere within this century the number of franks allowed to each member of either house was unlimited. Members provided their friends with franks to any extent, and the franks were even exposed for sale in shop-windows. Any one familiar with the literature of the last century will remember how often franks are spoken of, as facilitating correspondence or delaying it, according to the attentiveness of friendly M. Ps. Many of Cowper's exquisite letters would never have been written but for the frequent supplies of franks furnished by the excellent and evangelical Mr. Smith, who certainly "builded better than he knew." A good many years before the era of penny postage this abuse had grown so great as to exact a moderate reform. The number of free letters which a member of Parliament could send or receive was limited to so many a day, and a very strict watch was kept over them by the post-office clerks. The compactness of the British Islands will for a good while give them an advantage over us, with a continent, and a partially settled one, for our field. But, with this enormous franking nuisance abated, and with other reformations which will be sure to follow, we may come near helping to prove the paradox that a part is more than the whole, and that the lesser the tax the larger the revenue.

THREE SIGHTS FROM A BANK WINDOW.

HISTORY is not at all particular as to the places where the acts she puts on record occur. Whenever something worth her recording happens—whether in a country village or a city street, on a seashore or a mountain-side—there she is, tablets in hand, ready to record the facts and to draw the logical and moral inferences from them which are necessary for the instruction of mankind. The green in front of the meeting-house in Lexington, or the bridge at Concord,

"Where the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world,"

answer her purpose just as well as the Hights of Abraham or the plain of Waterloo. What she demands is a fact which stands out from the vulgar level of life, and which she discerns to be a point from which great consequences take their start. One would not think, *a priori*, that the windows of a State-street bank in Boston would have looked out upon memorable and cardinal historical events. And yet the same eyes looked out of such a window at three most marked and momentous ones.

Happening of late to be providentially in the city of Boston, and having a spare hour to expend upon somebody, we bethought ourselves of the venerable poet, Charles Sprague, whom we had often been invited to visit; and we thought we could not do better for ourselves than to bestow our tediousness upon him. This excellent gentleman, now verging upon his eightieth year, is incapacitated by lameness from leaving his house; and is, therefore, a fit victim for such a design as ours, since he is entirely unable to escape. And he is so charming in his temper of mind, and his flow of talk, that his visitors find it very hard to get away from him. We found him in his house in the heart of Boston, on Washington street. His parlors are overrunning with books, and pictures, and *petits objets*, and comfortable chairs, where he delights to receive visitors and makes himself perfectly content when they do not come. One seldom sees so attractive a picture of a tranquil and happy old age—enjoying life and not afraid of death. Mr. Sprague is as true a cockney as Charles Lamb himself; and loves dearly the streets of his native city, from which he has seldom ventured far. Few of our wandering Yankee tribe have staid so much at home as he. We should hardly be afraid to lay a wager (did we ever do a thing so contrary to law as well as good morals) that he has never visited our Babylon. He told us that he had not been in the adjoining town of Cambridge since he delivered his fine poem "Curiosity" before the Society of the Phi Beta Kappa, forty years ago. But few men know more about the world than he. But all this is beside our purpose.

It is well known that Mr. Sprague was for many years the cashier of the Globe Bank, in whose archives his most voluminous works are to be found, as those of Charles Lamb were to be on the shelves of the India House. Speaking of that part of his life, after the talk had taken a wide range, he said that he had seen three memorable sights from the windows of that bank. "One afternoon," said he, as nearly as we can recall his words, "I was busy finishing up my work, after bank-hours, when I heard a noise in Wilson's Lane." (The narrow street which has borne the name of the first minister of Boston for two hundred and forty years.) "Looking out of the window opening in that direction, I saw an exasperated mob dragging a man along, without his hat, and with a rope about him. But," said Mr. Sprague, "the man walked with head erect, calm countenance, and flashing eyes, like a martyr going to the stake, full of faith and manly hope. The crowd turned into State street, and I saw him no more. That was the first sight I have to tell of." None of our readers need be told that the mob was that of "the gentlemen of property and standing, in fine broadcloth"; and the man in their hands, Garrison, the Abolition printer.

Nearly twenty years passed by, and one morning Mr. Sprague found the streets lined with military of all arms—cavalry, infantry, and artillery. It was not easy to get to his banking-house; but, reaching it, with no appetite for business—which, indeed, was suspened on that extraordinary holiday—he looked out of the bank-window opening on State street, and presently the second memorable sight came in view. Escorted by all the troops in Boston, consisting of the flower and the bone and sinew of her youth and manhood, came a man, closely surrounded by a body of police, whose safe-keeping was the cause of all this display of force. It was Anthony Burns, the fugitive slave, on his way to the vessel which was to take him back to slavery. Though not what Dr. Channing once called "a technical Abolitionist," Mr. Sprague felt keenly, as every honorable gentleman must, in view of such a stain on his native city. On his way home, he met an acquaintance, a business man, to whom he expressed his indignation. "As for me," said this man of property and standing, "I would have that nigger carried back, though the streets of Boston ran blood!" "I have never spoken to that man since," said Mr. Sprague. This second spectacle was the logical sequence of the first. The assault on slavery had aroused all its malignant energies, and this was the culminating point of its apparent triumph over anti-slavery, in what was regarded as its strongest hold. It is but just, however, to add here that very many of that escort afterward redeemed the disgrace of that day by faithful service in putting down the Slaveholders' Rebellion—encouraged, in fact, by that very act of submission—and not a few washed it out with their life-blood.

Eight years passed away from that black second day of June, and then the third sight presented itself to the eye of the looker-out of the bank window. It was summer time again, and a sweltering day. The street resounded anew to the sound of martial music and with the measured tread of marching men, and the sun was flashed back from a thousand bayonets. But it was not now a slave borne back into slavery that those bayonets encircled. It was men of Anthony Burns's race that carried them, on their way to fight and die for the deliverance of their brethren in bonds. Young gentlemen, sons of "men of property and standing," officered them; and at their head rode the gallant Shaw, a generous scion of a true New England stock, his fair young face, sad yet resolute, seeming to confront the noble death to which he was hastening. The sidewalks were crowded with spectators, the window filled with ladies; and so, with shoutings and with clappings, with waving of handkerchiefs and with showering of flowers, with smiles and with tears, that procession passed away, and the lustration of Boston was finished. These were the three sights which diversified with intense moments the monotonous banking years of the poet, which we wish we could tell as he told them to us. But it needs no poetic vision to discern the connection of the three, and the place they will fill in history.

WOMAN IN PRISON.

A WOMAN takes up an evening paper and glances over the advertisements. Her eye catches one that reads, "Wanted, at the Penitentiary, a Matron." She has no purpose to go to a penitentiary as matron, and lays down the sheet. The next day, in a friend's office, she takes up another paper. There it is again; the same advertisement, in more appealing terms, jumps to her notice. She desires no such situation. She has enough to do; and, if she has not, she is not attracted by the offer of this work. But the advertisement floats before her mind, haunts her as if it was meant for her; her heart compels her to think of it; her conscience will not let her rest till she has surrendered her will to the call. She applies for the position, obtains it, enters on her duties, discharges them till her powers hold out no longer, then comes out and tells her story.

It is a very sad one. Possibly an excitable temperament and an unusually sensitive organization lead her to color too deeply the facts she saw, or to overdraw the inferences that the facts suggested. The incidents in her narrative, which cannot be understood without more detail than our space allows, make us think that she is now and then at the mercy of her imagination. But, all allowances being granted for this, the tale is harrowing. She finds in the institution little judgment and less humanity. The supervisor, the master's wife, overlooked the establishment with an eye keen to perceive the least neglect of her personal comfort. The stately master goes his rounds as if all the people in the building were amenable to him, while he was amenable to himself alone. The deputy does not know his place. The matrons have no acquaintance with the rules and regulations made for the governance of the prison. They quarrel with one another, and combine only to vex and oppress the unhappy inmates who are of their own sex. The punishments are cruel, and they are administered with shocking indifference to the demands of the case, the character of the offender, and the directions of the board. The women suffer more than they need, and become worse instead of better. Nothing is done to cheer, comfort, or teach them. Between them and their keepers is hate. The new matron does her best to change all this. She consults the rules, giving them the most merciful interpretation; she gains the confidence of the prisoners by kindness; she introduces a humanizing influence into the dreadful place; but, in so doing, she draws on herself the enmity of the superiors, who oblige her to leave. She leaves indignant, worn in frame, torn in spirit, and cries out on the public that tolerates such iniquity as is practiced under its sanction. "Open the prison-doors," she says; "not to let the prisoner go free, but to let in the light of moral knowledge and the discipline of Christian charity." To all which we say, heartily, Amen. If women have a work to do, for which they are peculiarly fitted, it is work among the degraded and criminal of their own sex. The penitentiaries call for the influence of feminine culture and character. Not because women are kind and pitiful; pitifulness may be carried to injurious excess. Not because women are sensitive; they may be too sensitive, too ready to bleed, too quick to resent, too delicate to be just. Not because they are more humane; it may be doubted if they are. The women who serve habitually in such institutions are apt to be harder and coarser than the men. They spoil more easily and more fatally. The advantage that earnest women have in this work consists rather in the circumstance that they come to it fresh, whereas men never do; the traditions of masculine management are so old and so powerful that even new men come under their influence, in spite of themselves, and go on doing substantially the same things that were done by their predecessors in office. They bring no new genius, though they may bring a new mood. But women can bring in a new genius that will be satisfied with nothing short of thorough investigation and radical reform. They will look at the heart of things, and will demand a new order of things. And it is a new order of things that we need. Whatever we may think of this particular story, there can be little doubt that stories similar to this, some far more harrowing, might be told of other prisons and penitentiaries, without the least exaggeration. Indeed, similar stories have been told repeatedly; they are told not of penitentiaries and prisons only where miserable men and women are kept for crime, but of hospitals and asylums where poor unfortunates are kept for sickness. Humanity has but a small place under those roofs especially where humanity pines. The habitual presence of suffering deadens the sympathies; and the habitual care of evil-doers blunts the edge of moral sensibility, diminishes faith in human nature, and takes away confidence in moral influence. It is a reproach to our civilization that we can do no better for our criminals than shut them up in black holes, compel them to lie on iron slats, or stone floors, deprive them of clothing in winter, cut down their allowance of bread and water, and press them closer down to the condition of the brutes. But the reproach is likely to endure until a purer heart and a better conscience shall act under a fresh inspiration to initiate the necessary reform. To alter a few incidental matters is not enough. We must have a fundamental change through a different principle. And the different principle must be characterized, first of all, by the conviction that the managers of these institutions are bound to administer them as servants administer a solemn trust committed to them by the public; and, secondly, by a deliberate purpose on the part of the public to have them administered in the interest of the community's conscience, in behalf of human justice, that the immediate offenders may be reformed and that possible offenders may be prevented. In the establishment of this principle the help of good Christian women may be invaluable.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND PROTESTANTISM.

EVER since Mr. Matthew Arnold, as a student, took a university prize with a poem on Cromwell, he has evinced an extraordinary interest in Puritanism. And there is just one thing that Mr. Matthew Arnold cannot understand—that is, Puritanism. The most graceful writer of English prose that the century has produced, a man of true religious feeling, a most just and appreciative critic of such characters as Maurice and Eugenie de Guerin, he yet presents the curious phenomenon of a philosophic thinker utterly incapable of comprehending the capital fact in the modern history of his own race. Spending his days in studies of classics and romantic literature, he is without points of contact with modern life, and the lineal descendants of the Homeric heroes and the mediæval mystics appear to him, in their modern garb, but hideous Philistines. That word Philistine, a substantial addition to the stock of English nicknames when Mr. Arnold first imported it, has become somewhat commonplace already. Everybody who is afflicted with a little earnestness of purpose disturbs Mr. Arnold's equanimity; and whoever does that is a Philistine. As Don Quixote, last of the old knights-errant, saw many giants, so does Mr. Arnold, first of the new ones, see Goliaths with spears like weavers' beams. There are whole armies of the uncircumcised in whatsoever direction he looks; and he is impressed with the fact that the deliverance of the children of light must come from the sling that he handles so gracefully.

M. Renan, rightly judging that the individuality of Paul has been a dominant influence in Protestantism, and loving neither Paul nor Protestantism, utters an oracular prediction that the reign of Paul and Protestantism is about to end. Liking Protestantism no better than Renan, and understanding it not half so well, Mr. Arnold hastens to prove that Protestantism has not even the poor comfort of Paul's company in its downfall. Protestantism, says Mr. Arnold, is built upon a blundering misapprehension of Paul. Protestantism is Puritanism, Puritanism is Philistinism, and—*eh bien*—with an expressive shrug, Mr. Arnold consigns that to the doom of the uncircumcised. But Mr. Arnold's antipathies never extend to anything that is not modern and Anglo-Saxon. Paul, therefore, must not perish with Protestantism. For no one could be a Philistine who lived so long ago, who could quote Greek poetry, and who made at most but one brief visit to Briton.

Protestantism or Puritanism, as Mr. Arnold calls it, has a bad habit of stating its opinions with dogmatic positiveness and scientific directness. We admit it. We wish that Puritanism of both branches (Mr. Arnold classifies into Calvinist and Arminian) were more modest in its assertions about God and his plans, appreciated more the difficulty that there is in comprehending religious truth, and believed more in human ignorance and less in scientific theology. But Mr. Arnold very strangely forgets that Protestantism did not give birth to dogmatism; that the race of theological Philistines is much older than Calvin; that Protestant dogmas were only counter breastworks built facing batteries of dogmatism that are so old, so mediæval, so venerable that Mr. Arnold reverently forgets them entirely. Puritanism has been encumbered with dogmatism. But Puritanism was a milder form of dogmatism. It did not roast unbelievers, as a general thing. It is surprising—it would be surprising in any one else but a Philistine-hunter—that Mr. Arnold should particularize as an essential characteristic of Puritanism that which has belonged to all scientific theology.

Nor is this the whole of Mr. Arnold's misconception. One could not, indeed, go much further in the way of misunderstanding Protestantism than he has. "Puritanism," says he, "exists for these schemes" of theology. His conception of a Protestant—he uses the word Puritan as he does Philistine, as a most effective nickname—his conception of a Protestant is embodied in the words "keen, pugnacious, shutting up religion of the heart into theories of the brain about election and justification." That Puritan Protestantism has been bigoted and narrow we may not doubt. But it is a trait that it shares in common with all other religions. If the blessed gospel of culture that Mr. Arnold preaches shall do away with narrowness and bigotry, there will always be cause to regret that its great apostle succeeded so little in realizing an ideal catholicity in his own development. Neither dogmatism nor bigotry are the characteristics of Protestantism, though Protestantism has been in common with other religions sadly afflicted with both. If there is any one thing that has characterized Protestantism of every form, if there is any one trait that it may claim, it is that it has insisted on the religion of the heart—on just that religion of the heart which Mr. Arnold claims as belonging to St. Paul. It has made this religion superior to ceremonies and church order on the one hand, and to creed on the other. It has failed, especially in its earlier stages, to see that this development was not dependent on its particular theological conceptions; but this failure came from that general lack of catholicity which has manifested itself in just the same way in every sect—the same lack of catholicity that prevents Mr. Arnold from seeing that true religiousness of heart and life may exist without culture.

"Puritanism," according to Mr. Arnold, is lacking in practical religious sense. It has made too little of right living, and too much of right believing. But compare England under the reign of Cromwell and Puritanism with England under the Second Charles and culture. The comparison is doubtless too trite for one of Mr. Arnold's fastidious taste to notice. But compare Protestantism—Calvinist or Arminian, Scotch, English, or American—with any other form of religion and it will be found to have produced more right living, more stable and equitable social conditions, than any other form of religion known. And we insist that the comparison must be made with religions actually existent, not with idealism.

The days of creed-building are nearly over. Systematic or polemic theology of any kind is not likely to grow into any greater repute than now. But the Protestantism that pickets the globe with missionaries; the Protestantism that is not afraid to preach to thieves in London theaters, to muster its recruits from the poor and the vicious, that plants mission Sunday schools and teaches freedmen; the Protestantism that, instead of baptizing a whole barbarous nation, seeks rather at all hazards to make men better; the Protestantism that overturns despotism, that abolishes slavery, that preaches freedom, brotherhood, and equal rights—this Protestantism, genuine Pauline Protestantism, is not "touched with the finger of death." Aye, call it Puritanism, call it Philistinism, call it all the effective nicknames in your vocabulary, dear, graceful, charming apostle of dilettanteism; but this sturdy Protestantism must always be glorious. We do not care to discuss the question of how far it may have misunderstood Paul's doctrines. It caught his spirit. The Frenchman was right in one thing. Paul's reign will last while Protestantism lives. And the world needs both for some centuries yet.

DR. ELI THURSTON.

THE sudden decease of the Rev. Eli Thurston, D.D., of Fall River, Mass., has been announced by the press the past week. Such a man should not pass away without some more special note of his character and life. If he was less known outside the circle in which he ordinarily moved than some greatly inferior men, this was not because his influence was not positive and wide, but because it was remarkably quiet and unobtrusive. He was not a meteor that men wandered after; but a serene planet, shining with steady light. A native of Massachusetts, he was a graduate of Amherst College and pursued his theological studies at Andover. He was first settled as the successor of Dr. George Shepard, at Hallowell, Maine, when that eminent man became professor at Bangor. After about eleven years at Hallowell, he was transferred to the Central church in Fall River, where, up to the time of his death—a period of twenty-one years—he maintained a high position. He was the beloved and trusted leader of an intelligent, wealthy, and enterprising church in all Christian activities.

Dr. Thurston was one of the strong men of the Massachusetts ministry. He thought clearly and spoke forcibly, both from the pulpit and the platform. His sentences were short, simple, pithy, and so instinct with energy that they fell often like the successive strokes of a heavy hammer. He was early and decided in avowing his hostility to slavery; was a life-long friend and advocate of the cause of temperance, to which, in the recent contests in Massachusetts, he rendered excellent service by his addresses at home and abroad; and was in strong sympathy with all healthful progress. Generously catholic in spirit, he was ready to co-operate with others in efforts to do good; but was habitually self-possessed, judicious, and steady to his purpose. He had no bitterness of spirit; was never reckless, never headstrong. His discourses were specially distinguished by a certain incisive force, both matter and manner contributing to the general effect. His power of pungent rebuke and of effective attack on what needed to be assailed has not often been surpassed. At the same time, he was even singularly modest and unassuming in his manners, and kindly and sympathetic in his temperament. He enjoyed in large measure the confidence and love not only of his own people, but of his brethren in the ministry and of the churches of Southeastern Massachusetts. As a friend he was genial, hearty, faithful; and, though naturally a little taciturn and disposed to look on the darker side of things, he yet warmed into cheerful frankness in the atmosphere of affection and opened his heart freely to those in whom he confided. His religious life was deeply serious and earnest; and the spirit of his ministry was that of Christian fidelity and steady devotion to the work of winning men to God and training them for heaven.

The influence of such a man, reaching through an entire generation, it is difficult to estimate. How many he must have won to Christ in all those years of patient labor! How many he comforted in sorrow, and soothed and strengthened in death! How many he fed with divine truth to the development of their Christian graces, incited to holy diligence in living well, and moved to the highest aspirations! How great the number of young men and women who received good impulses, afterward fruitful in their lives, from his eloquent utterances on so many occasions! The records of a true and vigorous intellectual and religious life outlast immeasurably the common distinctions for which men strive. Such a record may well be envied. Dr. Eli Thurston's name and memory will live long in many hearts.

Editorial Notes.

IF it were allowable to take pleasure in seeing one's enemies make fools of themselves "before all Israel and the sun," we might be pardoned for laughing at the impotent malignity of those religious journals which made haste to denounce THE INDEPENDENT as the champion of "free love" for avowing a doctrine of divorce held to be Christian by Wiclif, Luther, Melancthon, Milton, and a host of other champions of the faith, and incorporated in the legislation of nearly every state in the American Union. We trust that by this time they have, at least, found grace to be ashamed of themselves, though it is not easy to see how they can make amends to their readers for so gross an abuse of the confidence reposed in them as religious guides. It is sad to think that their zeal for the purity of the family was simulated, and their assumption of moral and Christian superiority only an exhibition of cant and hypocrisy—a very transparent disguise for the hostility they feel to this paper. It is of small consequence to us whether they retire with confessed discomfiture from an untenable position, or blindly persist in the Herculean effort to show that Luther and Milton were "free lovers," and that the legislation of this country on the subject of divorce is intended to subvert the family and protect the vices for which Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed! Whichever horn of the dilemma they may choose, they cannot escape the ridicule and contempt which their conduct is fitted to excite. Professing to follow literally the teachings of Christ, and assuming that, in what he said of divorce, he was not merely expounding the Jewish law as applicable to his own age and nation, but establishing and proclaiming a law for the whole human race to the end of time, they yet ostentatiously flout his authority in declaring that the marriage tie may and ought to be sundered for another offence than that which he specifies as the only one that can justify such a proceeding. "Adultery," say these modern Pharisees, "is the only rightful ground of divorce"; whereas Jesus, according to the English translation of his words, names another and a distinct crime, which can only be committed before marriage! Tampering thus themselves with the teachings of Christ, they yet have the presumption to sit in judgment upon us and to call us ugly names, for daring to interpret his words according to the laws of human nature and common sense.

....Dr. Joseph P. Thompson has had a task set him which he will find harder than to decipher a papyrus roll or to start a branch Congregational church. *The English Independent* wants him to send it a list of American colleges and universities entitled to confer degrees! German and American degrees are said to be a nuisance—settling, like Egypt's plague of blood, on vessels of wood as well as vessels of stone. That paper publishes a list of the twenty-five universities of Germany whose degrees are valid, and offers to publish a similar list of American institutions. We do not believe a man in the country could give it, until after the next census; and that would be incomplete by the time it was printed, and would the *English Independent* crowd out its other matter, or would it issue a supplement? There is scarce a denomination, and they are not few, but has its regularly incorporated colleges, numerous enough, if they were good enough, to supply our whole population, and authorized to confer diplomas which their presidents could hardly translate from the Latin. In fact, we know one of these colleges whose president signed his first diplomas spelling his name with an initial "W," forgetting that there was no such letter in Latin. And yet we suspect that the evil complained of is hardly chargeable to the colleges, but to the swindlers in London who drop forged diplomas for a consideration into these "wooden vessels." Nor are these titles here quite so common as is charged. We take at random a page of the Presbyterian "Minutes," and find 11 D.Ds. in a list of 158 names; and they are generally deservedly applied. We turn to the Congregational churches in Massachusetts, where titled divines are plentier than anywhere else, and find 9 D.Ds. on a page containing 113 names, including such men as Drs. Hopkins, Ide, Kirk, Manning, and Marvin, who do the title no discredit. Our English namesake tells the story that a Dr. A. received his diploma from an American university, in which the eldest student was aged fifteen. We may have a few such forward institutions; but they are very few. Still we think that we remember a school for girls in this state whose titled and really learned president has conferred on men doctorates of theology, semi-lunar fardels, which he once ostentatiously refused and afterward accepted from Williams College. We also recall Olivet College in Michigan—we have seen it compared to the modest violet—which conferred doctorates on men who deserved them at least a year or two before it sent out a bachelor or maid of arts. But most even of our Western institutions resemble Ripon College rather than Olivet in this respect, and wait till they have dubbed a dozen bachelors. We hope what we have said will not discourage our Tabernacle pastor, who wears so gracefully his Harvard honors, from attempting the task which has been set him.

....Rev. J. M. Thoburn is the superintendent, the bishop in fact, though not in name, of the Methodist missions in India, and has under him three presiding elders and some twenty preachers. His position gives him a right to complain of the policy of neglect which he thinks characterizes the management of the Methodist foreign missions. He charges that not only are these missions provided for by an appropriation out of a general mission fund, which allows them but half as much as home missions; but that, while destitute fields and churches at home are allowed freely to canvass for aid, nothing of that sort is allowed for the foreign fields. At the same time it is the foreign work that makes the effective appeals to the public and that calls out the money. As *Zion's Herald* says, "The foreign work beats the bush, and the home work bags the game." A man hears a moving appeal for Fuh Chau, and gives five dollars for China; and but a dollar and a half goes to the entire foreign field, and but fifty cents to China. Mr. Thoburn says that there must be some modification, or voluntary societies will take the place of the regular ecclesiastical machinery. And this complaint gives us the opportunity to say that of all the missionary papers, documents, and magazines sent out by our various missionary societies, all of which we carefully read, not one is so empty and worthless as the slips of "Intelligence from our Mission Rooms" which are kindly sent from the Methodist House to us, as to all the Methodist press. A piece of intelligence worth reprinting or an appeal of much force is seldom to be found in them. And yet this is the best matter provided officially to the Methodist public. No wonder Methodists on an average raise scarce fifty cents apiece for both the home and foreign work. Their little *Missionary Advocate* (they have no magazine) is not worthy of them; and Bishop Janes possibly felt its shortcomings when he said, at a late enthusiastic meeting, that "it must be made to burn like fire. It must be an incendiary sheet." And yet the December number is utterly worthless. Methodists need to put into this subject a little of that enthusiasm which they have lately infused into Sabbath schools. They need an enthusiastic Vincent. We commend to them for partial imitation the Baptist missionary paper, *The Macedonian*, which is in its home department the most sprightly, earnest, enthusiastic, bigoted, intolerant missionary sheet that reaches us.

....The Cincinnati *Commercial*, with a sense of fairness and justice that does it credit, has espoused the cause of the underpaid female teachers in the public schools of that city. There, as almost everywhere else in the country, women whose qualifications as teachers are confessedly no whit inferior to those of the other sex similarly employed are paid on an average less than half the wages given to men. The *Commercial* puts the matter in a strong light in the following schedule, showing the salaries paid to the male and female teachers of the higher grade during a period of nine years. This is the schedule as it now stands:

First English and German.

	Male.	*Female.*
First year	$1,000	$400
Second year	1,100	450
Third year	1,300	500
Fourth year	1,200	550
Fifth year	1,400	600
Sixth year	1,500	650
Seventh year	1,500	700
Eighth year	1,500	750
Ninth year	1,500	800
Total	$13,000	$5,400

The *Commercial* presents a variety of pertinent facts and illustrations, and closes in words which are just as good for any other meridian as they are for Cincinnati:

"We appeal to that sense of what is honest and just, which is supposed to be a distinguishing characteristic of English and American people, if this is fair? Is it right, is it even honorable? If the board of education persists in adhering to the rule by which the salaries of female teachers are kept at an average of fifty per cent. below those of males, and the teachers themselves excluded from the higher places, it ought to be visited with the wrath of an indignant public, and its membership changed till men shall be elected who, perceiving what is equitable and honorable, will have the courage to act accordingly."

....*The Morning Star*, the organ of the Freewill Baptist denomination and one of the best of all the religious papers of the country, has a very just appreciation of some things that have lately occurred hereabouts. It says:

"The terrible spasms of pious horror which certain papers of the metropolis have suffered, in view of the great harm likely to come to religion in consequence of the part taken by Messrs. Beecher and Frothingham in the marriage ceremony at Mr. Richardson's bedside, have been equally ludicrous and disgusting. One may well question the

News of the Week.

THE sudden death of Edwin M. Stanton in Washington, on Friday last, gave greater shock to the public pulse and caused a more general expression of sorrow in every section of the Union than any similar event since the assassination of President Lincoln. Every token of respect possible to be shown to the memory of a public servant has been spontaneously tendered since the announcement of the unhappy news. Manifestations of esteem and grateful affection, from those who had been fellow-laborers with him in the effort to preserve the Union in the days of its direst peril, were to be expected as a matter of course; and testimonials equally as honorable to his memory, the malignant abuse of the enemies of the Union, whom he had so vigorously suppressed, were also to be expected; and both have been abundantly bestowed. The funeral of the great war minister, the noble and incorruptible statesman, and the newly-created Judge, took place on Monday, without unusual show, but with every demonstration of genuine sorrow and heartfelt respect. It is said that Mr. Stanton's family are left in straitened circumstances, and propositions have been made for raising by private subscription a necessary fund for their relief.

....In announcing the prompt confirmation by the Senate last week of Mr. Stanton's appointment as a Justice of the Supreme Court, we mentioned, incidentally, that the Senate would also confirm the nomination of Mr. Hoar to a seat on the Supreme Bench. But we were, unhappily, mistaken in our estimate of the Senate. It was to have been expected that the Democrats would vote against him; but we were not prepared for such an exhibition of sectional jealousy as was offered by the new senators from the South, who voted against him in a body, because they felt themselves aggrieved at the selection of a Northern man to fill a vacancy in a Southern circuit. It was to cure the evil of such a feeling as this that we were forced into a civil war; and it argues ill for the future peace of the nation to see such a feeling again manifesting itself before we have fully restored to the Union the states that were foremost in secession. But it has been said that Mr. Hoar has offended the senators since he has been a member of the Cabinet by his lack of courtesy in official intercourse with them; and to this small feeling must be attributed, we presume, the opposition of Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, and Senator Conkling, of New York. What course will be taken by the President and Mr. Hoar remains to be seen; and it is not probable that anything will be done until the reassembling of Congress after the holiday recess.

....The people of Rupert's Land—or, rather, the territory of Winnipeg—are few in number; but they are overflowing with the spirit of genuine revolutionists. Advices received from the Red River region, by way of St. Paul, bring the intelligence that the Winnipegs have gone to work in earnest and issued a declaration of independence. The document is signed by John B. Bruce, president, and Louis Reille, secretary; and it is to the effect that the people, having been released from their allegiance to the Hudson Bay Company, have a right to be independent, and that Canada has no right to coerce them as subjects of the Dominion. They hold themselves in readiness to treat with Canada as a free province. Colonel Denis, who organized the Indians in support of Governor McDougall, is said to have disbanded his forces and left the country.

....At last we have a foothold in the West Indies; and, Uncle Sam having once planted his foot there, it is not to be supposed that he will ever withdraw it. Samana is now United States soil. On the 6th of December our flag was raised over the town and bay, a salute was fired by the war-steamer "Albany," and a force of American troops landed and took formal possession. Samana Bay is situated on the northeast coast of San Domingo, and is about forty-three miles in length from east to west by eight miles broad, and at its west end receives the Yuna, the largest river in the Dominican Republic.

....It is reported from Washington by those who may be supposed in sufficiently close relations with the President not to be misled by rumors that he has recently become satisfied that the policy of the Government toward Cuba is so much at variance with the popular sentiment of the country that he will recognize the belligerent rights of the revolutionists. In the meantime the fight goes on with undiminished rancor on both sides. The rest of the Spanish gunboats have left our harbor, the fleet having sailed on Tuesday, under the convoy of the Spanish war-steamer "Isabella la Catolica."

....It was telegraphed from London on Tuesday that letters published in the Berlin newspapers from Rome emphatically deny the current reports of the liberality of the American bishops at the Œcumenical Council. The correspondents assert that "they follow blindly the Papal lead." There was little need of sending us as news what everybody at this end of the telegraph already knew.

....Last week Senator Sumner introduced a new bill for reconstruction in Virginia, which he gave notice he should move as a substitute for the one reported from the committee. Of the resolutions offered was one providing for an increase of two to the number of lieutenant-generals of the army, and a reduction from five to three in the number of major-generals.

....General Ames has ordered the Mississippi legislature to convene on the 11th of January. The state officers elected at the last election are appointed, provisionally, until their installation. Among them are James L. Alcorn, governor; James Lynch (colored), secretary of state. One-fifth of the legislature is Conservative.

....Notwithstanding the great pressure of work upon all the departments in Washington, the "heads" and their subordinate clerks are having a generous holiday season of an entire week. On Christmas day all work was suspended; and on the other days, until after the 1st, the public offices have been closed at noon.

....The President has appointed General B. S. Solomon governor of Washington Territory, as successor of A. P. Governor Flanders. General Solomon is a German Republican, and was a soldier throughout the war. It is said that the appointment was made at the recommendation of Senator Schurz.

....An earthquake of unusual severity was felt in Eastern California and Nevada about 5 P. M. on Sunday. At Virginia City, Nevada, walls were thrown down, bells rung, and clocks stopped.

....The latest advices from Texas make it pretty certain that Davis, the Radical candidate, has been elected governor, though his majority has dwindled down to about 400.

....Mr. Secretary Boutwell has been to Massachusetts on a holiday visit. He was in Boston in the morning of Christmas, and afterward went out to Groton.

....The Senate Georgia bill was promptly passed by the House before its adjournment last week, and is in the hands of the President.

Publisher's Department.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are the most popular article in this country or Europe for Throat Diseases and Coughs; and this popularity is based upon real merit, which cannot be said of many other preparations in the market, which are really but weak imitations of the genuine Troches.

GOODS SUITABLE FOR THE HOLIDAYS. Swiss carved goods.
The Swiss M'f'g Co., 36 East 14th St., cor. University Place.

A GOOD NEWSPAPER.

WE ask every reader to look over carefully the present issue of THE INDEPENDENT, and then pass judgment upon its merits. Before rendering a verdict, however, he may compare it with any religious newspaper in America. Our subscribers from all quarters say, It is the only paper we read through *from beginning to end.*

A DELUGE

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

THE following is our report of business in the publishing office for six days, ending the 24th instant. New subscribers, (not before on our books), - - - - - 1,690

Premiums ordered by old and new subscribers as follows:

Ritchie's Engravings of Grant and Colfax	3,544
Do. Authors of the United States	411
Grover & Baker Sewing Machines	7
Clothes Wringers	21
Carpenter's Book	13
Worcester's Dictionaries	8
Putnam's Magazine	7
Atlantic	28
Harper's Weekly, Monthly, and Bazar	112
Galaxy	8
Sunday Magazine	2
Hours at Home	6
Hearth and Home	13
Agriculturist	13
National S. S. Teacher	13
Herald of Health	6

The present week has opened with a far greater crowd of business than ever before. We received nearly *one thousand* business letters on Monday, nearly all of which contained either checks, money, or post-office money orders. Our total cash receipts from subscribers and advertisers are far greater than last year. Our friends, in the city or from the country, are invited to call at our office to witness what we are about these holidays. In return for this unlooked-for deluge of business, we say to all who are working for us, "Happy New Year." We mean to *deserve* all that is now being done to promote our prosperity and extend our circulation.

TOTAL DEPRAVITY ILLUSTRATED.

THE *Advance*, of Chicago, continues its warfare on THE INDEPENDENT—which we care nothing about—in a new way, for which it ought to have a *patent*. Hence we notice it gratuitously. We believe in total depravity, and particularly in that staple article used in the *Advance* office. We affirm that they deal *only* in the genuine, Simon-pure, true-blue. No sham about it. Our special contributors have had a specimen in the shape of an editorial article cut from their columns and mailed to them, *addressed to our care.* These missives contain a solemn appeal to said contributors, urging them one and all to quit writing for THE INDEPENDENT. Several of them have been shown to us by the parties who received them; and we were melted into tears of sadness for the *Advance* on hearing some specimens of pure English used in regard to that journal by the aforesaid contributors.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

WE offer thanks to thousands (literally) of our friends who, from all quarters, are now sending us new subscribers. To all such we feel more grateful than we can express with words. There are others, however, numbering thousands, who like our paper, who say "What a splendid sheet this is," and yet probably never have lifted a finger to increase our circulation. If all had been thus practically indifferent, our recent improvements would never have been made. Reader, do you not know that in proportion as our list increases, in that proportion we have the means to improve the paper? You are, therefore, promoting your own *interest* by doing all you can for us. We would like every name on our books to send us at least one more before the first of January; and then, *we pledge our word*, we will make improvements which will put into the shade all past efforts. The money will be spent like water—if we have it. We don't ask work without pay, however. Look at our attractive list of premiums.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

MORE GOOD READING!

WE have arranged with Senator Henry Wilson for a series of articles on "The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America." They have been prepared with great care and research, and will undoubtedly be esteemed one of the most popular features of THE INDEPENDENT the coming year. Senator Wilson intends to give in these contributions to our columns a vivid description of the great anti-slavery conflict, naming the prominent leaders in the warfare, the whole embracing matters and interesting recitals of public and private events never before published. His position as senator, and one of the leading actors in the anti-slavery cause, has given him access to sources of information not available to others. We congratulate our readers and the whole nation that a master has undertaken this great and important work.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

MORE ATTRACTIONS.

WE have arranged with

MR. EDWARD C. STEDMAN

for the issue of a series of *idyllic narrative poems*, upon themes from the Old Testament, entitled

THE HEBREW PASTORALS.

They will appear in our columns at intervals of a month, throughout the year until the series is completed. Each poem will include one of the exquisite pastoral stories in the Books of Genesis, Samuel, Ruth, etc., and all have received the same care at the author's hands as the first of the series, which will appear in our New Year's illustrated number.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

THOUSANDS are getting their Christmas and New Year's presents *for nothing.* By simply asking a neighbor or friend to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT they can get the desired present from our list of premiums. A triple good is thus accomplished. Reader, try it. Try it faithfully before you say you "can't make any New Year's presents this year."

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

HELP THE POOR!

READER, if you know of a poor, destitute family, dependent upon the needle for support, stir about and get them a sewing machine. Send us twenty-two new subscribers, and we will forward one of Grover & Baker's best. Such a holiday present will furnish money, food, raiment, and a Happy New Year to the whole household.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

CARPENTER'S BOOK!

THIS wonderful book of Carpenter—Six Months at the White House with Abraham Lincoln—has been more called for than any other premium offered by any newspaper. Send one new subscriber and get it—a beautiful holiday present.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A SPLENDID PRESENT!

READER, do you know that our Premium Steel Engraving entitled "Authors of the United States" contains a good-sized likeness of FORTY-FOUR of the most distinguished American authors? Send us two subscribers and get it.

THE INDEPENDENT IN GOLD.

WE are printing in gold, as rapidly as possible, five thousand copies of the "twenty-first birthday number" of THE INDEPENDENT; and also five thousand copies in beautiful colored inks. The demand upon us for these novel specimens of art in the printing line has far exceeded our expectations. In answer to questions from all quarters, we will say that these extra copies are not for sale at any price. We shall print a sufficient number, however, to present a copy to all persons who may send us the name of a new subscriber within thirty days from this date. As specimens of fine work, nothing similar has ever before been seen in this country. The sheet, printed in London, containing the "Inaugural" of Queen Victoria, is the only thing of the kind we ever heard of abroad. The total cost of these ten thousand copies will be more than eight thousand dollars. When Messrs. Baker & Godwin finish this job for us, they have contracted to print ten copies on extra fine and heavy white satin—the satin alone costing nearly fifty dollars a copy. The total cost of each satin copy, complete—stitched, bound, and ready for presentation—will be nearly one hundred dollars, or one thousand dollars for the ten copies. After this date we shall be able to fill all orders for the gold and colored-ink editions within twenty-four hours after they are received. Those who wish a novelty in the way of the "beautiful," upon the terms proposed—the sending of one subscriber—will write immediately.

NEW YEARS INDEPENDENT!

OUR readers will be glad to know that our arrangements for our New Years illustrated sheet embraces a bill of fare unequaled in the history of religious newspapers. Among the attractions will be an article from the pen of Vice-President Colfax. We shall also present contributions from some of the most distinguished clergymen and other writers of the country. The demand for extra copies promises to be very large; but, in order to make sure of them, every name should be entered on our books as a regular subscriber. We intend that our monthly illustrated triple sheet, alone, shall be worth twice the subscription of the paper for a year. Send us your new names, and thus insure us a Happy New Year.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

GREAT HOLIDAY PRESENT.

"Authors of the United States."

THIS splendid engraving given away for *every five dollars received from any one person*—either for two new subscribers, or one renewal for two years, or for a renewal for one year and one new subscriber.

This is one of the largest and most beautiful steel engravings ever presented to the public. As a holiday gift it is *unsurpassed;* and can be had, as above, practically for *nothing.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

INSTEAD of buying confectionery, flummery, and gew-gaws, thousands are now ordering our splendid steel engravings for Christmas and New Year's presents. Such demands upon us for premiums we never have had before; and Ritchie, with all his forces, is now several days behind our orders. We shall do our best, however, to meet promptly the wishes of our friends. Send us your orders.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

WE shall begin the New Year with a splendidly illustrated triple sheet, on fine white paper. All new subscribers should begin with that issue. We mean, if possible, to make every copy of the paper worth five times its cost to every subscriber. Reader, send us all the new names possible. Give us the means to keep THE INDEPENDENT in the future, as in the past, far ahead of all competitors.

CLOTHES WRINGERS.

WE have made arrangements with the manufacturers of the "Reliance Wringer," by which we offer the "Cog-Wheel Machine" (cash price $9) to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10; or who will renew their own subscription for four years in advance and pay us $10. The "Wringer" will be delivered at our office or sent by express, as may be directed. *See advertisement on the 5th page.*

NOTICES.

RESERVED SEATS FOR PROFESSOR DOREMUS'S Grand Illustrated Lecture before the Young Men's Christian Association. Tickets for sale at the principal book stores in Broadway, and at the rooms corner Fourth avenue and Twenty-third street.

MARRIED.

RUNKLE—CALHOUN.—On Thursday, Dec. 23d, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Cornelius A. Runkle and Lucia Gilbert Calhoun, eldest daughter of A. Gilbert.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Three Cord Silk Finish
AND
Six Cord Soft Finish
Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No. 625 BROADWAY,
NEW YORK, March 3d, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good Thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged its improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made especial efforts to satisfy us, and expended A MILLION OF DOLLARS in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, with improved machinery, it has achieved a success exceedingly gratifying to us; and furnishes a new Six Cord Thread which we commend to our Agents and all purchasers and users of Wheeler & Wilson and other Sewing Machines.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co.,
Sole Agents in New York,
101 CHAMBERS ST.

PRANG'S AMERICAN CHROMOS.
FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Use JOHN DWIGHT & CO.'S
BRICK BAKING SODA.
BEST SALERATUS
or their SUPER CARB. SODA. No others are equal to these for cooking purposes. Established 1846.

EIGHT PER CENT. GOLD
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS
OF THE ISSUE OF
$1,500,000
BY THE
ST. JOSEPH & DENVER CITY R. R. CO.,

in denominations of $1,000 and $500, coupon or registered, with interest at Eight per cent. per annum, payable 15th February and August, in Gold, free of United States taxes, in New York or Europe. The bonds have thirty years to run, payable in New York in Gold. Trustees, Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, of New York. The mortgage which secure these bonds is at the rate of $15,500 per mile, covers a completed road in every bond issued, and is a first and only mortgage. The line connecting St. Joseph with Fort Kearney will make a short and through route to California.

The Company have a Capital Stock of..... $10,000,000
And a Grant of Land from Congress of 1,000,000 acres, valued at the lowest estimate at..... 4,000,000
First Mortgage Bonds..... 1,500,000
Total..... $15,500,000

Length of road 271 miles; price, 97½ and accrued interest. Can be obtained from the undersigned. Also pamphlets, maps, and information relative thereto. These bonds, being so well secured and yielding a large income, are offered to parties seeking safe and lucrative investments.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
COMMERCIAL AGENTS,
No. 54 PINE ST., NEW YORK.
TANNER & CO.,
FISCAL AGENTS,
No. 40 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM.
The proprietors do not claim that this medicine is *infallible*; but refer to the certificates of distinguished citizens, well known to the public, for abundant proof that it has been remarkably successful, and is therefore well worth a fair trial.

Thomas Patterson,
PAPER BOX MANUFACTURER.
THE TRADE SUPPLIED AT LOWEST RATES.
79 AVENUE D, New York City.

THE
New York Times.
A Political, Literary, and Miscellaneous Newspaper.

The NEW YORK TIMES—started in September, 1851—has for many years been recognized as among the most successful, popular, and influential newspapers in the country. It is still under the control and management of its original founders, who, with greatly increased resources and experience, will spare no pains to extend and strengthen its claims upon the confidence and support of the public.

The TIMES is a Republican journal, and will be devoted, as in the past, to an intelligent support of the Republican Party. It will sustain, with all its ability, the principles and policy of General GRANT's administration. It will advocate those measures by which the honor, the peace, and the prosperity of the nation can be best conserved and promoted. It will vindicate our dignity before foreign nations, and will discountenance aught by which our self-respect or our love for republican institutions could be endangered.

The TIMES desires to be judged by the highest possible standard of journalism. Its EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT will be conducted in a spirit of fairness and impartiality, free alike from personal rancor or undue favoritism; and will be the production of the ablest and most experienced writers upon all the subjects treated. Its CORRESPONDENCE will be full and timely. Its REPORTS will be prepared with the utmost care, and will embrace every fact or public utterance of opinion that possesses interest and importance. The LITERARY DEPARTMENT will be in thoroughly capable hands, and will present a full review of the literature, the fine arts, the music, and the drama of the day.

As a family paper, free from all appeals to vulgar or impure tastes, the TIMES will continue unexceptionable, and may be safely admitted to every domestic circle.

The Sunday edition of the TIMES will include, in addition to all the news, selected and original literary matter of the most varied and agreeable character.

The WEEKLY and SEMI-WEEKLY editions of the TIMES will be compiled with the greatest care, and will contain selections from the most important contents of the Daily issue, besides matters of interest to the agricultural sections of the country. All who prefer a newspaper but once or twice a week will find these editions admirably suited to their requirements.

A special edition of the TIMES for EUROPEAN circulation will be published every Wednesday and Saturday, in time for the European mails, and will be valuable and welcome to our friends abroad, whether Americans or of any other nationality than our own.

All these editions of the TIMES are of the very largest size, on large quarto sheets, each containing *fifty-six* columns, printed in clear and legible type, at the following rates:

MAIL SUBSCRIBERS.

The DAILY TIMES, per annum, including the Sunday Edition	$12
The DAILY TIMES, per annum, exclusive of the Sunday Edition	10
The Sunday Edition, per annum	2
The SEMI-WEEKLY, per annum	5
Two copies, one year	9
Ten copies, one year	25
An extra copy to getter-up of club, and a splendid steel engraving of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND.	
The WEEKLY TIMES, per annum	2 or 3
Five copies, one year	10
Ten copies, one year	15
An extra copy to getter-up of club, and a splendid steel engraving of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND.	
Twenty copies, one year	25
An extra copy to getter-up of club, and a splendid steel engraving of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND.	
The European Edition, per annum, postage extra	3
The Semi-Weekly and Weekly mailed to clergymen at the lowest club rates.	

All prices are invariable. We have no traveling agents. Remit in drafts on New York or Post-office Money Orders, if possible, and where neither of these can be procured send the money in a registered letter. All Postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so, and the system is an absolute protection against losses by mail. Address

H. J. RAYMOND & CO.,
TIMES Office, New York.

HARVEY FISK. A. S. HATCH.
Office of FISK & HATCH,
Bankers and Dealers in Gov'nt Securities,
No. 5 Nassau Street, New York.
Opposite U. S. Sub-Treasury.

We receive the accounts of Banks, Bankers, Corporations, and others, subject to check at sight, and allow interest on balances. We make collections on all points in the United States and Canada, and issue Certificates of Deposit available in all parts of the Union.

We buy and sell, at current rates, all classes of Government Securities, and the Bonds of the Central Pacific Railroad Company; also Gold and Silver Coin and Gold Coupons.

We buy and sell at the Stock Exchange miscellaneous Stocks and Bonds, on commission, for cash.

We offer also the United States Six-per-cent. Thirty-Year Currency Bonds, issued in aid of the Pacific Railroad, which are widely esteemed by moneyed corporations, as the longest Six-per-cent. Government Bond in the market.

Communications and inquiries by Mail or Telegraph will receive attention.

FISK & HATCH.

George Opdyke & Co
BANKERS,
NO. 25 NASSAU STREET,

offer for sale the following desirable securities:

NEW YORK, OSWEGO, AND MIDLAND RAILROAD first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds, free of Government tax, principal and interest payable in gold. Price par and accrued interest in currency.

MOBILE AND MONTGOMERY RAILROAD, first mortgage, 8 per cent. bonds. Price 85 and accrued interest.

MISSOURI VALLEY RAILROAD, first mortgage 7 per cent. GOLD BONDS. Price 92½ and accrued interest in currency.

Also 7 per cent. BONDS of CITY OF OSWEGO.

The attention of investors is invited to these well-secured Bonds, and upon application full information will be furnished.

John J. Cisco & Son,
BANKERS,
No. 59 Wall st., New York,
(Brown Brothers & Co.'s Building.)

RECEIVE MONEY ON DEPOSIT IN GOLD, COIN, OR CURRENCY, and allow interest at the rate of four per cent. per annum on daily balances, subject to check at sight.

Issue Certificates of Deposit, bearing *four per cent.* interest, payable on demand

Negotiate Loans

Execute promptly orders for the purchase and sale of Gold,

Buy and Sell Government and other Securities on commission,

Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

STARR & MARCUS,
29 JOHN ST., Up Stairs,
OFFER AN UNEQUALED ASSORTMENT OF THE
Gorham Manufacturing Company
STERLING
SILVERWARE

Comprising all their newest and most desirable patterns in DINNER, TEA, and DESSERT SERVICES, as well as TABLE SILVER of endless variety. The experience of forty years as practical Silversmiths has won for the goods of their manufacture a REPUTATION UNAPPROACHED BY ANY OTHER HOUSE.

The Gorham Factory is the most EXTENSIVE and COMPLETE IN THE WORLD, possessing all the new and most ingenious labor-saving machinery, and employing hundreds of hands skilled in designing, modeling, and finishing, thereby PRODUCING IN LARGE QUANTITIES, ON THE MOST ECONOMICAL BASIS, goods beautiful in design and of unsurpassed finish, which are guaranteed of sterling purity by United States Mint Assay.

A complete assortment of GORHAM ELECTRO-PLATE on NICKEL SILVER, at prices established by the Company.

TIFFANY & CO.
HAVE NOW RECEIVED THEIR
Full Stock
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.
THEIR STORE WILL BE OPEN IN THE EVENING UNTIL THE
First of January.
550 and 552 Broadway.

BENEDICT'S TIME
WATCH
Fine gold hunting cases, all sizes.
Lady's Watch low as $70; Gentlemen's Watch, $75, warranted timekeepers. Also fine Jewelry and Silverware. Those living out of town please send for price-list. Goods sent by express.
Benedict Bros.,
691 BROADWAY.

IVORIDE
KNIFE-HANDLES
EQUAL IN
BEAUTY and DURABILITY
TO THE GENUINE
IVORY,
AND AT
HALF THE PRICE.

This material is guaranteed to resist the action of heat and cold, whether of water or of the atmosphere.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.
J. Russell & Co.,
GREEN RIVER CUTLERY WORKS,
83 BEEKMAN STREET, New York City.

THE
CENTRAL RAIL ROAD OF IOWA.
ITS
SEVEN PER CENT. GOLD
FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS,
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX,
AT 95 AND ACCRUED INTEREST.

MANY PERSONS ARE SELLING THEIR GOVERNMENT BONDS WHILE THE PREMIUM IS STILL LARGE (as the Treasury has promised to buy thirteen millions in December), AND REINVEST IN THE FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS OF THE CENTRAL RAILROAD OF IOWA, WHICH PAY ABOUT ONE-THIRD more INTEREST. THE TIME TO MAKE SUCH RE-INVESTMENT is while the Treasury is buying, and Governments are at a premium.

THE ROAD DOES NOT RUN THROUGH A WILDERNESS, where it would have to wait years for population and business; but through the most thickly-settled and productive agricultural counties in the state, which gives each section a large traffic as soon as completed.

It runs through the great coal-fields of Southern Iowa to the North, where coal is indispensable and must be carried.

It runs *from* the great lumber regions of the North, through a district of country which is destitute of this prime necessity.

The mortgage is made to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Co., of N. Y., and bonds can be issued only at the rate of $16,000 per mile, or only half the amount upon some other roads. Special security is provided for the principal and for the payment of interest.

First Mortgage Bonds for so small an amount, upon a road running through such a rich and already well-settled part of Iowa, can well be recommended as a perfectly safe as well as very profitable investment. Pamphlets, with map, may be obtained and subscriptions will be received at THE COMPANY'S OFFICES, No. 32 PINE ST., NEW YORK; at the BANK OF NORTH AMERICA, 44 WALL ST.; and at HOWES & MACY'S, 30 WALL ST.

Pamphlets sent by mail on application.

W. B. SHATTUCK,
Treasurer.

U. S. Trust Company
49 WALL STREET,
FIRST FLOOR
Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS,

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

JOHN A. STEWART, President.
WILLIAM H. MACY, } Vice-Presidents.
JOHN J. CISCO,

TRUSTEES.

PETER COOPER,	EDWIN D. MORGAN,
D. H. ARNOLD,	ELI TON GILBERT,
ROYAL PHELPS,	JOHN JACOB ASTOR, Jr.,
DANIEL S. MILLER,	DANIEL D. LORD,
JAMES SUTTON,	EDWARD JONES,
THOMAS SLOCOMB,	GEORGE T. ADEE,
SHEPHERD KNAPP,	SAMUEL SLOAN,
JOHN J. PHELPS,	JAMES LOW,
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WILLIAM TUCKER,	ERASTUS CORNING,
WILSON G. HUNT,	JAMES S. SEYMOUR,
WILLIAM E. DODGE.	JOHN CASWELL.

WILLIAM DARROW, Secretary.

BANKING HOUSE OF
JAY COOKE & CO.
NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND WASHINGTON.
NO. 20 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

We buy, sell, and exchange, at most liberal rates, all issues of

GOVERNMENT BONDS

and Bonds of Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company, and execute orders for purchase and sale of

STOCKS, BONDS, AND GOLD.

WE NEGOTIATE RAILROAD AND MUNICIPAL LOANS; receive deposits, subject to check, allowing interest; and transact a general banking business.

JAY COOKE & CO.

A SAFE AND FIRST-CLASS INVESTMENT.
7 PER CENT.
FIRST
Mortgage Bonds
AT 95.
INTEREST AND PRINCIPAL PAYABLE IN GOLD.
FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX.
YIELDING IN CURRENCY NEARLY TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM.

Among the many new enterprises offered to our firm, we have chosen, after careful investigation, the 50-Year Loan of the BURLINGTON, CEDAR RAPIDS, AND MINNESOTA RAILWAY COMPANY; Interest payable in Gold in New York or London May and November; being a First Mortgage Convertible Sinking Fund Bond, secured by the Railroad, Branches, Depot Grounds, Rolling Stock, Equipment, and Franchises of the Company.

These First Mortgage Sinking Fund Bonds, in our judgment, are a safe and profitable investment, which is confirmed by the following strong letter from the experienced and eminently successful managers of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company:

Pennsylvania Railroad Company.
PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, Philadelphia, May 11th, 1869.

Messrs. HENRY CLEWS & Co., 32 Wall st.

GENTLEMEN:—In answer to your request of the 17th ult. for our opinion as to the condition and prospects of the Burlington, Cedar Rapids, and Minnesota Railway, the character of the country through which it passes, and the probable success of the enterprise, we would state that, before accepting the trust imposed upon us by the First Mortgage Bonds of this Company, we had fully satisfied ourselves as to the practicability of the enterprise.

The road starts at one of the most flourishing cities on the Northern Mississippi River, and runs in a northwesterly direction up the great, rich Cedar Valley, connecting at prominent points along the line with six different railroads, now in active operation, nearly all of which must be more or less tributary or feeders to this road.

This enterprise is destined to become, in connection with others now in operation or being constructed, one of the great trunk lines from Lake Superior, *via* St. Paul, Cedar Rapids, and Burlington, to St. Louis, and to the East, over the Toledo, Peoria, and Warsaw, and the Pennsylvania Railroads, which we represent.

But, aside from this, the populous condition of the country along the line of this road, its great productiveness and wealth, give sufficient guarantee of a good local business, which, for any road, is the best reliance for success.

A good index of the prosperity and wealth of the country through which this road passes may be found in the fact that the Company reports over a million and a quarter dollars subscribed and expended by individuals residing along the line in pushing on one hundred and six miles of the work; and it is also a strong proof of the local popularity and necessity for the road. Yours, respectfully,

J. EDGAR THOMPSON, President of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co.,
CHARLES L. FROST, President Toledo, Peoria, and Warsaw R. R. Co., } Trustees.

As an evidence of the resources and immense traffic of the section of the country through which this road runs, we present the following *Official Statement of the Surplus Agricultural Products shipped from the State of Iowa*, by the different railroads therein, during the year ending April 30th, 1869, just issued by the secretary of the state.

Number of Horses	1,625
Number of Cattle	80,287
Number of Hogs	511,359
Number of Sheep	52,757
Dressed Hogs, 7 pounds	13,418,778
Lard and Pork, pounds	7,582,570
Wool, pounds	2,866,196
Wheat, bushels	2,190,645
Corn, bushels	2,210,666
Other Grains, pounds	53,476,854
Other Grains, bushels	1,808,047
Other Agricultural Products, pounds	37,608,707
Flour and other Agricultural Products, pounds	324,753
Animal Products, not otherwise specified, pounds	10,983,101

The preceding Official Statement is made up almost exclusively of the shipments Eastward, and does not include the amount of produce shipped Eastward from Dubuque or McGregor, which would swell the totals materially. If the shipments Westward by the railroads were given, they would swell immensely this surprising exhibit of surplus products.

This road also runs through the rich and growing State of Minnesota. Reference to the map of the United States will show that it *passes through the most enterprising and growing portion of the West, and forms one of the great trunk lines in direct communication with New York, Chicago, and St. Louis*, being to the latter city 90 miles nearer from Northern Iowa, and all portions of the State of Minnesota, than by any other road now built or projected, and also the nearest route from Central and Southern Iowa.

This road is required by the wants of that section, where a large and increasing traffic is waiting for it and needs railroad communication. *The Buyer of these Bonds is therefore guaranteed by a great business already in evidence, and has not to run any of the contingencies which always attend upon the opening of roads into new and unsettled country.*

These Bonds are only issued upon each section of the road as fast as the same is completed and in successful operation. Two and a half millions of dollars have been expended on this road. Eighty-three miles are nearly completed and equipped, and already show large earnings; and the remainder of the line is rapidly progressing in construction.

We offer these Bonds for the present at 95 and accrued interest. *We recommend them to investors and officers of financial institutions, who desire to change their high-priced investments for a security which presents every element of safety, and at the same time yields a much higher rate of interest.* Pamphlets and full particulars furnished by

HENRY CLEWS & CO.,
32 Wall Street,
Financial Agents for the Company.

Louisville & Nashville RAILROAD
Consolidated Mortgage
30-YEAR 7 PER CENT. BONDS.

INTEREST PAYABLE APRIL AND OCTOBER, AT THE BANK OF AMERICA, IN NEW YORK.

There is not in existence a more reliable security than the Bonds of this Corporation.

For the present we offer these Bonds at 85 and accrued interest. For circulars and further information, apply to

J. B. ALEXANDER & CO., No. 19 Nassau St.
JOHN J. CISCO & SON, No. 59 Wall St.

SCROFULA CURED BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

Brandreth's Pills penetrate the whole mass of blood, causing the expulsion of impurities. The body feels relieved from a single dose. What then may be expected from a few more? By continuing their use the whole of the blood in time becomes purified, and the body reconstructed from good material, and a new lease of life secured.

SING SING, March 25th, 1868.

My Dear Sir:—My daughter Alice, thirteen years old, has been completely cured of that horrible disease, Scrofula, which for years rendered life a torment. After all medicines and many physicians had been tried and failed, I commenced giving her your pills. She took them almost every day for three months, constantly improving. She has now entirely recovered.

Yours truly, DANIEL LUTHER.
HON. B. BRANDRETH.

THE NEW YORK SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY. $3
All subscriptions commence with the number next after receipt of order. ..... "
Persons remitting $20 will receive an extra copy for one year. ..... "
Clubs of 10 copies, $30 will receive an extra copy for one year. ..... "
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Book Table.

THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL.*

THE little volume bearing this title is a most remarkable book; perhaps the most remarkable book of the season. It is made so rather by its authorship than by its contents. Under the *nom de plume* of Janus, an association of German Roman Catholic ecclesiastics frame a terrible indictment against the Papacy. Roman Catholics, they attack in the Pope and the Council those whom they account the worst foes of their church and their faith. Ever since the days of Pascal there have been two parties in the Roman Catholic hierarchy. It has its High Church and its Low Church. We do not, perhaps, need this book to demonstrate the fact. Its significance, however, lies in this, that it affords of that fact so striking a demonstration. Unity! If extreme Ritualism and extreme Rationalism be given the benefit of their disavowals, and both deny being Protestant, there is in Protestant individuality more unity of spirit than in the Roman Catholic organism.

Of these parties one is Roman Catholic without being papal. It is not large in numbers. It is not ecclesiastically influential. But it is the party of progressive thought, and therefore the party of real power. The members of this party are not Protestants, have no leaning toward Protestantism. They love the church of their fathers. They believe it is ordained to proclaim authoritatively the law, and announce infallibly the truth of God. They accept the doctrine of the Real Presence. They love the grand cathedrals, the pictures and images speaking to the heart through the imagination, the magnificent processional services, the whole system of sensuous and æsthetic worship. They maintain the asceticism of the past, and number among their adherents the most self-devoted, self-sacrificing monks. They render to their own consciences the allegiance which others render to their order. But because they love the Church they desire to bring it into accord with the spirit of the age. Romanists, they are yet able to appreciate the spirit of Christ in those whom their faith compels them to regard as heretics. Much as they love their Church, they love humanity even more. Of this party Father Hyacinthe is just now the most illustrious, because the most outspoken, representative. Of this party the anonymous authors of the *Pope and the Council* are almost equally remarkable representatives. The book is written by Roman Catholic ecclesiastics, but by ecclesiastics to whom the infallibility of the Pope is itself a damnable error; who wish the Church not to subjugate but to enfranchise mankind; who insist that the Catholic Church, "far from assuming a hostile and suspicious attitude toward the principles of political, intellectual, and religious freedom and independence of judgment, in so far as they are capable of a Christian interpretation, or, rather, are directly derived from the letter and spirit of the Gospel, ought, on the contrary, to be in positive accord with them, and to exercise a constant purifying and ennobling influence on their development"; who, because they love their Church freely, expose its errors and unhesitatingly demand "a great and searching reformation," as "necessary and inevitable." This is the party which in this book appeals to Christendom against the Pope and the Council.

For this Pope is the creature and this Council is an expedient of the other party —that of which Loyola was the founder and the Jesuits are the ecclesiastical wire-pullers. This party, which is ecclesiastically, and perhaps numerically, the strongest, and far from contemptible in intellectual endowments, which controls the Roman Catholic press, the Roman Catholic offices, and the Pope himself—this party is composed of men who desire to bring all minds into subjection to one mind. Their law is not "the law of liberty," but the law of obedience. To them—we borrow our characterization from Janus—the progress of the age is retrogression. Like bats, they sigh for the setting of the sun and the incoming of darkness again upon the earth. They consider that "the age we live in is the dark age of anti-Christian dominion, the age of wailing and woe which is to precede the appearance of the bodily Anti-Christ for two years and a half, after which comes the end of all things and the general judgment." They "condemn the whole existing view of the right of conscience and of religious faith"; account it "a wicked error to admit Protestants to equal political rights with Catholics, or to allow Protestant immigrants the free use of their worship"; openly assert of the Inquisition that "it is a sublime spectacle of social perfection"; do not hesitate to declare that "they are in damnable error who regard the reconciliation of the Pope with modern civilization as possible or desirable." The growth and influence of free schools in America, the extension of the suffrage in Great Britain, the liberal tendencies in France, the progress of free thought in Germany, the revolution in Spain, the independence of Italy, fill them with well-founded alarm. What shall be done? How restore the good old days of ecclesiastical supremacy? How better than by an ecclesiastical declaration of it? The tide is rising. Mrs. Partington rushes to sweep it back with a broom. This is the meaning of the Œcumenical Council. Such are the estimates of the Pope and Council, and the party which controls them both, which are afforded by these honest and outspoken Roman Catholic clergymen.

We commend all who desire to study the aspects and to understand the interior life of the Roman Catholic Church to peruse with care their volume. We should earnestly commend it to all unbiased, impartial, honest Roman Catholics, if we could hope they would heed our commendation. We can hardly arise from its perusal without the conviction that the day of "a great and searching reformation" is not far off. Father Hyacinthe is not Luther. History does not repeat itself. The new reformation will not be a repetition of the old. The new reformers will not be Protestants. But it can hardly be hoped that the Papists will ever be brought into accord with the spirit of the age. The Jesuits, like the Bourbons, never learn. The Papacy will become increasingly arrogant, until the very extravagance of their demands compels from the lovers of truth a new departure, a new revolution, a new declaration of intellectual and spiritual independence.

* THE POPE AND THE COUNCIL. By JANUS. Authorized translation from the German. Roberts Brothers.

THE MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

The Atlantic Monthly, which in its poetical contributors not only has no peer but no rival, even in English periodical literature, surpasses not only all competitors, but surpasses even itself in its present number. Standing in the presence of its opening poem, "The Cathedral," by James Russell Lowell, criticism is abashed and silent. It lacks, it is true, that rhythm, that melody of movement which is so characteristic of its author's pen. Here and there is a tangled sentence, which Browning might have interpolated. But there is the same subtle appreciation of Nature, the same reading of the heart, the same quiet humor, the same deep religious spirit, broad, generous, free, never didactic or sentimental, always earnest and truly devout, which belongs to the author whose genius was capable both of the "Biglow Papers" and the "Vision of Sir Launfal." This poem almost casts in the shade "Nauhaught the Deacon," by John G. Whittier, and "The Descent of Neptune to Aid the Greeks," from William Cullen Bryant's forthcoming translation of Homer's Iliad, either of which, if standing alone, would have made the present number conspicuous. "Nearing the Snow Line," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, sounds like an isolated verse from a longer poem, and makes us hunger for the rest. By the side of these poems the prose articles read a little prosy. Prof. Goldwin Smith's disquisition on "The Study of History" was better as a lecture than it is as a magazine article. In "The Woman Thou gavest with Me" Henry James discourses of the sexes and the woman's movement in that peculiar style of metaphysics which characterizes all he writes. As a book review of Mill, Bushnell, Woolsey, and "The Woman who dared," it is a little late; as an original contribution to the discussion it has little merit. The best article, and a very good one it is too, is T. W. Higginson's appeal for "Americanism in Literature"; and a very readable bit of gossipy writing is afforded by W. D. Howels, "By Horse-car to Boston." Bayard Taylor plunges into the midst of his new story, "Joseph and his Friend," without the formality of an introduction, and opens a flirtation which threatens, or shall we say promises, to become serious.

Harper's opens with the second installment of "Frederick the Great." This magazine was the first to try the experiment, in "Napoleon the First," of a continuous history. Certainly no romance could better sustain the interest of the reader from month to month as this new story, told as it is, with rare power of delineation. The article on the "Site of the National Capital" is timely but ill-digested. Gen. Wager Swayne wields the sword better than the pen; and, if this article be any test, the scissors better than either. The illustrations save it; and there is really a good deal of historical information in the article, though very clumsily imparted. "Beast, Bird, and Fish" comes, we believe, to an end. Continued articles on scientific subjects are hazardous. The result in this case has not justified the experiment. Dr. Guernsey, in his illustrated article on "Paul du Chaillu" gives us choice *morceaux* from the new book, "Lost in the Jungle," and, very wisely keeping himself in the background, suffers Paul to tell his stories in his own language. The most notable article in the current number is that on "The Spanish Revolution." The writer undertakes to disentangle a very complicated snarl, and to give an account not only of the revolution from its commencement in September, 1868, but also of the precedent causes which led to it. He evidently understands his subject, and gives the clearest picture we have seen of the entire movement. M. D. Conway contributes one of his characteristic articles on "The Leigh Hunt Memorial"; and Mrs. Frank McCarthy that desideratum of magazines—a capital short story, in "A Plain Statement of Facts." These, with two continued stories, and two or three shorter ones for "filling," make up a very attractive number.

Let us hope that *Old and New* will improve as it grows older. Let us frankly confess that there is both room and necessity for improvement, if it would make for itself a place in American periodical literature. At present we are unable to understand exactly what it expects to do which is not already well done by its predecessors. Externally it is not attractive. Its style is *severely* simple—the simplicity not of taste, but of æsthetic barrenness. Interiorly it differs from an average current number of the *Atlantic* chiefly by not having the poetry and the fiction, and by having three semi-theological articles, which would perhaps hardly claim admission to a monthly devoted exclusively to general literature. Its only stories are two by the editor, Edward Everett Hale. Its only piece of poetry is a hymn, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, part of which has been published before. Its most significant article is one on the "Perfection of Jesus," by James Freeman Clarke, in which he undertakes to reconcile naturalism and supernaturalism, a hopeless task; but in the endeavor he has furnished a very thoughtful and suggestive article. The book table, under the title of "The Examiner," promises to be of special value, though the editor has fallen into the common error of supposing that to be a good critic one must be able to do the work he criticises better than it has been done by its author; while, in fact, the critical and the composing faculties are quite distinct, and Tennyson or Bryant would be as incapable of telling you *how* to write a poem as Ruskin or Taine would be incapable of competing in painting with Turner or Raphael.

One cannot but regret that a magazine conducted with so much literary ability as the *Catholic World* should be so hopelessly given over to the interests of its order, and so resolute in resisting all ideas of liberty and progress even in its own church. Perhaps the European liberalism in the Church thrives on opposition. Except for controversial purposes, when the garb is easily assumed, there is very little of it in the American Romish Church. The current number is more unmistakably and avowedly ecclesiastical than usual. Even its poetry and its book-reviews do not escape the taint of a sectarian narrow-mindedness. The pens are able. The minds which wield them are neither broad nor free. The most notable articles are those on "The Future of Protestantism and Catholicity," "Vansleb, the Oriental Scholar," "The Philosophical Doctrines of St. Augustine," and "The True Origin of Gallicanism."

Putnam's, which is *par excellence* the Protestant magazine, and has given itself vigorously to a representation of Protestant interests and views, contains a very good likeness of Father Hyacinthe, taken from the published volume of his speeches, and a very admiable article on "Father Hyacinthe and his Church." The author, John Bigelow, evidently felt that he was on controverted ground, and has supported his history of the great friar by ample quotations from documents and letters. His article is a really valuable contribution to current history. "Cuba and Spain" is written by one unmistakably in sympathy with the insurgents; if, indeed, it is not the offspring of the Junta. "American Hotels," "Sketches in Color," and "In the Departments" are airy and readable—the two latter gossipy and anecdotical. Stories of negro life, which constitute the staple of "Sketches in Color," have, however, grown rather effete. The negro character has been pretty fully illustrated, so far as literature can do it. Altogether the current number is decidedly more light and sparkling than usual.

The Galaxy brings "Susan Fielding" to an end. Justin McCarthy, in "Science and Orthodoxy in England," describes the present phase of scientific skepticism and religious faith in England. His pen-and-ink sketches of Owen, Huxley, Tyndale, J. G. Holloake, and Herbert Spencer are certainly graphic and interesting; and he writes as one who knows personally his theme in all its parts, as doubtless he does. The anonymous author of "Ten Years in Rome" gives a pleasant picture of the Pope, and a very unattractive one of the Papacy. The "Story of the Powder Boat" which did not blow up Fort Fisher is rather out of date. Edward Crapsey's article on "A Monument of Trade" gives some account of the career and present establishment of A. T. Stewart; but contains little or no information concerning its interior workings. Richard Grant White's criticisms on public journalists in "The Pest of the Period" would be much more efficacious if they were less one-sidedly unjust; a remark which applies even more evidently to the Book Table, which, as if to illustrate the "Pest of the Period," commends only the publications of Sheldon & Co., and hews and cuts away with a broad-ax style of reckless criticism at everything else.

Both *Lippincott* and *Hours at Home* are somewhat distinctively Christmas numbers. Both of them have Christmas tales, and both some extra illustrations. The latter feature adds little or nothing to either magazine. The illustrations in *Lippincott* are only mediocre; those in the *Hours at Home* are very good. But scattering in four full-page pictures, all taken from a deservedly popular book—"The Universe"—and all referring to a review of it at the close, which they really do very little to illustrate, is quite too evidently a piece of book-making. To the scissors we do not object; but they ought not to leave the marks of their edges. *Packard's Monthly*, good before, promises in its current number to be even better in the future. It has already demonstrated that a magazine may be thoroughly sprightly and readable without depending on continued stories, or indeed on sensational fiction of any kind. The most notable contributions are Alice Cary's poem, Oliver Dyer's article on "The Bucket Shops of New York," and R. H. Newell's paper on "Adah Isaacs Menken." Several other shorter articles are very good; and in general it may be said that either its editor or its corps of contributors understand the rare art of condensation. The *Eclectic*, which improves steadily in the absence of its nominal editor, was never better than now. It rightly gives increased attention to scientific subjects, and is the best periodical of miscellaneous literature for one who desires especially to keep "up in science." *The Christian Treasury* is too technically religious for the highest usefulness. *Hunt's Merchants' Magazine* devotes its leading article to the Suez Canal—the best, at least the fullest and most elaborate on the subject, of several which have appeared. The *Children's New Church Magazine* is pretty much devoted to Christmas. It shows little sign of its denominational character, except in its title. *Our Young Folks*, which began by being good, grows better as it grows older. Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy," for the boys, is followed by one for their sisters, "We Girls," by Mrs. Whitney, which opens well. Some of the illustrations in this number are unusually good. The illustrations in the *Riverside* are unusually striking. Darley's picture of "John Gilpin's Ride" is capitally drawn, and the engraving and the printing are worthy of the design. The *Sabbath at Home* comes to us in a new dress, which greatly improves its appearance. *The Herald of Health* and the *Overland Monthly* come so late that we have barely the opportunity to acknowledge their receipt, and to recommend the article in the latter on "San Francisco" to any reader who proposes to visit the Golden State.

—We know not how to speak too highly of Roberts Brothers' edition of *Midsummer's Night's Dream*. It is the exquisite book of the season—exquisite because original; because artistically unlike anything else; because bold and daring, we may even say audacious, as well as original. The artist ventured upon an undertaking in which failure would have been conspicuous. His success is for that reason the more conspicuous. With the single exception of the vignette, all the illustrations are in silhouette—that is to say, are in outline, filled in with black. Some of our readers will remember the time, before photography came into vogue, when this method provided the country houses with cheap profile portraits. We well remember those odd-looking pictures which afforded us in our childhood about all the idea we ever had of the lineaments of our respected ancestry. But, certainly, from these rude specimens of the art we never should have dreamed of the effects which it is capable of producing. In these designs there is not only admirable execution, as in the drawing of the human form, the lightness and airiness suggestive of motion, agile and free, and in such elaborations of detail, as the feather in the cap for example, in the frontispiece, but there is more than talent, there is absolute genius in conception, in grouping, and even in the utterance of expression. What more irresistibly comic, for example, than Bottom and Snout, on page 36; or the little fairy figure on page 27; or what more expressive of vigorous action than Demetrius and Helena, on page 24. The work is that of a young German—the first, we believe, of any importance that he has ever published. We welcome its republication as an evidence of a growing demand in America for the highest forms of art expression, which cheap prints and rude engravings can no longer satisfy.

—There are two ways of treating church history. The one is concerned mainly with facts—facts of personal history, facts of ecclesiastical polemics, facts of dogmatic faith. The other uses facts as subsidiary to the great principles whose progress has run through the centuries, and presents us the men of the past in their flesh and blood as the living types of the advance made in their times by the ideas which are still working out their results. It is his advocacy of the last of these methods that makes Stanley a more popular writer in this department than Mosheim, or Neander, or Hagenbach. We are, therefore, glad to receive from Scribner, in a compact, cheap form, Stanley's *History of the Jewish Church*, and his *History of the Eastern Church*. With Dean Stanley the study of history has had its right result. It has made him more tolerant, broader in his sympathies with every shade of honest difference of belief. That he has carried this too far we will not deny. He is now the real leader of the Broad Church of England, and the most popular and eloquent living writer in that most vigorous though least quarrelsome section of the Anglican Church. He might, perhaps, be accused of propounding heresy in a catholic way—a more insidious if not more unlovely fault than the opposite evil of teaching the catholic truth heretically. But these characteristics are not especially obvious in his histories, and no other volumes are accessible which so let us into the very life of ancient Judea as these lectures on his Jewish Church. They are better than a commentary, and, perhaps, the first work we would recommend to one seeking for an aid to understand the Old Testament. The *Eastern Church* opens to most readers a new field, little developed in standard works on ecclesiastical history.

—We receive four little books, in paper covers, from Dick & Fitzgerald—*How to Cook Potatoes, etc., How to Amuse an Evening Party, Howard's Book of Conundrums*, and *Laws and By-laws of American Society*. If the proof of cooking is in the eating, we suppose the proof of a cook-book is in the cooking. An experienced housekeeper, however, assures us that *How to Cook* gives every indication of being a valuable addition to the kitchen library. *How to Amuse an Evening Party* is often a greater puzzle to mine host than any which the book so entitled contains—which contributes enough in the way of puzzles, tricks, and games to afford a very satisfactory solution to the problem its title proposes. The *Book of Conundrums* is all salt and no meat. Any one who reads *Laws and By-laws of American Society*, and undertakes to obey its directions, will be apt to become as stiff and awkward as a "jack-in-the-box." True courtesy cannot be made to order. It comes only by long mingling in good society, a careful study of its methods and a real inhaling of its spirit. But a novice would doubtless find hints on doubtful questions which would be acceptable. The tone of the book, at least, appears to be unobjectionable.

—*The Life of Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D.*, by Henry C. Alexander, (Charles Scribner & Co.), treats of a theme which is not only deeply interesting to a large body in the Christian Church, but should be so to many who are not in denominational relations or sympathies with the distinguished subject of the biography; for Dr. Alexander was too large a man to be the property of any denomination. His rare scholarship, his pulpit power, his aptness to teach, his facility with the pen, and his quiet, genial humor—which was never exhibited to the public, and rarely even to his most intimate friends, except the children—combined to make a man whose character may fairly be designated as remarkable. We regret that the editor has not condensed his ample materials with greater care, and made one volume where he has made two. Selections and extracts from letters of acquaintances and friends, so plentifully interspersed, however grateful they may be to immediate friends, are rarely of interest to the public, and belong rather to a memorial volume than to a published biography. The fullness of detail will add to the value of these volumes in the minds of a select class of readers; but will keep them from many who would have read a smaller and more compact, more carefully-digested work.

—In *Russel Leaves*, by James Pummill, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), we have no care to read any further than the dedication, wherein the author treats us to the staple orthodox similes, which have stood the test of ages. He tells us of "blue-eyed summer," and of the "winds of chill adversity," and how

> "Ceres pours her golden horn
> Of beauty in our laps."

> "flowers
> Gathered in woodlands gray."

He indulges in the time-honored melodramatic scorn of court-poets:

> "Let other poets weave their songs
> In garlands of rich hays,
> To deck the forehead of some king.
> Some moneyed lord, who wreathes his lips
> In smiles—but joy, half scorn."

When he adheres to his models, he is at least safe. When he leaves for a moment the beaten track, his originality becomes appalling. He weaves his wild flowers into a wreath,

> "And their odors rich
> Spread halos round thy locks."

Halos of odors! Poesy can go no further. Mr. Pummill has appropriately termed his book *Russet Leaves*, if thereby he means to indicate that they are very old and sure to fall very dead.

—Henry Hoyt's books are among the best issued for Sunday schools. We have from him this week *Eugene Cooper*, an interesting story; but the otherwise good moral is disfigured by the prejudice incited by the selection of a bad step-mother as one of its characters. Besides, the tale is too marvelous. *Mountain Patriots*, a story of Swiss persecution, is a reprint. *Captain Charley* and *Yachtville Boys* are both very good, and from the same publisher. *Janet's Two Homes*, published by Mrs. J. Hamilton Thomas, Philadelphia, is the first book we have received from this lady publisher. This promises to make some interest; and we trust she will publish a great many that are better, and none that are worse. From the American Tract Society we have *Our Father*, a series of little talks on the Lord's Prayer; also *The Child's History of the Fall of Jerusalem*. *The Manuscript Man* is an Irish story. Also, printed by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Far more interesting than any of the above, though hardly a Sabbath school book in the technical sense, is *Rough and Ready*, (Loring, Boston), by Horatio Alger, Jr., the fourth volume of the "Ragged Dick Series." Our boy has read it with great delight, though not a very probable story of newsboy life.

—The second series of *Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets* (M. W. Dodd) is far better than the first. It is more natural, simple, healthy. There is far less straining after effect. Mr. E. P. Hood is a man of no mean abilities. He is an omnivorous reader. He either has a remarkable memory, or keeps a very full commonplace book. He writes clearly, pungently, but too often with an apparent effort to say sharp and bright things. If he were to practise himself the simplicity which he recommends to others, he would be greatly improved. His best quality is his power in analyzing characters. His pulpit monograms are his best chapters. That on Frederick W. Robertson is one of the best and most appreciative papers on that remarkable man we have ever read. Our heart warms at once to a theological professor with the rare breadth of character which is equally ready to appreciate Robertson, that prince of pulpit poets, and Charles H. Spurgeon, that prince of dogmatic preachers.

—We are under constant obligation to Charles Scribner for sterling books. One of the most popular of these is a profusely-illustrated edition of Wood's *Bible Animals*. This work has had a great success in England, and we predict that it will be equally popular here. It gives a full and popular description of every beast, bird, reptile, and insect that is mentioned in the Bible; and identifications of doubtful species are as accurate as the present state of our science will allow. The author is much better acquainted with the literature of the animals themselves than of the original Bible texts. His main authorities are the common English version, and a translation used by the Jews, to which he constantly refers. This large octavo is delightful reading, apart from its great value as a convenient repertory of facts for the student of the Scriptures.

—The *Sunset Land* (Lee & Shepard) is the pleasant title of a pleasant book, wherein Dr. John Todd recounts, in an agreeable vein, his impressions of California, the Yo Semite, the big trees, the Chinese question, the Mormons, and sundry other matters and things, physical and metaphysical, connected with the great Pacific slope. It is readable, as is pretty much everything Dr John Todd writes. It contains nothing new, strange, or striking. But then originality of thought never was among the faults of its distinguished author.

—The Catholic Publication Society send us the second edition of J. R. Bayley's *Early History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York*. It is and purports to be only a sketch. It is written, of course, from a purely denominational standpoint, and with about that measure of impartiality which ordinarily characterizes denominational histories. We confess ourselves rather amused by the coolness which attributes the present common school system of the city not only to the Roman Catholic Church; but, of all men in it, to Archbishop Hughes, its fiercest and bitterest antagonist.

—We have received from the other world, through Carleton, a series of communications entitled *Strange Visitors*, composed by the disembodied spirits of H. J. Raymond, Byron, Hawthorne, and many others. In their outward form many of these papers show considerable resemblance to the style of these writers as they were in the flesh. But, though the medium was an uncommonly fine one, she fails to make Napoleon talk grammatical French; and such scholars as Brewster, Humboldt, and Mitchell do not communicate a word in addition to the science of the mundane sphere. We are afraid we must also confess that the communications of some of the more eminent literary names is "stuff" quite unworthy of them.

—*Gethsemane* (Gould & Lincoln) is a translation from the German of Charlotte Elizabeth Nebelin. It is a series of "meditations and prayers on the last hours of the sufferings and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Intended for devotional purposes, it is too intensely devotional, too purely emotional, too entirely devoid of any practical relation to daily life. If love is feeling, this book would be a rare expression of it. If love be *living*, the volume is sadly inadequate. Its readers will unfortunately be those who most need a different style of literature.

—*Two Lives in One* (Hurd & Houghton) is a fascinating story of boy adventure, written, perhaps, for boys. Fascinating it is, but not very safe nor very healthful; for the sort of heroism of the runaway Bobby Trulyn is not just the kind with which it is desirable to inspire American boys, who are quite ready enough to declare their independence before the time of independence has come. The story is by no means probable, hardly possible.

—Autobiographies of animals afford a rather clumsy thread on which to string incident and adventure. *Puck, his Vicissitudes, Adventures, Observations, Conclusions, Friendships, and Philosophies*, (J. B. Lippincott & Co.), is the autobiography of a dog, and is amenable to the radical criticism to which all such literature is subject. It is, however, better than the average; and the authoress, evinces considerable power of characterization.

—Hurd & Houghton publish—in a typographical manner that does credit to a house which enjoys the reputation of being one of the best book-makers in America—the collected *Poems of Mrs. Emma C. Embury*. In dress the book is worthy of all praise. Its poetry is pleasant, smooth, rythmical—the expression of good, pure, but not strong feeling; the poetic breathings of a true but not remarkable woman.

—*Notes of Joy*, a new Sunday school hymn and tune book, by Mrs. Joseph E. Knapp, published by Palmer, Bible House, is a book which we take pleasure in commending. It contains many pleasant and some very choice hymns and tunes, new and old. We have looked the book through in vain for the trash, destitute alike of poetry and religion, which so abounds in many of these books.

—Part X, a double number, finishes Packard's *Guide to the Study of Insects*. We cannot speak too highly of this work, which is exceedingly thorough and clear, and will be an authority with students. We are glad to learn that the first edition is nearly exhausted, and that it has already been introduced in agricultural schools as a text-book. The figures are most excellent, and there are 651 of them in the 700 pages, besides a dozen beautiful plates.

—From Scribner, Welford & Co. we receive two volumes of the Bayard Series: De Joinville's *Saint Louis, King of France*; and *Vathek, an Oriental Romance*, by William Beckford. In style, size, type, binding, and getting-up this series is all that the London *Non-conformist* asserts it to be—"a marvel of cheapness and of exquisite taste."

—*Old Horse Gray and the Parish of Grumbleton*, by Edward Hopper, (Hurd & Houghton), is a satire on parochial life. It possesses about the average degree of [illegible] that class of poems which form part of the staple entertainment of literary society anniversaries on college commencement occasions.

—From the press of James Miller we receive a very tasteful edition of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Poems of Childhood*. It is tasteful, but it is not really excellent. The designs are good, but not remarkable; and the engraver has not done the artists justice.

—S. R. Wells sends us, too late for the season, *Bennie: A Christmas Ballad*, by Mrs. A. C. Ketchum, republished from the pages of the *Phrenological Journal*. The poem is exquisite, but the illustrations are decidedly mediocre.

—*Rose and her Pets* (Am. Tract Society) is a little book, in words of not over five letters, printed in large type, and illustrated with very tolerable colored engravings. It is a good book for the very little ones.

—Oliver Optic issues the sixth and last volume of the first series of "Young America Abroad," the character of which is indicated by its title, *Down the Rhine*.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

BY DAVID WINGATE.

My little wife often around the church-hill,
Sweet little, dear little, neat-footed Jane,
Walked slowly, and lonely, and thoughtful, until
The afternoon bell chimed its call o'er the plain:
And nothing seemed sweeter
To me than to meet her,
And tell her what weather 'twas likely to be,
My heart the while glowing,
The selfish wish growing,
That all her affections were centered in me.

My life once ('tis strange, but yet it is true),
Sweet little, dear little, love-troubled Jane,
So deeply absorbed in her day-dreaming grew,
The bell chimed and ceased, though she heard not its strain;
And I waiting near her,
(May love ever cheer her
Who thinks all such wandering of sin void and free,)
Strove hard to persuade her
That he who had made her
Had destined her heart-love for no one but me.

My little wife—well, perhaps this was wrong—
Sweet little, dear little, warm-hearted Jane,
Sat on the hillside till her shadow grew long,
Nor tired of the preacher that thus could detain.
I argued so neatly,
And proved so completely,
That none but poor Andrew her husband could be,
She smiled when I blessed her,
And blushed when I kissed her,
And owned that she loved and would wed none but me.

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Farm and Garden.

FARMYARD POULTRY.

It is said that the industrial statistics show an aggregate value of the poultry products of the United States to be annually about $100,000,000. This large estimate might seem exaggerated were it not that it is but an average of only $2 50 to each inhabitant of the entire country—an allowance certainly very moderate.

The attention lately paid to the new breeds of poultry shows that there is a margin for profit, which cannot fail to stimulate efforts to engage in it as a permanent occupation. With care, cleanliness, plenty of food, a good range, and comfortable quarters, we think there is no way of appropriating a moderate capital with better results, and in view of immediate incomes, than the poultry-yard.

Upon a good farm one or two thousand chickens, laying hens, turkeys, ducks, etc. can be raised annually on less than thirty acres, and the value of the eggs sold will more than pay for all goods bought at the village store; the farm can produce feed enough for the fowls, and the value of the poultry sent to market will form the *net income* of the farmer to lay by against a day of necessity or rest.

Good fowls are now selling in this city for 16 to 24 cents per pound, and eggs 24 to 36 cents per dozen. These prices ought to guarantee a *profit* of $3 annually to every hen kept by the farmer and $5 for every turkey.

The manurial droppings will pay to a certain extent in their value the keeping of each fowl; so that the farm loses nothing of its fertility, for it is returned back again yearly in supplies of manure for growing future crops.

Mr. Tegetmeier, an English poultry writer of thorough acquaintance with the subject, has published a paper lately, *showing the value* of all the different breeds of poulty to the practical agriculturist, which is the best we have ever seen, and we commend it to the attention of our readers:

"As at present exhibited, Spanish fowls are not of any great importance in a practical point of view. Every useful property has been more or less sacrificed in the endeavor to produce a breed possessing an enormous development of white skin on the face and ear-lobes. Some years since the Spanish were large hardy fowls, remarkable as prolific layers of very fine eggs. At the present time they are diminished in size, and are certainly much less hardy than was formerly the case. High-class Spanish are certainly not useful fowls for the farmyard.

"The Colored Dorkings are large framed, heavy birds, well adapted to produce first-rate chickens for the table. The drawback to these birds is that they are rather delicate, and require, especially when young, a considerable degree of attention to insure the production of large, well-grown birds.

"The White Dorkings are small in size as compared with the Colored breed; good birds of this variety are very scarce.

"Amongst the breeds that sit and hatch their own eggs Cochins take a good position. They are easily confined by a three-foot fence, quiet and domesticated in their habits, lay well, are exceedingly hardy, and furnish large, rapidly-growing chickens for the table, although, from their yellow skins and want of plumpness on the breast, they do not command the best price in the market.

"For really useful purposes, Brahmas closely resemble Cochins, but are somewhat superior to them in some respects. From the farmer's point of view, they are most useful, affording the means of a cross with the more delicate Dorkings; the cross-bred birds thus produced being of extraordinary excellence, growing rapidly, and being really admirable table fowls. Rearing these cross-bred birds for sale, as if two or three Brahma hens are put into a yard stocked with pure Dorkings, or Dorking hens with Brahmas, the eggs are easily distinguished by the color, and consequently either pure or cross-bred chickens can be hatched as desired. At those winter shows where prizes have been given for the best couple of fatted dead chickens, the birds have been in the great majority of instances carried off by cross-bred Brahma and Dorking.

"Game fowls are so generally known, and their properties so fully appreciated, that they require but little comment. Self-reliant, victorious, active, the hens admirable sitters and most courageous mothers, they are precisely suited for outlying localities, where the owls have in a great degree to look after themselves. They are fair layers and good, plump, though rather small table fowls.

"The Pencilled Hamburgs are non-sitters, but very constant layers of very small eggs, and as a profitable breed they are undoubtedly to be preferred; in their second and third years they cannot be surpassed as layers, and are most profitable and useful fowls, though in some localities their active habits and great powers of flight are objectionable. The Silver-spangled Hamburgs are not so largely bred in the southern counties of England as their merits deserve.

"Polish, with their singular tufted heads, are rather to be regarded as ornamental than a farmyard stock, although in suitable localities they are advantageous, being really prolific layers. The spangled are larger and hardier than the black variety.

"The French breeds are well worthy of the notice of the English agriculturist. Both the Crevecœurs and the La Flèche are black; the former being distinguished by a full crest of feathers, and the latter by a two-horned comb. Both varieties are large, white fleshed, and plump. As table fowls they cannot be surpassed. The young birds, fatted by being crammed with pellets of buckwheat, meal, and milk, supply the Paris markets with poultry of unequaled excellence.

"The Houdans are in some points even more useful, being much hardier and more easily reared than the La Flèche, which in this country have proved to be delicate. For a general useful breed the Houdans have no superior; they are most prolific as layers, very good table fowls, and perfectly hardy. They might perhaps be a trifle larger with advantage, though fully up to the average size; but, not being very heavy, they are good foragers, and, like game fowls, will in an outlying place find a good portion of their own food. Their only drawback is that they do not sit; but they lay a larger number of eggs than fowls of any incubating breed. Taken altogether, there is perhaps no breed better adapted for general market purposes than the Houdan.

"In suitable localities ducks are very profitable. Mr. Fowler, one of the best known exhibitors, says that £20,000 per annum is received in Aylesbury and its neighborhood for young ducks reared for the London market. Of the two, Aylesbury are the earliest layers. If well fed, they will lay in January. The eggs are then hatched under hens, and a large number of ducklings are placed in a sheltered warm place with one of the hens, fed with meal and milk, and sent to market when seven or eight weeks old, at which time they produce from 10s. to 18s. per couple during the early spring months."

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

HOW CONSUMERS ARE CHEATED.

Many Read by D. B. BRIEN, *of Newark, N. J., before Farmers' Club, N. Y., Dec. 23d, 1869.*

"The laborer is more especially interested in being properly protected in the expenditure of his daily wages than any other class; for every individual, whether a pauper or millionaire, has the same right to protection from fraud. There is no article of food necessary for the support of human life as bread, the price of a loaf is a fixed fact, whether it weighs more or less. Many bakers put up conspicuous notices in their place of business, "Large Bread." Whether their large loaves are puffed up by some chemical process, or by the use of some deleterious article lighter than flour, or by their liberality to the laboring man, to give him more for his money than his fellow-tradesman, is a question that can only be solved by the use of the sealer's weights and measures. The manner in which poultry is brought to market for sale is another fraud on the public which requires better regulations. Some cities require all poultry brought to market for sale to be cleanly dressed, with the giblets in, and the head cut off near the body. It often happens that turkeys, and fowls of all kinds, are well fed, with corn before they are killed for market, with the corn left in the crop, head on, and entrails in the fowl. A turkey weighing 12 to 20 pounds, with the corn in the crop, and head and entrails, will add 1 to 2 pounds to its weight—a considerable item in the cost of a turkey when selling at 25 to 40 cents per pound. Let poulterers charge what they please for their fowls; but let them be directed to every part that is not eatable, except the feathers which hold the body together, when the purchaser will not be compelled to purchase corn at 35 cents per pound retail, when he is not in want of the article. The unwholesome meats that are offered in the markets for food is another evil that should be reached. If any member of the Club will go through Washington Market for a few days in succession, he can see the flesh of forces of veal calves that never was borne. The prices paid for beef by retail is extortionate. The highest price for first quality bullocks—well dressed meat—averages, for a long time past, 16 cents per pound. If it is an old saying that a bullock makes five quarters; or, in other words, the hide and tallow make the fifth quarter. The average weights of the dressed meat of first quality bullocks 850 pounds. The cost of the dressed meat at 16 cents is $136. In cutting up and retailing, one-half (425 pounds) will bring 25 cents per pound, which is $136 25; medium cuts will bring 16 cents per pound, which, for 225 pounds, is $36; the rough meat, 300 pounds, 2½ cents per pound, is $25; the tallow, average 85 pounds, 9½ cents per pound, is $8 08; tallow will average 85 pounds, at 6½ cents per pound, is $5 53, making $180 80 cash realized for the bullock. The bullock costing $136, leaves a clear profit of $43 76 on the outlay of $136. The great cause of keeping up starvation prices for produce of all kinds brought from a distance, and preventing competition and a liberal supply at all times, is the toll-tale telegraph wires, which prevents all produce from coming into the market in greater quantities than a supply sufficient to command extortionate prices. *Fish*, both scale and shell, reach the market only through middle-men. For three or four years previous to the last, I was at different localities on the seashore where fishermen follow it as a business. Prices for sea bass in New York averaged through the season 12c. to 20c. per lb., whilst the highest price the fishmen received was 5c. per lb., and the greatest part of the time but 4c. At Tom's River clams sold to wagoners for $3 per thousand, and carted thirty or forty miles in the interior of the country, and retailed for 40c. to 50c. per hundred, whilst the same article was retailed in New York markets for $1 per hundred. Vegetables and fruit seldom reach the consumer but through middle-men. They are monopolized before they reach the market, and generally kept on hand until they become unmarketable, rather than let competition regulate the price. But little is known by the community how almost every article of the productive agricultural industry of the country is monopolized and reaches the consumer only through middle-men. At Albany I have found the price of beef to average 5c. per lb. less than in New York. At Utica, Syracuse, Auburn, Geneva, Elmira, and all the principal towns west of Albany, the prices of beef would average 10 cents per pound less than in New York. Near the terminus of the railroads coming into Albany and Troy there are extensive cattle-yards, where cattle are herded until the tell-tale telegraph wire informs the monopolizers that it will answer to hurry their cattle to market. By this means the price of beef has been and will be kept up at starvation prices so long as capital can control the market. For a number of years I had my butter sent to me by a friend from Western New York, at the difference of 10 to 12 cents per pound less than New York prices. My correspondent at length informed me that New York monopolizers went through the country and made their contracts with dairymen for all the butter they made, and required all the tubs to be regularly numbered, to prevent any outside dealing, and that the only way he could supply me was by the dairyman making two tubs the same number and letting him have one. For two years afterward I got my butter from 10 to 12 cents per pound less than New York prices; but my friend was obliged to take a twin number, without any choice of quality. I was obliged to abandon my Western supply, and pay New York prices, to get the same quality of butter that I had formerly had at producer's prices. When in Illinois, I inquired the price of potatoes, and was told that if they were delivered on the wagon they would be three cents per bushel; but if the purchaser would take them from the cellar, he would be welcome to them. These potatoes could have been delivered in New York for twenty-five cents per bushel; but before the monopolizers or middle-men would have allowed them to come into the market at the price they could be afforded at they would have purchased them and thrown them into the river. A friend of mine in Cambridge, Illinois, sold his wheat at Geneseo depot, on the Rock Island Railroad, for seventy-five cents per bushel, and carted it ten miles. I do not recollect the price of flour in New York at that time; but I recollect the impression made on my mind, that I could not comprehend the low price of wheat on a railroad in Illinois, and the high price of flour in New York. It is unnecessary to particularize any further the burdens the community has to bear in consequence of productive labor not reaching the consumer through the legitimate channels of trade. Just so long as capital sufficient for margin in speculating or gambling in the productive resources of the country can be controlled, and the telegraph-wires reaching every Western country town, by which information can be communicated and answers returned with lightning speed, just so long will the consumers of the productive industry of the country be compelled to contribute their hard earnings to the support of the most bloodthirsty set of vampires that ever disgraced a community with transactions they call business. There are many other grievances in market regulations than what I have named, or in the neglect of them, that are burdensome to the public, and prevents the producer from realizing his share of the plunder that is collected from the community by middlemen, which call for reform.

THE VALUE OF LEAVES.—A bushel of well-pressed dry leaves, as they fall from the trees in autumn, weighs about four pounds; by further drying they part with a little more than 50 per cent. of water held in the cells of the leaf structure. A cord of absolutely dry leaves will weigh about 325 pounds, reckoning 100 bushels to the cord. In weight, then, a cord represents about one-twelfth of a cord of wet barnyard manure; and, if they contain the same amount of fertilizing material in the same condition, would be equal in value to that amount of manure. But this is far from being the fact. The dried leaves I have found to stand relatively to the leached organic matter of manure as 10 to 30 in ash value; and when the soluble salts of manure are taken into account the comparative value is as 10 to 60, weight for weight. A cord of dry forest leaves, made up of the usual deciduous varieties—maple, beech, oak, etc.—has an actual *money value of ten dollars per cord, reckoning* stable manure at eight dollars the cord. Will it pay to collect them? Certainly not for the amount of fertilizing material they contain. As litter or absorbents in the stable, leaves have some value; but much less than straw, inasmuch as they lack the reedy character of straw, and because they are far more difficultly and slowly decomposed.—*Dr. James R. Nichols.*

In every one hundred pounds of cow's urine there are sixty-five pounds of water, five pounds urea, five pounds of phosphate of lime, twelve pounds of sal ammoniac and muriate of potash, and ten pounds of carbonate potash and ammonia; while the solid excrements obtained from one cow are estimated to manure three times the amount. Our dairy farmers will see, therefore, how important it is to have tanks connected with their stables in which to deposit this material; or a good supply of sawdust, dry earth, or muck, for absorbing it in the gutters of the stable. Urine is more efficient on light soils than on clay lands and strong loams; on the latter much of its carbonate of ammonia is evolved before it can penetrate into them.

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CHIMES AND BELLS OF ALL SIZES FOR

Churches, Factories, Academies, etc., etc.

MADE OF PURE BELL-METAL,

(Copper and Tin.)

ROTARY MOUNTINGS, THE BEST IN USE.

WARRANTED SATISFACTORY.

Large Illustrated Catalogue sent *free* upon application to

JONES & CO., TROY, N. Y.

NOTE—The City of Troy having become celebrated for its Bells has led some manufacturers at other places to claim that they made their reputation. This, though entirely untrue, we accept as a most emphatic endorsement of our Bells by our competitors. *There is no other Bell Foundry at Troy but ours;* and, while we are glad to please our rivals by our superior work, we do not know why any reference should be made to it by them, unless to gain some *advantage* from the superiority of our Bells.

BELLS FOR CHURCHES,

Academies, Schoolhouses, Factories Shops, etc., etc. Send for circular and prices,

RUMSEY & CO.,

Seneca Falls, N. Y.

BELLS.

BELLS.

Amalgam Bells for Churches, Schools, Cemeteries, Farms, Factories, etc. Used for fifteen years in the States and Canadas, giving the best satisfaction. From 50 to 5,000 pounds, only 30 cents per pound, and Warranted. Send for descriptive circular to the manufacturer.

SAMUEL S. DAVIS,

No. 43 Dey Street, N. Y.

FURNITURE, CARPETING, ETC.

Holiday Presents

30 PER CENT. LESS

THAN BROADWAY PRICES.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Easy Chairs, Lounges, Flower-stands, Work-tables, Cabinets, Etageres, Card-tables, Parlor, Library, and Dining Suites in Great Varieties.

Wm. H. LEE,

No. 199 Fulton St.,

Between Broadway and Greenwich st., N.Y.

ALSO, THE NEW STYLE SOFA BEDSTEAD.

T. BROOKS & Co.,

Furniture and Upholstery Warehouse,

Nos. 127 AND 129 FULTON ST.,

(Corner Sands street), BROOKLYN.

We use none but the best seasoned Wood, and the finest materials. Our Patterns are new and elegant in design; and our Workmanship unsurpassed.

CURTAINS IN EVERY STYLE.

PURE HAIR MATTRESSES AND SPRING UNDERBEDS.

Goods delivered in New York free of charge; also packed to any part of the country.

B. W. MERRIAM & CO.,

577 Broadway,

Near Prince St., (Opposite Niblo's),

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT

OF ELEGANT AND FASHIONABLE

LOOKING GLASSES

in America, at Prices

Greatly Reduced.

Wholesale Buyers supplied with every article pertaining to the Trade at

LOWEST PRICES.

FURNITURE.

E. W. HUTCHINGS & SON,

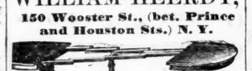
99 and 101 Fourth Avenue,

Formerly 415 Broadway.

Manufacturers of RICH DECORATIVE and PLAIN FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, and DECORATIONS. One of the largest assortments in the city. Designs furnished and estimates given.

WILLIAM HEERDT,

150 Wooster St., (bet. Prince and Houston Sts.) N. Y.



A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

EXTENSION TABLES

constantly on hand. *The oldest establishment of the kind in the country.* Every article warranted as represented and sold at a moderate price.

J. F. C. Pickhardt,

Manufacturer of Solid

FINE CABINET FURNITURE, UPHOLSTERY, Etc.

Warerooms 167 BLEECKER ST., corner of Sullivan;

FACTORY 203 and 205 SULLIVAN, NEW YORK.

FIRST PREMIUM, AMERICAN INSTITUTE, N. Y., 1865 AND 1867. AWARDED TO

Pickhardt's Patent Extension Secretary and Sofa Bedsteads,

(Patented Feb. 21st, 1860, and May 8th, 1866.)

The most desirable and useful article now before the public.

SYPHER & CO.,

(SUCCESSORS TO D. MARLEY.)

No. 557 Broadway, New York,

DEALERS IN

MODERN & ANTIQUE FURNITURE, BRONZES,

CHINA, and ARTICLES of VERTU.

W. A. WILLARD & CO.,

LOOKING GLASSES,

177 CANAL STREET.

Second Block west of the Bowery. NEW YORK.

CLOTHING.

GEO. M. TRACY continues to make his fine Improved Yoke Shirts to order, and a perfect fit warranted. The best and cheapest shirts in the city. One trial will convince any one of his superiority in the manufacture and fitting of shirts.

Three and Four ply Linen Collars,

Gloves, Suspenders, Hosiery,

Spring and Summer Undergarments.

A complete assortment of all kinds Men's Furnishing Goods, wholesale and retail, by

GEO. M. TRACY, Agt.,

No. 68 William st., cor. of Cedar, N. Y.

INSURANCE.

The EQUITABLE

LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

OF THE UNITED STATES.

No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

(After May 1st, 1870, No. 120 BROADWAY.)

Assets, - - $12,000,000.

Income, - - - $6,500,000.

This Society presents all the real advantages to policyholders which can with safety and PERFECT SECURITY be conceded by any Life Insurance Company.

Its means are ample, and its investments are confined by Law and its Charter to the most solid and reliable securities.

It is PURELY MUTUAL in principle, all its profits being annually divided among policyholders, and may be used to reduce the second and subsequent premiums or to the increase of the policy.

Especial attention is directed to

THE TONTINE DIVIDEND PLAN

of applying profits introduced by this Society, which, it is believed, will result in greater returns to policyholders than have ever before been made by any Life Insurance Company in the world. Pamphlets, fully explaining the Tontine System of Dividends, may be had by mail or at the office of the Society.

The Society is prompt in the payment of all losses, and its liberality to its members in every respect is limited only by prudence and perfect safety.

Its transactions are in Cash only—neither receiving nor paying out notes in premiums or losses.

The rank of "THE EQUITABLE" among all American companies as to new business done since its organization stands as follows:

In 1860 it was the NINTH.
In 1861, the EIGHTH,
In 1862 and 1863, the SEVENTH.
In 1864 and 1865, the SIXTH.
In 1866, the FOURTH.
In 1867, the THIRD,
In 1868, the SECOND.

"This Corporation (The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—Hon. WILLIAM BARNES, *President of the New York Ins. Department—Report, 1868.*

WILLIAM C. ALEXANDER, President.
HENRY B. HYDE, Vice-President.
GEORGH W. PHILLIPS, Actuary.
JAMES W. ALEXANDER, Secretary.
EDWARD W. LAMBERT, M. D., } Medical
ALFRED LAMBERT, M. D., } Examiners.

HOME

Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK,

Office, No. 135 Broadway.

Cash Capital - $2,000,000 00

Assets July 1, 1869 - - - 4,243,234 53

Liabilities - - - - - - 75,489 35

ABSTRACT OF THE

THIRTY-SECOND SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,

Showing the condition of the Company on the 1st day of July, 1869.

ASSETS.

Cash, Balance in Bank	$127,866 90
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	1,379,800 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	418,227 00
United States Stocks (market value)	1,581,979 00
State, Municipal, and Bank Stocks and Bonds (market value)	200,466 00
Other Property, Miscellaneous items	194,719 65
Total	$4,243,234 53

CHAS. J. MARTIN, President.
A. F. WILLMARTH, Vice-Pres't.
D. A. HEALD, 2d Vice-Pres't.
J. H. WASHBURN, Secretary
GEO. M. LYON, Assistant Secretary.
T. B. GREENE, 2d Assistant Secretary.

ECLECTIC

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE 167 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK CITY.

MERRITT H. SMITH, President.

E. H. ARENBURGH, Vice-President.

G. de MACARTY, Secretary.

ISRAEL C. PIERSON, Actuary.

R. S. NEWTON, M.D., Medical Director.

F. L. R. SATTERLEE, M.D., Medical Examiner.

This is the only ECLECTIC COMPANY in the world. Insurances granted on all known methods and made

INTERCHANGEABLE,

at the option of the assured, without surrender or loss.

ANNUAL DIVIDENDS

PREMIUMS IN CASH entitled to CASH DIVIDENDS.

Premiums settled partly by LOANS ON INTEREST have balances

CANCELED BY DIVIDENDS.

STOCK OR NON-PARTICIPATING ASSURANCE, without dividends, on the best terms, and LOWER THAN IS OFFERED BY STOCK COMPANIES.

Dividends declared on the Contribution Plan.

THIRTY DAYS' GRACE, on application, for payment of premiums.

NO POLICY IN THIS SOCIETY shall be forfeited, or become void by the non-payment of premium thereon,

PAID-UP POLICIES granted after one premium.

The MASSACHUSETTS LAW in full adopted by this Company, and applied whenever preferred by the assured. It grants an extension of the policy for the full amount until the net value is exhausted. Thus: Age 35. Premium $20 28. The holder is entitled without further payment to the following extra insurance. When 3d payment is due and unpaid, 1 year 3 days.

"	3d	"	"	3 "	27 "
"	4th	"	"	3 "	27 "
"	5th	"	"	4 "	60 "

LOSSES promptly adjusted in CASH.

No extra rates for assurance of Women or Officers of the Army, Navy, Steamships, or Railways.

ALL RECENT IMPROVEMENTS adopted, and all DESIRABLE CONCESSIONS to the assured made.

NO OTHER COMPANY OFFERS ALL THE FOREGOING ADVANTAGES.

THE MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

144 and 146 BROADWAY.

F. S. WINSTON, President.

CASH ASSETS

Over $36,000,000,

Invested in Loans on Bond and Mortgage or United States Stocks.

ISSUES EVERY APPROVED DESCRIPTION OF LIFE AND ENDOWMENT POLICIES ON SELECTED LIVES AT MODERATE RATES, RETURNING ALL SURPLUS ANNUALLY TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS TO BE USED EITHER IN PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS OR TO PURCHASE ADDITIONAL INSURANCE, AT THE OPTION OF THE ASSURED.

RICHARD A. McCURDY,
Vice-President.

JOHN M. STUART, Secretary.
F. SCHROEDER, Ass't Secretary.
SHEPPARD HOMANS, Actuary.
LEWIS C. LAWTON, Ass't Actuary.

"PARTICIPATION INSURANCE."

The only system of insurance under which a company's ability to pay its losses KEEPS FULL PACE with its increasing business and consequent increasing liability to those, who, without imposing any liability whatever upon the holders of its Policies.

CONTINENTAL

INSURANCE COMPANY,

102 Broadway, New York.

STATEMENT OF JULY 1, 1869.

CASH CAPITAL	$500,000 00
SURPLUS	1,512,622 50
CASH ASSETS	$2,012,622 50

THE

CONTINENTAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Insures against loss and damage by fire on all kinds of buildings, merchandise, household furniture, farm property, including stock, RENTS, LEASES, and all other insurable property, *at reasonable rates of Premium*, on the PARTICIPATING PLAN, dividing three-fourths of the profits to the customers in scrip bearing interest at six per cent. per annum, redeemable in cash in the order of its issue, as rapidly as the accumulation represented by the scrip exceeds the sum of $500,000.

The scrip issues of this Company for 1867, '68, '69, 60, '61, and '62 are now being redeemed in cash.

DIRECTORS:

GEORGE T. HOPE, President.
H. H. LAMPORT, Vice-President.

A. A. Low	A. A. Low & Brothers.
JOHN D. MAIRS	David Dows & Co.
S. B. CHITTENDEN	S. B. Chittenden & Co.
LORING ANDREWS	Loring Andrews & Sons
WM. T. COLEMAN	Wm. T. Coleman & Co.
H. H. HOUSTON	Grinnell, Minturn & Co.
WILLIAM T. BOOTH	Booth & Edgar.
CHAS. M. CONNOLLY	Connolly & Co.
WILLIAM V. BRADY	
GEORGE W. LANE	Geo. W. Lane & Co.
CHAS. CURRY TABER	C. & J. M. Taber.
SAMUEL D. BABCOCK	Babcock, Brothers & Co.
HENRY C. BOWEN	Henry C. Bowen.
AURELIUS B. HULL	Fahnestock, Hull & Co.
JAMES FRASER	Fraser, Major & Co.
WILLIAM M. VAIL	
MIRAM BARNEY	Barney, Weller & Parsons.
MOSES TAYLOR	Moses Taylor & Co.
SHEPPARD GANDY	Sheppard Gandy.
GEORGE GRISWOLD	N. & G. Griswold.
SAMUEL A. SAWYER	Sawyer, Wallace Co.
JAMES CURTIS	President Washington Life Ins. Co.
WILLIAM D. MORGAN	E. E. Morgan & Son.
WM. M. RICHARDS	
URIEL A. MUNDOCK	President Continental Bank.
H. H.	President Merchants' Bank.
CHARLES LANMAN	C. H. Marshall & Co.
J. H. BIGHAM	Late Brigham & Parsons.
WELLINGTON CLAFLIN	Late Claflin & Kent.
BRADEN JOHNSON	Johnson & Lazarus.
JOHN CAGWELL	John Cagwell & Co.
HENRY F. SPALDING	Spalding, Hunt & Co.
JOHN FAGIN	
JOSEPH HATFIELD	Edgerton, Battell & Co.
ROBERT McCURDY, late	McCurdy, Aldrich & Spencer.
GEORGE S. STEPHENSON	George S. Stephenson & Co.
GEORGE MOORE	Parsonage & Co.
WM. RICHARDS	Richards & Collins.
JOHN H. EARLE	Earl & Cunningham.
HENRY EYRE	
CHARLES H. BOOTH	Charles H. Booth & Co.
EDWARD MARTIN	Edward Martin & Co.
HORACE B. CLAFLIN	H. B. Claflin & Co.

CYRUS PECK Secretary.

METROPOLITAN

INSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 108 Broadway, N. Y.

Capital, $300,000.

Insures Fire Risks

AT CUSTOMARY RATES.

R. M. C. GRAHAM, President.
W. S. NEWELL, Secretary.
SAMUEL J. YOUNG, Assistant Secretary.

HOME

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

MUTUAL.

No. 256 BROADWAY, New York.

Assets, $2,000,000. Assured Members, 10,000.

OFFICERS:

WALTER S. GRIFFITH, *President.* I. H. FROTHINGHAM, *Treasurer.*
GEORGE C. RIPLEY, *Secretary.* WILLIAM J. COFFIN, *Actuary*

AGENTS WANTED

Agents Wanted.

ADDRESS BOX 6088,

New York Post-office.

GUARDIAN

Mutual Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

No. 251 Broadway.

Assets, rapidly increasing, $1,500,000.

ALL APPROVED FORMS OF POLICIES ISSUED. LIBERAL MODES FOR THE PAYMENT OF PREMIUMS. ALL POLICIES NON-FORFEITABLE BY THEIR TERMS.

The Entire Profits of the Company Divided Equitably among the Insured.

LAST RETURN OF PREMIUM FIFTY PER CENT.

The Premium and Dividend System of this Company combines the best features of all the modern plans of Life Insurance.

If the premium is paid ALL CASH, the dividends begin with the second annual premium and continue annually thereafter; they may be applied either to reduce the premium charged or to increase the amount insured.

Premiums may also be paid two-thirds in cash, the remaining one-third being endorsed as a Loan upon the policy.

NO NOTES ARE REQUIRED.

In this case dividends begin with the Fourth annual premium and continue annually, and are applied to cancel the Loans outstanding.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. JOHN A. DIX	New York.
Hon. JAMES HARPER	Firm: Harper & Bros. Ex-Mayor, N. Y.
JOHN J. CRANE	President Bank Republic.
WILLIAM T. HOOKER	Wall Street.
WILLIAM M. VERMILYE	Banker, [Vermilye & Co.]
CHARLES G. ROCKWOOD	Cashier Newark Banking Co.
Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE	Ex-Mayor of New York.
MINOT C. MORGAN	Banker.
THOMAS RIGNEY	Firm: Thos. Rigney & Co.
BENJ. B. SHERMAN	Treasurer N. Y. Steam Sugar Refining Co.
AARON ARNOLD	Firm: Arnold, Constable &
RICH'D H. BOWNE	Firm: John Wetmore & Bowne.
E. V. HAUGHWOUT	Firm: E. V. Haughwout & Co.
WILLIAM WILKENS	Firm: W. Wilkens & Co.
JULIUS H. PRATT	Merchant.
WILLIAM W. WHITMAN	Merchant.
CHARLES J. STARR	Merchant.
WILLIAM ALLEN	Merchant.
GEO. W. CUTLER	Banker, Palmyra, N. Y.
GEO. T. HOPE	Pres't Continental Fire Ins. Co.
JOHN H. SHERWOOD	Park Place.
WALTON H. PUCKHAM	Cor. 5th av. and 23d st.
EDWARD H. WRIGHT	Merchant, N. J.
GEORGE W. FARLEE	Counselor.
WILLIAM L. COGSWELL	Merchant.

WALTON H. PECKHAM, Prest.

WILLIAM T. HOOKER, *Vice-President.* LUCIUS McADAM, *Actuary & Secretary.*

W. E. VERMILYE, Medical Examiner.

MANHATTAN

Life Insurance Co.

OF NEW YORK.

Offices Nos. 156 & 158 Broadway.

No Experiment, but an Established Institution!

Organized A. D. 1850.

HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.

C. Y. WEMPLE Vice-President.
J. L. HALSEY, Secretary.

S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Assist. Sec'y.

A business of nineteen years, characterized by prudence and economy, and the utmost care in the selection of risks, has placed this in a condition inferior to that of no other Company, and superior to the majority. The true standard by which to judge of a Company's strength is not the AMOUNT of its assets, but the RATIO OF ITS ASSETS TO ITS LIABILITIES.

We refer with pride and confidence to the following figures of the MAHATTAN as shown by official statements of New York and Massachusetts.

ASSETS, JANUARY 1, 1869.....$5,338,341.
SURPLUS OVER LIABILITIES.....$1,664,310.
RATIO.....*$120 Assets for every $100 Liabilities.*
RATIO OF EXPENSES TO RECEIPTS.....15.36.

THE INTEREST RECEIVED FROM ITS INVESTMENTS MORE THAN PAYS ITS EXPENSES OF MANAGEMENT.

The Dividends declared by the MAHATTAN are PROGRESSIVE and increase with the age of the Policy

The Company is paying some Sixty per cent. dividends this year. It offers the largest Bonus ever given by any Company in so short a time.

All Limited Payment and Endowment Policies are non-forfeiting after ONE PAYMENT. For instance, if payments cease on Ten-year plan, paid-up Policies are issued for one-tenth of original Policy for each payment made, without equivocation or subterfuge.

We respectfully ask the attention of Insurers to the advantages offered by our Company.

GENERAL AGENTS.

GEORGE A. FRENCH, Manchester, N. H., for Maine and New Hampshire.
EVERETT & PEIRCE, Boston, Massachusetts, for Eastern Massachusetts.
O. L. SHELDON, Rochester, New York, for Northern New York.
R. J. BALL, Buffalo, New York, for Western New York.
J. R. CARR, Philadelphia, Pa., for Philadelphia and Delaware.
J. ADAIR PLEASANTS, Richmond, Va., for Virginia, North and South Carolina, etc.
LEWIS, SMYTH & CO., Cleveland, Ohio, for Ohio and Kentucky.
GEO. N. REYNOLDS, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, for Wisconsin.
LANDERS & CO., San Francisco, for the Pacific Coast.
W. NISBET & CO., St. Louis, for Missouri.

ECONOMICAL

MUTUAL

Life Insurance Co.,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

LIFE INSURANCE WITHIN REACH OF ALL, RICH AND POOR.

For every $1,000 of Liabilities it has $1,820 in Assets.

ADVANTAGES OFFERED BY THIS COMPANY.

1. Lower rates of premium than any other Mutual Company.
2. Stock rates as low as can safely be afforded by any Company.
3. No extra rates on Officers of Lake and River Boats, on lives of Women, or Officers of the Army and Navy.
4. Cash Dividends applied to reduce the second and all subsequent annual premiums, or to increase the insurance, if desired thereby, securing
5. An Increasing Policy or a Decreasing Premium.
6. No premiums forfeitable. This Company will issue a paid-up policy for one annual premium.
7. It pays no percentage to Directors.
8. The Officers and Directors are men of national reputation and known integrity, numbering among others Senators SPRAGUE and ANTHONY, General BURNSIDE, and the Hon. ELIZUR WRIGHT.

Its rapid and healthy growth is convincing proof of the confidence reposed by the public in its soundness and liberality.

*Number of Policies Issued from June, 1867, to June, 1868, 1,005, Insu

DECISION
ON
Steam Boilers.
THE
HARRISON SAFETY BOILER
was awarded the First Medal and Diploma at the AMERICAN INSTITUTE FAIR, 1869, for
SAFETY,
ECONOMY OF FUEL AND ECONOMY OF SPACE.
400 HORSE-POWER at A. T. STEWART'S.
437 HORSE-POWER at the JERSEY CITY SUGAR REFINERY.
OVER 1,000 BOILERS IN USE.
HARRISON BOILER WORKS, PHILADELPHIA.
John A. Coleman,
AGENT,
No. 49 MURRAY ST., N. Y.
Boston Office, 36 KILBY STREET.

The Gorham Ware
May be Obtained from
ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,
No. 20 John Street, New York.
COMMUNION SERVICES.
In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of chaste and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application.
ADAMS, CHANDLER & Co.,
No. 20 John street, New York.

HOLIDAY IMPORTATIONS.
We invite the attention of our customers and the public to the brilliant line of
Fancy Goods,
designed especially for
Christmas Presents
SELECTED FROM THE PRINCIPAL MANUFACTORIES OF EUROPE.
NEW AND ELEGANT DESIGNS IN JEWELRY AND SILVER-WARE.
Articles will be carefully packed and sent to all points in the city and country.
Schuyler, Hartley & Graham,
No. 22 JOHN St. and 19 MAIDEN LANE.

Choice Wedding & Holiday Goods.
Jewelry, Watches,
AND
SILVER WARE,
With a splendid stock of
DIAMOND RINGS, PINS AND EARRINGS, STUDS, etc. Call and see them at
SQUIRE & LANDER'S,
No. 97 FULTON ST., NEW YORK.

AT THE
American Institute Fairs,
held in New York in 1867 and 1869, and at the
Mechanics' Fair,
held in Boston in 1869,
REED & BARTON
RECEIVED THE
HIGHEST PRIZES OVER ALL COMPETITORS FOR
Silver-plated Ware.
The ware exhibited by them
WAS ENTIRELY OF THEIR OWN MANUFACTURE,
beautiful in design and finish, and consisted of specimens of nearly every variety of Table Ware in use.
The Judges, in their report making the award, speak in the highest terms of the Ware exhibited by them.
MANUFACTORY AT TAUNTON, MASS.
Salesroom at
NO. 2 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK.

Simpson, Hall, Miller & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Improved Electro Plate,
WITH
PURE SILVER.
The experience of FORTY YEARS on the part of our Mr. Simpson, and the use of new and ingenious labor-saving machinery, enables us to offer to the trade a line of goods in
ORIGINAL AND ELEGANT DESIGNS,
which for BEAUTY, FINISH, and DURABILITY
CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
All goods bearing our trade-mark,
"Improved Electro Treble Plate,"
ARE OF THE BEST QUALITY PRODUCED;
and, if found defective or not as represented, can be returned and the money will be refunded.
OFFICE AND FACTORY, WALLINGFORD, CONN.
SAMPLE AND SALESROOM, 19 JOHN STREET, N. Y.

USE
JEWELL BROTHERS'
CELEBRATED
LEAVENING
FLOUR.
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
C. A. STEVENS & CO.,
40 East 14th St., Union Square, New York,

ARE OFFERING
a choice selection of Diamonds, Pearls, Sapphires, and other gems, mounted in the most artistic manner. Also, Fine Jewelry of every variety. Watches from the best American and European manufacturers.
Silver and Plated Ware, a choice selection constantly on hand.
Particular attention given to the Resetting of Diamonds and the Manufacture of Silverware for Testimonials and Weddings, from original designs.
Agents for the sale of the Improved Stem Winder Watch and for the United States Watch Co., of Marion, New Jersey.
Send for circular

THE
Union Spring Hinge
FOR DOORS AND GATES.
"The most effective and best Hinge we have used."
UNION FERRY COMPANY, Brooklyn.
Address
THE UNION SPRING-HINGE COMPANY,
79 Chambers street, N. Y.
Send for Circular.

OTIS
SAFETY
HOISTING MACHINERY.
OTIS BROS. & CO.
No. 348 Broadway, New York.

Gifts for the Holidays.
The undersigned, agents for the celebrated BOREL & COURVOISIER jacket straight line and equilibrium escapement lever WATCHES, have been instructed to close out the balance of their stock of GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES AT WHOLESALE PRICES, DURING THE HOLIDAYS ONLY.
All Watches warranted by special certificate.
QUINCHE & KRUGLER.
Nos. 8 and 10 John St., up-stairs.

HOLIDAY GOODS.
No. 652 Broadway.
SWISS WATCHES,
of all styles and prices.
PARIS AND GENEVA JEWELRY,
FRENCH CLOCKS, BRONZES,
MANTEL ORNAMENTS,
CHINA VASES,
FANS, OPERA GLASSES,
MUSICAL BOXES,
and a large selection of
PARIS AND VIENNA NOVELTIES,
well adapted for
HOLIDAY PRESENTS.
Ve J. MAGNIN, GUEDIN & Co.,
Importers and Wholesale Dealers.
Sole Agents for the
NARDIN WATCH.

LAMB KNITTING MACHINE
WITH MARSHALL'S, RISLEY & CRANDELL'S Improvements, which make complete and *best* Knitter in the world. *We mean what we say, and will forfeit one thousand dollars if what we claim isn't true.* For circulars and sample stocking, address, enclosing stamp,
N. D. ORNE & CO.,
1 and 3 Market St., Rochester, N. Y.

TURNER BROTHERS,
BANKERS,
NO. 14 NASSAU STREET,
Buy and Sell Gold and all Marketable Securities, receive money on deposit, and make collections in all parts of the United States and British Provinces.

WALTHAM WATCHES ARE THE BEST.

Financial & Commercial.

FINANCIAL THEATRICALS.

THE recent scene in Congress, opening with a bombshell pitched into the House by Mr. Mungen, a Democratic repudiator from Ohio, followed up by a vigorous attack conducted by Messrs. Brooks, Randall, Slocum, Cox, Kerr, and Woodward, and then ending with the passage of the financial resolution proposed by Mr. Garfield, really looks as if the first two acts of the scene were planned beforehand. It certainly has a dramatic appearance. If this be its true character, all parties acted their part exceedingly well. Mr. Mungen, an out-and-out repudiator, was just the man to make the speech he made in favor of repudiating the public debt. This gave a capital opportunity for leading Democrats in the House to make counter-speeches, disavow the doctrine, and give the Democratic party a chance to extricate itself from the rather ugly inferences drawn from its political antecedents. We do not know that there was any plan for this purpose; but the Democratic part of the drama certainly went off with the promptitude and accuracy of previous training. The actors who did up the business of part second seemed exceedingly anxious that the world should understand that the Democratic party as such has no sympathy with repudiation.

The resolution proposed by Mr. Garfield, and unanimously passed with only one dissenting vote, (quite a number of Democrats being absent at the time of the vote), declares "that the proposition, direct or indirect, to repudiate any portion of the debt of the United States is unworthy the honor and good name of the nation; and that the House, without distinction of party, hereby sets its seal and condemnation on any and all such propositions." We confess that we do not like this resolution in the connections in which it was offered and passed. It lacks the cardinal element of explicitness. It does not so nail the point as to drive all the repudiators to the wall, and make them show their hand. It is a well-know fact that Mr. Pendleton and his followers, who propose to pay the bonded debt in greenbacks, do not admit that this is repudiation "direct or indirect." They claim that it would be an honest liquidation of the obligation; and hence every man of them could have voted for this resolution, with their understanding of its meaning, and we think it not unlikely that some did so vote. Any resolution that really hits the point in controversy, as this does not, must definitely declare that the public debt, except where otherwise expressly provided by law, is payable, both principal and interest, in *coin*. We are surprised that Mr. Garfield, who is himself right on this subject, did not so word his resolution as to make every member of the House toe the mark, without the possibility of a dodge. We never had a better opportunity to make Democrats squarely and fairly face the music. We regret that he did not improve it.

Let us add the hope that Congress will not find it necessary to pass any more resolutions in the assertion of its own honesty or that of the American people. The country has had enough of this. The thing has already been carried to the very extreme of good taste and allowable propriety. To be constantly passing resolutions on the subject implies that the point is not yet settled in the public mind; and such is not the fact. It is settled, and that too as perfectly as anything can be in a republican government. If there are fools or knaves who are determined to disgrace themselves by still preaching repudiation, let them be answered, if necessary, by debate, or hand them over to the press; but let Congress *as such* consult its own dignity by treating all such *asses* with sovereign and silent contempt. Pass them by as of no consequence.

THE TAX ON STATE BANKS.

IN July, 1866, Congress passed a law declaring that "every national banking association, state bank, or state banking association shall pay a tax of ten per centum on the amount of notes of any person, state bank, or state banking institution used for circulation, and paid out by them after the first day of August, 1866; and such tax shall be assessed and paid in such manner as shall be prescribed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue." The Bank of Veazie, in the State of Maine, paid this tax under a protest, and brought an issue before the United States Court, to test the constitutionality of the law imposing it. The bank took two grounds in opposition to the tax: first, that it is a *direct* tax, and hence unconstitutional, because not apportioned among the several states, according to the requirements of the Constitution; secondly, that the act imposing it invades a franchise granted by the state, and that Congress has no right to pass any law with this intent or result. The Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States for the State of Maine were unable to agree as to these points, and hence the whole question was carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States. This court has recently rendered its decision, overruling the objections set up by the bank, and declaring the law to be constitutional.

The judgment of the court in this case settles the whole question as to the right of Congress, in its discretion, to tax the circulation of state banks. The evident object sought to be accomplished by this tax of ten per cent. is not one of revenue to the Government, but of discouragement and virtual prohibition of any paper circulation not authorized by Congress. The law has very effectually secured this end; and, as we think, with decided advantages to the country. The Constitution expressly grants to Congress the power of coining money; and, as Chief Justice Chase remarks, "it is settled by the uniform practice of the Government, and by repeated decisions, that Congress may constitutionally authorize the emission of bills of credit." Such an emission it has authorized in the notes of the United States and those of the national banks, designing thereby to supply a currency to the people, and, moreover, making the General Government responsible for its redemption, primarily in respect to the first form of emission, and alternately in respect to the second. The necessities of the country during the war furnished the occasion which led Congress to exercise its powers in respect to the currency; and for the result we have a *national* currency in use among the people, and this only. The circulation of the notes of state banks is practically taxed into non-existence.

This change we regard as a very great improvement in the monetary arrangements of the country. Formerly, our bank-note circulation was wholly that authorized by the state, while Congress confined its powers simply to the coining of money; thus leaving the whole subject of banking to the legislation of the several states. We had no national currency, and none of uniform value in all parts of the land; and hence the people were subjected not only to all the uncertainties and divergent policies of state legislation in regard to banking, but also to the inconvenience and losses of using a currency that was not actually current in all places. Often they had to pay a heavy discount to convert uncurrent bills into current money. All this has been remedied by the national system, which has superseded that of state banks. The country, we trust, will never go back to the old system. Indeed, we do not believe in the constitutionality of state banking. The Constitution expressly says that no state shall "*emit bills of credit*"; meaning by "bills of credit" notes to circulate as money among the people. If the state has no power directly to issue such notes, then, clearly, it cannot do so indirectly by bestowing such a power upon a banking institution. The decision of the Supreme Court sustaining the law of Congress we hence regard as settling a very vital question. Let us now perfect our national banking system, especially by giving it a *free* and *elastic* character; and let that of state banks be treated as an old error, which the people have outgrown.

MONEY MARKET.

CONTINUED ease in the money market, rates for call loans ranging from 6 to 7 per cent.; and continued dullness on the Stock Exchange and in the Gold Room characterize the last days of 1869. There has hardly been business enough doing to furnish quotations; but very trifling variations of prices have occurred, and there appears to be a general determination to do nothing until the commencement of the new year, when the disbursement of about fifty millions in dividends, which will have to be reinvested, will doubtless cause something like a revival of business in Broad Street.

Gold remains nearly stationary at 120 to 120¼, and Government securities are subject to very small fluctuations.

Southern securities are looking up; and the conviction that nothing will be done by Congress toward reducing the currency or forcing specie payments, imparts a feeling of confidence, which can hardly fail to manifest itself in some speculative movement before long. The "bears" are very shy of selling short just now, particularly of Rock Island.

The weekly bank statement—having been made on Friday, as the statement for the present week must necessarily be, on account of Saturday being a holiday—presents some anomalous figures, which do not seem to have created any uneasiness among either borrowers or lenders. It compares as follows with the previous week, and with the corresponding week last year, to which are added the specie and currency balances in the New York office of the United States Treasury at these dates, respectively:

	Dec. 18, '69.	Dec. 25, '69.	Dec. 26, '68.
Decrease in Loans			$1,738,914
Decrease in Specie			1,648,118
Decrease in other Legal Tenders			391,381
Decrease in Deposits			3,907,899
Increase in Circulation			20,554
	Dec. 20, '68.	Dec. 25, '69.	Dec. 18, '69.
National Capital	$71,007,700	$72,653,000	$72,033,000
Local Capital	9,962,500	12,003,598	12,005,598
Total Capital	$81,970,200	$15,656,598	$85,104,898
Loans	$261,842,358	$251,696,000	$252,834,312
Gold and Gold Notes	17,940,969	20,419,977	20,068,006
Other Legal Tenders	45,795,160	44,693,902	44,213,272
Deposits	179,560,758	177,165,586	181,073,485
Circulation	34,382,114	34,177,807	34,160,279
In Sub-Treasury	20,476,635	26,495,121	26,749,360

The bank statement for the last week exhibits the following relative strength of the movement, in the point of legal tender, to the previous statement. The banks owed:

	Dec. 18, '69.	Dec. 25, '69.	Dec. 26, '68.
On Deposit	$181,073,435	$177,165,586	$178,503,755
Circulation	34,103,279	34,177,807	34,397,114
Total	$215,175,784	$211,291,423	$212,890,869
25 p. ct. should be	53,793,946	52,822,856	53,222,716
They held:			
In Gold and Greenbacks	74,880,368	72,913,989	66,647,055
Excess	$21,086,435	$20,090,613	$13,424,314
Rate for money	7 ₩ cent.	7 ₩ cent.	7@10 ₩ cent.

CENTRAL IOWA BONDS.

THE tendency of the proposed 4½ per cent. funding bill will be toward a steady decline in the price of national securities now held. If the national banks are compelled to replace these now held as security for their circulation with bonds of the new issue, a very large amount of the bonds thus released would be thrown upon the market; and, even if this is done gradually, the price must be unfavorably affected. While the Treasury Department is buying Governments at present prevailing prices is a good time for holders to sell and reinvest in first-class railroad bonds, which pay good interest and have a long time to run. Among these the Central Railroad Company of Iowa First Mortgage Bonds, having thirty years to run and paying 7 per cent. gold interest, are prominent. These bonds are very favorably received and are selling rapidly. We have previously noted the fact that a gentleman of a neighboring city, who had already $40,000 of these bonds, has recently taken $30,000 more; and we now learn that he intends to increase his investment in this line to $100,000. He knows all about the company, has personally examined the route, and understands its value.

The bonds are sold at 95 and accrued interest in currency, and purchasers previous to January 15th get the advantage of the gold coupon due that day.

DRY GOODS.

THE last week of the year is very rarely favorable to the dry-goods market; but the present season is an exceptional one. With the outgoing of 1869 there are decided symptoms of increasing sales in most descriptions of domestic fabrics, and the fact is pretty generally conceded that there is no accumulation of goods in first hands with which to commence the next year. Of some leading standard makes of cotton goods the market is wholly bare, and the manufacturers' agents refuse to receive orders for future delivery based on present current prices. What could more strikingly exhibit the groundlessness of the complaints made in journals inimical to the National Administration of a general depression of commercial affairs than the present condition of the most important business of this city, as the dry-goods trade confessedly is? The few suspensions or failures among the leading dry-goods houses, which on inquiry prove to have been the result of speculations outside of their proper sphere, have been greatly exaggerated; and it is said that they have had the mischievous effect of furnishing excuses to out-of-town houses for not paying up as promptly as they might have done. It is a very remarkable circumstance that, while the importations of foreign dry-goods and the amount thrown upon the market exceeds that of 1868 by nearly ten millions in gold, the market is not so glutted with goods now as it was at the close of 1868. A few foreign goods, of an unsalable character, have been within a week or two taken out of bond and reshipped to Europe; but the quantity is small. The retail business of the city during the past three weeks has been unprecedentedly large, greatly in advance of the customary holiday sales. We mentioned last week that one of the largest and oldest retail houses in the city, after A. T. Stewart & Co., had sold more goods on the Monday of that week than they had ever sold before on any one day; and we learn that their subsequent sales have been larger than even on that day. There may have been less money made by our merchants than in some former years; but not in consequence of the "general prostration of business," which we read about, but in consequence of the shrinkage in values, owing to the decline of gold and other causes.

The transactions in brown shirtings and sheetings for the week have not been large, for the stock of standard goods in first hands is small; but prices are firm, and the late advance is well maintained.

Bleached sheetings and shirtings have been in good demand, and prices are firmly held. New York Mills have advanced full a cent and a half a yard. In other descriptions there is no quotable change.

Cotton bags are in more active demand and prices are firmer, but without any decided advance.

Rolled jaconets are not specially active, but the best makes for the spring demand are firmly held at the recent revised rates.

Printing-cloths in the gray have been actively dealt in, and some considerable sales have been effected on speculation. Prices advanced about one cent a yard. Sales of 64 standard quality have been made at 8¼ cents.

Prints are without any decided changes to notice. The sales have been light, and nothing of consequence can be done until the introduction of the new spring styles, which will be early put upon the market.

Woolens are generally dull, and will remain so until the commencement of the movement for next spring trade. There is a light business in the better qualities of cloths and fancy cassimeres, but prices have undergone no change.

In foreign goods there is hardly anything doing, except in a limited way for a few articles for the season. Importers do not appear to be at all discouraged by the business of the year, and a fair spring trade is anticipated. The importations are comparatively light, but they are in excess of last year's arrivals at the corresponding season:

Imports of Foreign Dry Goods at New York.

For the Week.	1867.	1868.	1869.
Entered at port	$621,148	$983,916	$1,094,542
Thrown on market	454,133	687,570	753,814
Since Jan. 1st.	1867.	1868.	1869.
Entered at port	$85,510,278	$78,801,341	$94,077,479
Thrown on market	87,451	$1,304,459	$1,231,807

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

BROOMS AND BROOM CORN.—A fair inquiry and firm market for Corn. Sales of 7 tons at 16@17 cts. for Red and Pale, and 18@19 cts. for good to choice Green. Brooms firm and in fair request at $3 50@$6 per doz.

COAL.—The inquiry has been quite limited, owing to the mild weather, and prices have a downward tendency. Dealers are holding off for further public sales. We quote from yard at $7 25@$9 50 per ton. Foreign is not plenty, and in fair request at full prices.

COFFEE.—The demand for Brazils has been moderate, and early in the week prices were reduced ¼c. per lb. At the concession holders are steady, but quite willing to operate, particularly in the medium grades. Other styles dull and heavy under anticipated increased supplies. We quote in coin as follows: Rio, in bond, 9¼@10¾ cts. for fair to good cargoes; do., duty paid, 13¾@17½ cts.; Java, 23@23¼ cts.; Maracaibo, 17½@20¾ cts.; Laguayra, 17@18¾ cts.; and Ceylon, 17½@19¾ cts.

COTTON.—The general demand has been moderate and confined mainly to the wants of domestic spinners, with some call to cover maturing contracts; and most of the sales since our last were made at a lower range of prices. The amount of stock available, however, has not greatly increased, and light offerings have partially counteracted the depressing influences of unfavorable foreign advices and a weak gold market. For future delivery there has been a good business at irregular rates, the terms lately being mainly in buyers' favor. At the close goods on the spot are selling fairly and prices are steady at 25@25¾ cts. for Middling Uplands, and 24¾@24¾ cts. for Low Middling.

GUANO.—The market is dull and prices uncertain for Peruvian at $90, currency.

HAY.—A fairer inquiry for shipping at 85@95 cts. per 100 pounds, and retail lots $1@$1 20 per 100 pounds. Rye Straw is selling at $1 10@$1 25 for Long and 90@95 cts. for Short.

MOLASSES.—Former figures are retained on foreign styles, but the market is uncertain in the absence of business. New Orleans moving to a fair extent, but more plenty and easier. We quote Cuba at 30@34 cts. for Centrifugal and Mixed; 30@46 cts. for Clayed; 40@46 cts. for Muscovado Refining Grades, and 45@55 cts. for Grocery do.; 50@73 cts. for Porto Rico; 45@60 cts. for English Island, 4 mos.; and 65@80 cts. for New Orleans, cash.

OIL MEAL.—A fair demand for Western at $46, $46 50 currency for Thin Western Oblong, and $40 gold for City.

PROVISIONS.—Under the influence of discouraging Western advices the market for Hog products has been greatly depressed, and all the leading articles sold at a material decline, sellers generally showing more anxiety to realize than for many weeks. The reduction in prices has not as yet induced any activity, except in a speculative way to cover contracts, etc. In Pork on the spot the business has again been entirely of a retail character, the market closing at about $29 50@$30 00 for Old Mess, and $29 50@$30 12½ for New Mess. For future delivery there has been considerable doing, the latest sales at $29 00 for February, and the same rate for January. Beef neglected. Old worth about $4@$11 per bbl., and New $11@$17 for Plain and Extra Mess. Tierce Beef has become very dull and values somewhat nominal at $25@$28 for Prime Mess, and $29@$31 for India Mess. Beef Hams are now all in jobbers' hands, and held at about $31@$33 per bbl. Cut Meats meet with a very light demand, and prices heavy and nominal at 12@12¾ cts. for Pickled Shoulders, and 17@17¾ cts. for do. Hams. Bacon still very dull and values problematical. Dressed Hogs closed heavy at 11½@12 cts. for Western, and 12¼@12¾ cts. for City. Lard still greatly neglected. Prices heavy on all grades, and closes weak at 16@16¼ cts. for No. 1, 17@17½ cts. for Prime City, 17@17¼ cts. for Western Steam, and 18@18¾ cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery the offerings are free at 17¾ cts. for February and 17¾ cts. for January.

RICE.—A few small lots of Rangoon sold at 3¼ cts., gold, in bond. Carolina is dull, the supply much in excess of the demand, and the market heavy at 7@7¾ cts.; very choice, 7¾ cts.

SEEDS.—A limited inquiry for Clover Seed at 13@14 cts. Timothy Seed is quiet at $4 per bush. Rough Flax Seed is dull at $2 25@$2 30 per bush. Calcutta Linseed is firm at $2 20 per bush,. gold.

STEARINE.—The inquiry is light and the market is nominal at 16¾@17¾ cts., hhds and tcs., inferior to prime.

SUGAR.—Refiners have bought a few parcels for current necessities; but the general market is devoid of spirit, and prices generally weak. The stock is large, with a tendency to increase. Prices at the close are heavy, at 10½@10¾ cts. for Fair to Good Refining; 11¾@11¾ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery; and 11¾ cts for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined selling slowly and favoring the buyer, at 14¾@14¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; and 13¾@14 cts. for White "A."

TALLOW.—A moderate demand for this article, and the market is heavy. Sales of 400,000 lbs. at 10@10¾ cts., the latter for choice City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, DEC. 28TH, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra	17 @17¾	16¾@17¼
First quality	16½@16¾	16@16¾
Second quality	15½@16	15 @15¾
Third quality	14 @15	13½@14
Inferior	10 @13½	9 @13
Average of all sales about	15 @15¾	— @14

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	$95@100	$100@110
Good	75@ 80	80@ 85
Fair	60@ 70	60@ 75
Inferior and Common	45@ 55	50@ 55

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	12 @13½	12½@13¾
Good	11 @12½	11½@12¾
Common	10 @10½	10¢@10½
Inferior	6@ 8	6@ 9½

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra, per lb.	7¾@ 8	7¾@ 8
Choice, "	7½@ 7¾	7½@ 7¾
Good, "	6¾@ 7	6¾@ 7
Fair, "	6 @6¼	6 @6¼
Common, "	4¾@ 5¾	4¾@ 5¾

SWINE.

	Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed	10 @ 11	13¾ @15½

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 27, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York trade. It is confidently believed that this weekly information is daily reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more particularly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	14	Lowell	10
Merrimack, D	12	Wamsutta	9
Cocheco, L	14	Victory	10
Cocheco	11¾	Wauregan	11
Pacific	12	Arnold	10
Allen's	12	Hamilton	13½
Dunnells	13	Richmond	11½
Allens	12	Gloucester	11½
Manchester	12	Mourning	11
Nassau	13	Lancaster	11½
Amoskeag	11¾	Oriental	11½

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	13¾
Berkshire	15	Roanoke	13½
Caledonia	14	Glasgow	16

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14¾	Pepperell, E	15
Lawrence, L	13	" R	14
" F	12¾	" O	12
" J	11¾	" N	12
Pacific, Extra	14	" H	9¾
" A	13	" G	10¾
" H	11¾	Boot, R	13½
Atlantic, A	15¾	" O	11½
" P	14¾	" N	10½
" D	13¾	Appleton, G	16
" H	12¾	Lacoria, H	10
" N	10¾	" O	14¾
Shawmut, C	14	" N	13¾
Augusta, F	13½	Lyman, E	14¾
Stark, A	16	" D	13¾
Massachusetts	13	" G	11¾
" BB	14	Tica,	20
Indian Head	13¾	Fremont, C	13¾
" S	13½	Indian Orchard, A	13½
Exeter, A	13	" B	12
" S	12	" C	11
Medford	14½	" BB	12½
Augusta	14¾	" D	11
" S	13¾	" E	10
Gilboa	13¾	Great Falls, H	13½
Pittsfield, A	13½	" S	11
Kennebec, C	13½	" E	10
Everett, A	13½	Cabot, A	14½
Stirling, A	13½	" B	13½
Pocasset	14	Dwight, A	13½
" S	13	" B	11¾
" R	13½		
Newmarket, A	13½		

BLEACHED MUSLIN.

New York Mills	44	21½	Ballou & Son	44	14½
Wamsutta	44	20	Lonsdale	44	13½
"	40	18	" Cambric	36	11½
Tuscarora	44	18	"	34	10½
Bates	44	21	Hill	44	16
White Rock	44	18	"	40	14
Forestdale	44	16	Bartlett	44	13½
Masonville	44	15	" 33-inch	33	12½
Blackstone	44	15	" 31-inch	31	10½
Hope	44	15	James St'm Mills	44	13½
Langdon	44	15	" 33-inch	33	12½
" 42-inch	42	18	" 31-inch	31	10½
" 40-inch	40	19	Great Falls, J	40	12
Wauregan	44	15	" M	44	15
Pepperell	44	23½	" A	44	16
"	40	21	Red Bank	44	13
"	36	18½	"	40	12
"	34	17½	Waltham, X	44	13½
"	44	23	" 43-inch	43	13½
"	40	21	" 40-inch	40	12½
Boot, R	44	16	"	36	10½
" B	44	13½	Franklin M'f'g Co	44	14½
" W	40	12½	Bay Mills	44	13½
Androscoggin	44	15½	Putnam, A	44	12
Canoe	36	9	"	40	11
Dwight, A	44	13½	Green, G	44	12
" Long Cloth	36	11	Amoskeag, A	44	12½
Reynolds, AA	44	13½	"	36	9½
Mystic Lake	44	12			

DENIMS.

Amoskeag	29	Otis Company, CC	21
York	23	" BB	20½
Blue Hill	21	" AXA	23¾
Working Man's	21½	Warren, Brown	27½
Union	9	Lewiston, Brown	23
Musselteer	9	Columbian	9

CORDED SHIRTINGS.

Amoskeag	21	Whittenton, A	20
York	23	" B	17½
Uncasville	16	Eagle	16
American	14	Thorndike	31
Hamilton	22	Thorndike, B	21
Everett	13½	Rockmaker	10

TICKS.

York, 30-inch	26	Swift River	16
York, 28-inch	32	Methuen, AA	27½
Amoskeag, A	26	Hamilton, Regular	26
" C	27	Willow Brook	27½
" D	20	Everett	24
" E	18	Hampden, CC	30
Conestoga, Gold M'l	30	Pearl River	11
" Extra, 4-4	30	Pittsfield	11

CORSET JEANS.

Amoskeag	14	Pepperell	16¾
Lacoria	15	Bates	13
Nanuckeag Satteens	17½	Indian Orchard	13
New Market	13	Lewiston	13

BROWN DRILLS.

Amoskeag	17	Appleton	17
Pemberton	17	Roanoke	16
Lacoria	17	Augusta	16
Stark, A	17	Winthrop	13

DELAINES.

Pacific	20	Lowell	20
Hamilton	20	Sprague's	18
Manchester	20	Amoskeag	21

CANTON FLANNELS.

Hamilton	20	Salmon Falls, AA	20
Lacoria	19	Amoskeag, A	18½
Pemberton, L	16½	Manchester	18½
" A	22	Ellerton, P	21½
Nashua, A	20½	"	19½

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Ladies' and Children's Fancy Hats in great variety.
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possess features calculated to commend them especially to careful and prudent investors, capitalists, and institutions having money to invest, and holders of Government bonds desiring to realize the premium thereon.
The loan is unusually light in proportion to the value of the property which is mortgaged to secure it; being but $2,800,000, while the road and equipments are worth at least $10,000,000.
The road is COMPLETED, so that the entire security is a reality, and no portion of it contingent and prospective.
It is in successful and profitable operation, already demonstrating its power to earn the annual interest on the bonds several times over.
It is under careful, able, and honorable management.
Price 90 and accrued interest from July 1, in currency. Bonds $1,000 each. Interest payable January and July in the City of New York.
Principal and interest payable in gold.
In purchases made before January 1 there is an advantage of about ½ of 1 per cent. to be realized from the premium on the accrued interest, which the purchaser pays in currency, and will receive in gold January 1.
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SUPPLEMENT TO

The Independent.

VOLUME XXI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1869. NUMBER 2000.

The Independent.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

HARK! the glad chorus echoing through the sky,
On wings of light the blissful tidings fly;
With notes triumphant Heaven's wide arches ring;
He comes our world to bless, the Christ! the King!

He comes, though Lord of all, in lowliest guise;
Lo! cradled in a manger now he lies,
While countless angels, heralding his birth,
Glory to God proclaimed, and peace on earth.

The shepherds, watching on the star-lit plains,
With rapturous wonder caught the angelic strains,
Then, filled with silent trembling and amaze,
Beheld a light too bright for mortal gaze.

Led guided by yon soft and brooding star,
The Magi bear their costly gifts afar;
Till, passing where the infant Saviour lies,
Adoring homage pay with glad surprise.

The joyful tidings spread—the Saviour's birth!
Hope dawns upon our lost and ruined earth:
Up to Heaven's portal let the anthem ring,
He comes our race to bless—the CHRIST! the KING!

E. V. S.

"ANNOYED."

BY PRESIDENT TUTTLE, OF WABASH COLLEGE.

LET me not be set down as a captious marler because of the word which heads this article. If all gentle readers will pardon the egotism, I may say in self-defense that my usual view of persons and things is quite cheerful. With good digestion and a tolerably clear conscience, one may find something every day, even in quite uncomfortable places, to excite a smile. I have had my share in the mirthfulness of life, although I never danced a reel or visited a theater. I have laughed heartily to see a man or even a woman fall on the ice, and once joined in the uproarious laugh which ensued when my own portly self fell into the dirty liquid which concealed the treacherous sliding-places at a street-crossing in New York, one spring day, when the thaw had begun. It required an effort to laugh just *there;* but I did it. I have felt in a high degree cheerful to see a miserable tan-terrier whisking in and out of a pulpit, to the distress of its occupant; and once at least, after reaching home, laughed long and loud to recall the movements of an awkward and half-grown dog in my own pulpit on a certain great occasion. Like the fall at the street-crossing, this required some philosophy; but, after a very little delay, mine proved equal to the emergency.

In fact, why shall we not be cheerful in some of the so called unpleasant dilemmas of life? It requires very little effort to smile when there is something to smile at; but he is to be commended who can smile when it is difficult to see what there is to smile at! With which profound statement let me close this preface to a discourse on the word "*annoyed*."

I was *once* annoyed, and on this wise. I was spending a Sabbath in one of the most famous towns to be found in "the old Thirteen Colonies"; not because of what it *is* so much as because of the *men* who in 1776 and 1780 were there in winter-quarters. To me the sacred localities—the places where our Revolutionary heroes have dwelt, suffered, and wrought; its places on which Washington and Greene and Lafayette and Knox have stood; places of surpassing beauty—are very familiar and very dear. Indeed, I find myself growing sentimental whenever I revisit the place.

On this particular Sabbath I attended church, and was delighted to see one in the pulpit whose eloquence and piety have won him a high place not only in that town but elsewhere. The house was well filled to hear and welcome back the former pastor; and, of course, the *audience* was in the best mood to hear the favorite pastor, who was in his best mood to speak. How could it well be otherwise, as he led his flock once more to the throne of the heavenly grace, presenting in his petitions the changes, the joys, and sorrows of the past years? And this was the key-note of his discourse, the text of which was, "He arose and rebuked the winds and the waves, and there was a great calm."

It was a charming sermon, if not very profound. It was concerning *Christ*. The description of the Sea of Galilee was beautiful; and I shall always recall it in reading the narrative of what Jesus did there. So, also, his delineation of Jesus himself—the gentle, unwearying, loving, compassionate Friend; it was as delightful as music or painting. The service in itself was very enjoyable; and yet, during its continuance, I was subjected to one annoyance. Is my reader impatient? Let him cultivate patience; it will do him good.

But to resume. We were in that pleasant church, in the midst of that famous region, that Lord's Day morning, whilst the minister was talking so eloquently about God's well-beloved Son. One ought to enjoy such a service; and yet my eyes would not be turned "from beholding vanity." I was not in a captious mood; nor were my eyes running to and fro to see what might be seen. I was enjoying all this story about Christ stilling the tempest, when suddenly there came over me a flash of annoyance. Let me explain. Is it a weakness in me to say I admire a young man *per se?* and also to admit my admiration of a watch? How well I remember when a watch—even a plain silver one—seemed to fill my vision as a very desirable acquisition. Was *I* ever to be so happy as to own one? But a *gold* watch was so outside all seeming possibility for me that I no more coveted one than I did the magnificent red drop which hung on the moon's ear during the total eclipse. But, bless you, nowadays gold watches are "as plenty as blackberries in August." Whole regiments of boys now have gold watches.

That morning in church, in the direct line of vision, sat a fine-looking young man, well-dressed and well-shorn. Now, I do not object to a peep at one's watch when the preacher takes his text. Our preacher was in the midst of his description of the Sea of Tiberias and its sacred places, when suddenly that well-dressed young man, with hands exquisitely gloved, took out his watch. It was a bright yellow gold watch. It had a hunting-case and a pretty gold chain. I am sure my eyes did not deceive me. The hunting-case was closed with a spring that gave a sharp sound. I, myself, knew it to be so, for I heard it. Well, that gold watch with its appendages thrust itself into the very midst of the ideal Tiberias, which was spread out so attractively before us. The sharp report of the hunting-case, as the young man shut it, jarred on the sweet eloquence of the "Sermon on the Mount." The watch, the case, the chain, the snap of its spring, in spite of me, for a little while, turned me away from the heavenly topic of the hour. How I wanted to shake him, and say, "Young man, keep the watch in your pocket!"

Thus, for a moment, my thoughts, like a race-horse flying the track, had mastered me; but I reined them in sharply, and was with Jesus on the shore of Tiberias, hearing words such as mere man never spoke. Again I seemed to see Him teaching, healing, and comforting the people; and at last taken into the ship "as he was," weary and worn out. And as the boat was rowed out on the sea, the Master's head resting on the hinder-seat, I was moved; my heart glowed, and my eyes dimmed with tears. When, all of a sudden, that well-dressed and well-gloved young man put his hand into his left vest-pocket—it is well to be accurate—and once more drew out that gold watch, and snapped open its hunting-case, and then snapped it shut! I despised myself for my weakness in letting that thing turn my mind from the Divine Sleeper in that boat on the Sea of Tiberias. And yet so it was; and again with bit and spur I brought my vagrant thoughts back to own the spell of the scene. But what need I say more? for my tormentor seemed to know just when to flourish the gold watch and snap the hunting-case to the most effective advantage, so that I left the house at last with thoughts of that young man, and his watch and chain and clasp, curiously mixed up with the thoughts of Jesus on that sea. And that is the reason why I close this article, as I began it, with the word "*annoyed*."

TOO MUCH GOOD NATURE.

BY PRESIDENT STEELE, OF LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY.

ALMOST every person familiar in childhood with the mysteries of a farmer's kitchen, and accustomed to render any small service therein, remember the puzzling effect, when heard for the first time, of the oracular statement that it would "spoil the mince-meat to chop it too fine."

Clearly enough, if intended for a caution, it was incongruous with certain other exhortations on the same subject. If a joke, as would be dimly suspected after the first perplexity, it was grim and obscure. But the dullest boy was not long in comprehending that there was neither danger of spoiling the mince-meat nor much hope of limit to muscular effort; for, as to chopping "too fine," it couldn't be done.

Some such a feeling has, no doubt, prevailed concerning the cultivation of amiability in the human kind. Few persons have ever imagined that it could be overdone. Yet last year we were gravely informed by a writer in one of the British Quarterlies that "good nature is the curse of our modern civilization." Even a sedate and decorously disposed reader, startled out of his propriety at first, might mentally pronounce the man who could say that a villain. Softening a little, he would probably regard the writer as one of those unfortunate persons constitutionally ill-tempered and cynical, who, like the fox in the fable, wish everybody else to become as they themselves are. Thinking of the matter still more carefully, he might appear doubtful whether, after all, the Review man was not right. Possibly, if guilty of anything, it was only an outrageous statement of facts. Certainly there are some facts in favor of the position.

There is no doubt that vastly the greater part of the evil that is in the world comes from the self-seeking which generates, or is in some way the antecedent of, a mighty brood of malevolent feelings, disturbing the order of society and setting humanity in perpetual antagonism with itself. Yet there is also a certain easy-going, indolent soft-heartedness, which, if not so intrinsically vicious as the opposite character, is, at least, responsible for an incalculable amount of human wretchedness and ruin. I am not now speaking especially of the criminal indulgence and consequent laxity of governmental and disciplinary restraint and constraint observable in families, schools, churches, and corporations. These have been dilated upon sufficiently, and sometimes in a spirit of churlishness, and with a disposition to follow that very easy and popular vocation of criticizing the degeneracy of the present age. This vicious charity shows itself conspicuously in society not only in the lazy acquiescence in many most paganish usages, but in a toleration of evils and sins which ought not to be borne with for a single day. No doubt that the Puritan style of domestic and other government, and the rigid notions of moral law and order among some of our fathers, were of such a sort as to necessitate a reaction. It is also quite natural that the pendulum should swing quite as far the other side of the vertical mean. But that is no reason for keeping it there.

Especially reprehensible is the habit of keeping men in positions of trust and responsibility for which they are obviously incompetent, in charge of interests upon which a large part of the welfare of society depends, simply because they are a good kind of persons, whose feelings we do not like to hurt. Gratitude is a pleasant virtue anywhere, and nobody dislikes to see it added to the many other excellencies of President Grant. But, even when it is exercised because of services not to himself but to the country, and even though the masses will rather applaud than rebuke such an effect of such a disposition, yet it is most unwise to appoint men to offices upon the discharge of which the welfare of the Republic may depend merely because these men deserve well of the Republic. I do not mean to intimate that this practice is so general in our political and civil affairs as to excite so great alarm as many other abuses. There is too much selfishness and too many other vicious influences operating in the various departments of government to make us very anxious respecting the excessive influence of this one virtue. Still it works more mischief than we are aware of. It is not long since I heard the governor of a state—himself a gallant and patriotic man, who had not only in perilous circumstances served his country, but had sacrificed something of value to it—declaring that he had appointed a one-armed soldier to an office, not because there was so much any need of the office, or because the man had any particular fitness for it, but because he *deserved* it; and the people applauded this avowal more than anything else in his speech. You may be sure that action of this kind and on this principle will not diminish the vote of any candidate for office. Yet it is miserable policy to set a man, because he deserves something, to doing that which he can only do to the detriment of the community, instead of paying him in some other way.

A little observation and reflection will satisfy any one how largely this works in churches, schools, colleges, and in some other public and private enterprises. I do not mean to intimate that there is ever any regard paid to the feelings of pastors of churches or teachers of public schools in this respect. The former are supposed to have conquered all such foolish sensitiveness by religious discipline, and the latter are not supposed to *have* any feelings. But I have in mind an instance, and I suppose most of my readers may recall several of similar character, where a man admirably qualified for certain positions was elected to a certain ecclesiastical office requiring the greatest skill and ability, but in which he was soon found to be a clear failure. Yet, when the period of re-election came, his continuance in office was urged *and secured* on the almost sole ground that it would be a terrible disappointment to him to be left out. So, because he was "a good fellow," and it would be a pity to hurt his feelings, great interests were allowed to be sacrificed and the whole community to suffer. In how many institutions of learning have incompetent teachers, professors, and presidents been retained because the curators lacked the moral nerve to tell the truth and deal faithfully with the great responsibilities committed to them.

The detrimental working of this disposition is seen in the views entertained, and for some time becoming popular, of the divine and moral government. Whether this is of the nature of cause or of effect I am hardly able to tell; probably it is both. Men having easy tendencies in wrong directions, or being morbidly charitable to the vices of others, would be apt to judge of the character of the Almighty from their own, and would come to think that he regarded sin as only a trivial affair, and hardly worth following up with serious consequences. After becoming habituated to think of this mere goodishness as comprehending the whole character of Deity, it is no wonder that they come to look upon all human dereliction with still more leniency, and to consider all crime as only venial. Hence the great principles of justice have become far less operative than is meet in society; and the once broad, clear lines of demarcation between vice and virtue have become faint, if not in some cases obliterated. It is not reasonable, on the one hand, to believe in a Deity bound in the cast-iron bands of fate—inflexible, destitute of all feeling, a rigid embodiment of mere law. No more reasonable is it to look upon the infinitely loving Father as too weakly indulgent to put any constraint upon his children, and allow that license which is the worst antagonist of real liberty and the destroyer of all happiness. In God and in men there must be some sentiment of justice, some disposition to vindicate righteous law; and this is not incompatible with the tenderest love and the most transcendent goodness.

Good nature is a good thing. Possibly there cannot be too much of it; but evidently it may have bad applications.

"THANK YOU!"

BY REV. P. STRYKER, D. D.

A VERY small and simple expression; but also very significant. A few days ago, George L—— started out to seek his fortune. His father, a Christian physician, died several years ago. His mother is struggling to support herself and her little children. George, who is now eighteen years of age, is a smart lad; but, by sin and folly, had impaired his health and lost his situation in business.

Having recovered his physical strength, it was thought best for him to wend his way to a distant city, and there seek for employment. Accordingly, with the prayers and blessing of his loving mother, he left his home. A kind relative procured his ticket for him, and added a small sum of money. Another friend fitted him out with clothes; and, having added a little to his funds, and given him some excellent advice, accompanied him to the cars, and started him on his journey with a fervent "God bless you."

Now, these two friends had in many ways before evinced their kindness to this wayward boy; and, on account of his evil conduct, had resolved they could do for him no more. But, as the hand of God had been upon him, they were in hopes he would begin anew to walk in the path of honor and industry. They, therefore, in all kindness and love, renewed their benefactions.

Yet that boy said not a word of thanks to either of his friends. Not by a look or tone, or a warm pressure of the hand, did he evince his gratitude to them. He received their gifts, their counsels, their efforts in his behalf as a matter of course, and turned from them to pursue his journey with the most perfect indifference. His friends did not expect or wish that he would make any humiliating acknowledgment. But they did think he would be noble enough to say, with a warm heart, "Thank you"; and these two words, properly expressed, would have amply repaid them for all their trouble and expense in his behalf.

How important is it to teach children the lesson of politeness and gratitude! How desirable that all people, young and old, should learn to say to their benefactors, whether the favor received is great or small, "Thank you"! This is alike duty and policy. We are glad to believe the above is a rare exception. The most boorish and indifferent will usually acknowledge the kindness of a friend. And when we find an individual who is unmoved by love, and falls in exhibiting politeness as well as gratitude, we are very apt in our minds to compare him to a beast noted for its appetite and indifference, and leave him to wallow in the mire of self-conceit and folly.

But let us be careful in condemning the conduct of this poor boy. There are not a few who pride themselves on their urbanity, yet are guilty of quite as great a breach of courtesy and gratitude. Perhaps they have been too well educated to neglect saying "Thank you" for the most paltry favor bestowed by a fellow-being; but how is with the blessings which come from above?

Some people have not even the consideration of the bright boy who wished his father to say grace over the whole barrel of meat, instead of performing this religious service at every meal. They do not even express their acknowledgments by wholesale. Very polite in their intercourse with man, they are—perhaps unconsciously—very boorish toward God. They never even repair to the sanctuary to mingle their voices with the pious in thanksgiving. They are fully aware that all their blessings come from God; but they never have the politeness—to say nothing about piety—to acknowledge them.

Is not this inconsistent? If we say "Thank you" for a glass of water handed to us on a hot day by the hand of friendship, shall we not say "Thank you" for the summer shower that cools the sultry atmosphere, refreshes the dry and thirsty ground, and brings us a great harvest of comforts? If we say "Thank you" to a friend who asks us to ride with him in the park, and, when we return, with our cheeks full of roses and our hearts bounding with joy, repeat the formula very heartily, shall we not say "Thank you" to Him who made the noble horse, the beautiful land, the balmy air, and who gives us a mind to appreciate these blessings, and influences our friend to share his comforts and enjoyments with us?

Yet do not suppose we ask for hollow politeness toward God, such as the base hypocrite shows. Far from it. This the Omniscient One would spurn. But we would have the impenitent see how they fall by their lack of religion to treat God as well as they do man. The effect of this view, perhaps, would be to make them ashamed of their neglect not only, but lead them to consider how much greater is their obligation to the Lord than to any human being, even a father or mother. And this, in turn, might arouse the dormant spiritual nature and constrain the heart, awakening from its long and sinful repose, with tears of contrition and joy, to cry out in fervent gratitude and praise, "Thanks be to God!"

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 18, 1869.

WOMAN IN THE PRAYER AND CONFERENCE MEETING.

BY REV. GEO. E. TOMLINSON.

IF the prayer-meeting really possesses the importance as a Christian agency that it is generally supposed to have, it seems almost superfluous to say that it should be made as effective as possible. But its highest efficiency cannot be secured while its exercises are exclusively conducted by any one class. Female or juvenile prayer-meetings may be well enough to meet temporary exigences, or as schools of training; but they can never fill the place of the general meeting, in which all stand upon one platform, united by like desires and common interests—in which the influence of each class is brought to bear upon every other, the young receiving the instruction of the old, the aged gaining encouragement and stimulus from the devotion of the young—each sex obtaining from mutual influence a benefit beyond what could be gained in separate devotions. In the absence of any divine injunction issued to restrain woman from participating in such exercises, as was shown in a previous article, we have a right to look for her full and hearty co-operation. The interest of the prayer-meeting at any given time is usually a fair index of the condition of the church. An increasing earnestness there soon makes itself felt in the general body. In proportion to the importance of such meeting is the responsibility of sustaining it. But what good reason for such responsibility can be given that is not of a general nature, equally applicable to all classes of Christians? Experience certainly shows that those denominations or churches that have largely relied on woman's activity in their assemblies for social worship have found a source of power the value of which has been more fully realized the longer and the more fully it has been developed. Was there ever a pastor who, having once enjoyed, was willing to dispense with such aid? One-half of the power of many a church is latent, because of an honest though mistaken prejudice that will not allow woman to let her light shine, except from beneath a shade that nearly hides it. And all the while the great need of the world is this very Christian light. We pray for laborers to enter the whitening harvest-fields, and yet forbid many of our most efficient workers to engage in labor to which they are so well adapted. Woman has proved her right to the schoolroom by manifesting the qualities that especially adapt her to its work; in the Sabbath-school her services are more than welcome; while in many a meeting for prayer or conference she is debarred from giving any other aid to the cause she loves than that afforded by her presence or her silent prayers. An erroneous interpretation of the Word of God, and custom, with its iron bands, restrain her.

The co-operation of our sisters should be secured because of their number. Of the majority of Christian assemblies they form the greater part. In most meetings for social worship they constitute perhaps two-thirds of the average attendance. Their love for devotional exercises and their personal interest in religion bring them to the place of prayer. Is it not wise to make the most of such faithfulness? Is it wise to fail of securing the activity of those at the meeting whose deeper interest in it makes them the greater portion of attendants?

If power imply responsibility, woman's readiness in speaking suggests her duty. The "gift of tongues" was confined to the primitive church; but the man can hardly be found who will be ready to dispute that the *gift of tongue* remains an especial endowment of woman. It was not bestowed for tattling or for Candle lectures. The fluency and facility of expression that we so often see exemplified, and which we so much admire, are of no small value when employed in stating the convictions or the desires of an earnest Christian soul, and should be turned to account in Christian work.

The emotional nature of woman peculiarly fits her for such exercises. It is not designed to attribute to her any angelic qualities. There is the same corruption, the same tendency to forget God, the same need of a constant and ever-present Saviour, that characterize the opposite sex. And yet it is true that the average Christian woman manifests more spirituality than her representative brother. Her faith may be no firmer, but it is more child-like. Her love is more fervent, her susceptibility to spiritual influence greater. There are certain well-known hymns, so full of tenderness, so thoroughly pervaded by the spirit of confiding love, in which the wail of the stricken soul is so clearly audible, and the yearning for the Divine sympathy, as well as pardon, so sweetly voiced, that, were nothing known of their authorship, it would be almost impossible to conceive of them as the product of a mind essentially masculine. In the prayers of women there is generally an admirable directness, an absence of formalism, an unconscious humility, an asking for blessings which the listener soon comes to feel that the suppliant needs, desires, and expects to obtain. The heart is hard, indeed, that does not ere long sympathize with such prayers and make them its own. In their words of experience, or of counsel, there is comparative freedom from the use of those stereotyped religious phrases, which by frequent repetition have nearly lost significance, or which, at least, as used, fail to convey their original meaning. Interwoven with all is that genuine spirit of Christian affection which, sooner than any other influence, unlocks the portals of the listening heart to the influence of the Holy Spirit. Often have we seen the strong man, who had turned a deaf ear to all other appeals, yield to the simple, affectionate utterances of some Christian woman, whose consistent life was the perpetual manifestation of her faith, submit himself to receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, while tears of penitence coursed down the cheeks of care from "eyes unused to weep." We have seen the young, impatient of restraint, seemingly reckless of consequences in their course of folly, moved by the word in season of some faithful woman to lay themselves upon the altar of consecration, and rejoicingly enter upon a new life. And when we have thought of Miriam leading the triumphal throng in their responsive songs of praise on the Red Sea shore; of Deborah, prophetess, deliverer, and judge of Israel, with her pean of lofty triumph; of Anna, in the temple, prophesying, praying, praising the Lord, "speaking of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem"; of the office of deaconess in the early Church; of the many "devout women" in those early days, whose public and private influence was so strongly felt; of Paul commending to favorable treatment "those women who had labored with him in the Gospel"; and when, in our own day, we have seen the results, so uniformly favorable, of woman's sharing in the privileges and duties of the social meeting, we could but wish that this vast reservoir of power in the Church of God were drawn upon for immediate and general use.

Where these views are theoretically held, a practical difficulty sometimes arises in carrying them out, from the shortness of the time for meeting—so much of it being occupied by those who are accustomed to lead, that woman, with her retiring disposition, fails to secure her share. It is not desirable that the exercises be extended beyond their usual time. It is desirable that they be participated in by a greater number. A certain clergyman, after announcing his text, once commenced his sermon by saying, "Brethren, I wish to say a few words before I begin!" This is the great difficulty with many religious exercises besides the sermon. The few words said before beginning and the many words spoken after getting through consume the time and detract from general interest. A change in respect of this on the part of many good brethren would furnish the needed time, while the faithful presentation of the duty, and the proper encouragement to perform it, would open the way for Christian women to let their light more fully shine, bringing strength and joy to many feeble hearts, and a more rapid advancement to the Kingdom of Christ.

Financial & Commercial.

OUR COMMERCIAL AND FINANCIAL COLUMNS.

THE INDEPENDENT, at an early stage of its history, inaugurated a department devoted to the consideration of commercial and financial questions, and also the weekly presentation of the latest news in respect to the general condition of the money market and the course of prices in New York. This feature was then a novelty in the literature of religious journalism. It was at first sharply attacked by many papers that have since found it very convenient to imitate the example of THE INDEPENDENT in this respect. It has enabled THE INDEPENDENT, without any political or party commitments, to do a good service to the country as an organ of *opinions* and a reporter of *facts* in which business men have a great interest. We have abundant occasion for knowing that our commercial and financial department has been very acceptable to a large class of our readers. We have endeavored so to conduct it as to make it perfectly reliable in its statements of *fact*, and also candid and trustworthy in its expression of *opinions*.

The following is a synopsis, by their titles, of the principal commercial and financial editorials that have appeared in our columns during the year that closes with this edition:

The National Board of Trade, The Tax on Cities, The Value and Uses of Money, Rates of Interest, Centralization of Wealth, The Decision of the Supreme Court, Rates of Rent, Financial Policy of President Grant, The Supply of Money, A Banker's Letter, The Public Credit Bill, Watering Railroad Stocks, A National Currency, The Condition of the National Banks, The Production of Gold, The Advantages of a National Currency, The Non-interest-bearing Debt, Railroad Items, Effects of Gold Production, The Explosion of Gold Theories, The Export and Import Trade of New York, Bank Profits, Governor Hoffman's Veto, The Movement of Specie in 1869, Gold as Money and as Merchandise, Railway Management, The Use of the Surplus Gold, A Timely Rebuke to Importers, The Problem of Specie Payment, Railways in British India, Secretary Boutwell and his Critics, The National Sinking Fund, The Power of a Sinking Fund, The Non-productiveness of Money, The Regulation of the Circulation, The Transportation Question, Secretary Boutwell's Report, The Course of the Gold Premium, The Certification of Checks, State Debts, The Growth of Chicago, The Last Bank Report, Banking Monopoly, Pacific Railroad, The Debtor Class, The National Debt, Savings Banks, Monetary Fluctuations, The Railway System of the World, British Balance of Trade, The Custody of the Sinking Fund, The Origin of Money, Government Finances, Safe Deposit Companies, The Foreign Trade of New York, Stringency of the Money Market, The Nation's Foreign Creditors, Wall Street Usury, The Railroads of the United States, The Conversion of National Banks, Monetary Equivalents, Public Debts, A Western Empire, The Treasure Movement of New York, American Coinage, Savings Banks of New York, The Nature of Capital, Railroads of Massachusetts, Imported Labor, The Movement of Prices, The Public Debt Statement, International Money, Inflation of Corporate Capital, Our Foreign Trade, The Coal Question, the Law of Usury, The Redemption of Greenbacks, Interest and the National Banks, The Savings Banks of Massachusetts, Railroad Earnings, Mr. Boutwell's September Statement, Financial Therapeutics, The Battle of "Bulls" and "Bears," Democratic Repudiation, The Scene after the Gale, The Classics of Gold Pugilism, Repudiation Repudiated, The October Statement, The Banks and their Customers, The Gold Exchange of New York, Morals among Clerks, Law of Conspiracy, The Suez Ship Canal, Investments of Capital, The Course of the Public Debt, The Foreign Trade of New York, Monetary Supply, The President's Pledge Redeemed, Business Success, Co-operation of Capital and Labor, Taxation and the Public Debt, The Freedmen's Savings Bank, The Treasury Report, Cotton Production, The Income Tax, Growth by Immigration, The Western Union Telegraph Company, Railroads of Ohio, National Banking Law, Government Revenue, Funding the Debt, Voluntary Resumption, Demonetization of U. S. Notes, The Great Railway Swindle, Two Prices, The President's Message, The Tariff Question, Bank Dividends, Commercial Griefs and Complaints, The Legal Tender Question, Coerced Resumption, Domestic Exchanges of Trade.

These editorials, if printed in a single volume, would make a book of several hundred pages. We shall continue in the same line during the coming year, and do as much better as possible. We mean to make the Commercial and Financial Department of THE INDEPENDENT a strongly-marked feature of the paper in every edition, in itself worth the whole subscription price.

DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS BANKS.

THE *Merchants' and Bankers' Almanac* for 1869 gives the following statement of deposits in savings banks in the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York, and in the cities of Baltimore and San Francisco:

States.	Population, 1860.	No. of Depositors, 1867	Deposits, 1867
Maine	628,279	30,197	$5,598,600
New Hampshire	326,073	55,218	13,541,533
Vermont	315,098	12,844	1,905,096
Massachusetts	1,231,066	548,533	80,431,583
Rhode Island	174,260	59,071	21,413,648
Connecticut	460,147	138,846	36,283,460
New England	3,134,833	640,729	159,073,912
New York	3,880,735	537,466	121,127,563
Baltimore	———	35,414	9,800,725
San Francisco	———	26,024	19,687,000
Totals		1,239,633	339,089,199

This exhibit shows an average per head of $274 and a fraction for the whole number of the depositors. The increase of deposits in savings banks is seen by comparing the year 1862 with that of 1867-68. In the former of these periods the six New England States had depositors to the number of 438,539, and deposits to the amount of $90,417,083; and in the latter period the same states had 640,729 depositors, with $159,073,912 of deposits. A like comparison shows in the State of New York 300,511 depositors, with $64,083,150 of deposits in 1862; and 537,466 depositors, with $151,127,563 of deposits in 1867-68. The State of New York, though superior to the whole of New England in the item of population, had in 1867-68 less depositors and deposits by 103,263 of the former, $7,946,350 of the latter. The New England average of depositors in proportion to population is as 1 to 4.89, while that of New York is as 1 to 7.22. The average of deposits *per capita* for the whole population of New England is $50.44, while that of New York is $38.91. The average sum to each depositor in the former is $248.26, and in the latter $281.18. New England, on the whole, undoubtedly carries the palm in respect to the system of savings banks. With a less population than the State of New York, she has a larger number of depositors and a larger amount of deposits.

It is worthy of note, also, that in the State of New York two cities—New York and Brooklyn, the former having 28 savings banks and the latter 13—constitute the great centers of the system, as may be seen by the following statement:

1. New York savings banks, Jan., 1869: number, 28; depositors, 328,133; deposits, $96,983,110. 2. Brooklyn banks: number, 13; depositors, 77,458; deposits, $19,988,843. 3. Banks in New York and Brooklyn: number, 41; depositors, 405,591; deposits, $116,971,953. 4. Banks in other parts of the state: number, 69; depositors, 131,875; deposits, $34,155,609. New York and Brooklyn, with less than half the number of banks in the state, show deposits to more than three times the amount of all the others.

Comparing the New England States with each other in 1867-68, we have the following averages of depositors to population, of deposits *per capita*, and the sum to each depositor:

States.	Depositors to population.	Deposits per capita.	Sum to each depositor.
Massachusetts	1 in 2.25	$95.53	$250.76
Maine	1 in 24.00	8.91	213.71
Connecticut	1 in 3.31	78.85	261.32
New Hampshire	1 in 5.90	41.53	245.34
Vermont	1 in 24.45	5.73	140.54
Rhode Island	1 in 2.95	122.88	362.50

It thus appears that Rhode Island stands at the head of the New England States in the above averages, while Vermont is at the foot of the scale. The depositors in savings banks in the former state constitute more than one-third of the whole population.

If we had the exhibits of all the savings banks in the United States, the probability is that the aggregate deposits would be shown to be not much less than $500,000,000. If New England, New York State, Baltimore, and San Francisco furnish $339,689,199 in savings banks, it is fair to presume that the other states would add enough to make up the above amount. If we estimate our population at 40,000,000, this would give $12.50 per head for every man, woman, and child in the whole country. Such an amount of accumulated wealth, coming mostly from the surplus earnings of the laboring class, not only concentrates a vast capital for loaning purposes, but also proves that labor is well rewarded in this country.

THE TEHUANTEPEC RAILWAY.

A VERY interesting volume has been given to the public from the pen of Mr. Simon Stevens, president of the Tehuantepec Railway Company. The object of the writer is to set forth the location, features, and advantages of the Tehuantepec route between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean; and this he does with a clearness and comprehensive conclusiveness that deserve thoughtful attention. Aside from this special object, the general information furnished is exceedingly valuable.

As we learn from Mr. Stevens, the Mexican Government has made a grant to Don Emilio La Sere of the right to build a carriage-road, a railroad, and telegraph across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec; conveyed in fee simple every alternate league of the public lands on either side of the proposed roads; and also exempted the whole property from all taxation or imposts, with the exception of 12 cents for each through passenger and 8 per cent. of the net profits whenever dividends are declared to stockholders. This grant is for the term of seventy years. Mr. La Sere has transferred this franchise, with all its privileges, to the Tehuantepec Railway Company, organized by him and composed entirely of American capitalists. The company has incorporated itself under a charter from the legislature of Vermont, with a capital of $18,000,000 in $100 shares. It has also entered into a bond with the Government of Mexico, in the sum of $100,000, to construct the roads in accordance with the terms of the grant. The carriage-road and telegraph line are to be built within eighteen months, and the railroad completed in five years. The terminus on the Atlantic side is to be at Minatillan, situated on the River Coatzacoalco, about twenty miles from the Gulf of Mexico. The Pacific terminus will be at Salina Cruz. The total distance between these two points is 162 miles. The route, lying more than 1,000 miles northwest of the Isthmus of Panama, passes through an exceedingly fertile and healthy district of country, abounding with valuable minerals and rich forests, and well suited to agricultural purposes. There are comparatively few natural obstacles to be overcome in the construction of the road. The highest point of the road will be only 793 feet above the level of high tide; and the steepest grade, and that too for only 12 or 15 miles, will be but sixty feet per mile, while the average grade will be less than twenty-five feet to the mile. The total cost of the whole works is estimated at $8,900,000, or an average of about $55,000 per mile.

One great advantage of this railway over the Panama route, as shown by Mr. Stevens, consists in a very important reduction of distance between San Francisco and New York, New Orleans, and Liverpool. The reduction from New York, as compared with the Panama Railway, is 1,477 miles, from New Orleans 2,334 miles, and from Liverpool 1,131 miles. If the road were built, Mr. Stevens infers that commerce between the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, and also between the Pacific coast and Europe, would naturally select this route rather than that of Panama, as being the shortest and cheapest of the two. He claims, and not without forcible reasons, that it is "the true American route" between the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean. The company propose to establish a line of steamers and sailing vessels between the Atlantic terminus of the road and the Atlantic ports of this country and Europe, so as to connect the road with the commerce of the world. The plan of a ship-canal across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec is referred to as a project that must wait for the developments of time.

Such are a few of the points presented in the admirable work of Mr. Stevens. We have examined it sufficiently to be impressed with the importance of the enterprise which it seeks to bring to the notice of capitalists. The Panama Railway already built, the Tehuantepec Railway yet to be built, a ship-canal somewhere across the belt of land that connects North and South America, and at least three Pacific Railroads across this continent—these great works are no more than the progress of commerce will demand in less than ten years.

PANIC-MAKERS.

IT is not a very easy matter to convince a merchant who knows he has done a good year's business that he is on the verge of bankruptcy and ruin, and that the country generally is rapidly rushing to financial perdition. But, though he may be impervious to all attempts to create feelings of alarm and distrust about his own affairs, he can hardly help being influenced by reports about his neighbors' losses and distresses. And when these are repeated day after day, the effect produced amounts at last to something of a scare, though it may not amount to a genuine panic. There are certain New York daily papers that exhibit a very surprising degree of perseverance in their efforts to bring about a commercial crisis. They continually predict ruin, prices are always going to tumble, the merchant, the manufacturer, the importer, the jobber, and the retailer are all on the point of failure; they overtrade, they pay too high rents, they live too fast, they speculate too much, and, in fact, they don't know what they are about, and are incapable of managing their own business. As for the farmers, they will never be able to sell their crops, and the banks are vampyres, sucking out the life-blood of the community; and the railroads, excepting that excellent Democratic institution, the Erie, are all swindling concerns, on the high-road to ruin. This is the nature of the complaints that are made without intermission by certain Democratic journals, whose motive appears to be to convince the public that the only salvation of the country lies in changing the whole policy of the government and placing the administration in the hands of the Democratic party. But it is most difficult to convince the people. All the facts turn in an opposite direction. The whole country is in a more prosperous condition than it has known since the outbreak of the Rebellion. A few failures have occurred this fall, owing mostly to speculations outside of the regular business of the concerns; but they are less numerous than they were last year, and less important. Taken in connection with the great increase of business firms here and elsewhere, the failures have been surprisingly few. The actual increase in the general business of the country is infallibly shown in the increased earnings of the great lines of railroads and the transportation companies. Take as an example, the New York Central, which is a fair indication of the condition of trade in New York, and we find that the receipts were twenty per cent. in November in excess of the receipts of the same month in 1868. The price of gold is gradually settling down; but the danger of its fall when it is 120 is certainly not so great as when it was 140. Since last September it has fallen 40 per cent., and since the surrender of Lee at Five Forks it has "slumped down" from 230 to 120. The small margin for a fall cannot present a very alarming possibility to the commercial community. But the lower gold falls the slower will it move, until it touches what is called hard-pan.

It is a good thing to keep a lookout for breakers, to watch the coming of a storm, and to make all prudent preparations for danger. We would be the last to inspire false hopes, or to underrate the chances of financial disasters; but, taking a cool and disinterested view of the situation, we are bound to say that we can discern no signs or portents of a commercial crisis. Our future prosperity lies in the hands of Congress, where we believe it may be safely trusted. There is hardly a possibility of any measures being carried having for their object the disturbance of the currency; and so long as the currency remains as it is we are safe. The majority of the Western members are undoubtedly in favor of adding to the present amount of legal-tender, while the Eastern members favor an opposite policy. By way of compromise, they will allow the currency to remain as it is; and that is what the most sagacious and prudent business men are most desirous of. The first decisive vote of Congress has been to utterly stamp out the very idea of repudiation; and this prompt and decisive action in regard to the nation's debts gives most encouraging promise for the future.

FINANCIAL SUMMARY.

HON. E. A. MERRITT, naval officer of this port, at the request of the Congressional Committee of Ways and Means, has suggested the following important changes in our revenue laws:

"*First.* The abolition of the present warehousing system, except so far as may relate to goods in bond for export, and due regard being paid to the legal rights of owners of goods now in bond; or, should such a radical change be now deemed impracticable, alternatively the modification of the present laws, looking to their future abolition.

"*Second.* The abolition of all laws allowing a drawback upon the exportation of merchandise, whether the same be wholly or in part of foreign production."

—It is said that some men always grumble, and would do so even if they "were going to be hung!" This class during the early part of the Rebellion were quite willing to ride *down* hill on their sled of prosperity, filling their pockets full of greenbacks; but they don't want to draw the same sled up again, and lose a "single stamp." Of course, not.

—Some of our banks and leading bankers employ mere boys to receive and pay out money by the million. It is wrong thus to tempt such youths; and it is wrong to put to such risk the funds of the public. Young twigs bend easy, while old oaks stand a powerful nor'wester of temptation.

—Our New York City banks have done a splendid business the past year, and are now, of course, making splendid dividends to their stockholders—compliments appropriate to the season.

A Choice Security.

New York & Oswego Midland R. R.

FIRST MORTGAGE BONDS.

COUPON AND REGISTERED.

PRINCIPAL AND INTEREST PAYABLE IN GOLD.

Interest Seven Per Cent., GOLD, per annum, FREE OF GOVERNMENT TAX, payable in New York, January and July.

THE ROAD—ITS IMPORTANCE, ETC.

The road upon which these securities are based is one of first-class importance. It spans the State of New York from its Metropolis to its northern borders. No public work of greater magnitude, or of fairer promise of utility and profit, has ever been undertaken in this state.

Its northern terminus is at the city of Oswego, on Lake Ontario. From this point it traverses, in the direction of New York, the rich and populous counties of Oswego, Oneida, Madison, Cayuga, Onondaga, Cortland, Chenango, Otsego, Delaware, Sullivan, Ulster, and Orange, where it strikes the borders of New Jersey, whence it continues, under another name and a separate charter obtained from that state, to the City of New York. Both divisions of the road now are in course of construction. Its entire length is upward of 400 miles.

This road is admirably located for securing a large and profitable business. The northern section of New Jersey, through which it passes, is one of the most healthful and picturesque regions in the vicinity of New York. It only needs the additional attraction of the railroad facilities which this line will afford to transform it into a wealthy and populous suburb of the metropolis; thus securing to that division of the road a large and constantly increasing local business.

The other and main division traverses the entire length of the great Midland Counties of New York, which have been hitherto almost destitute of railroad facilities. These counties are as fertile and productive as any in the state; and, as this road will furnish them their much-needed facilities for transportation and travel, it cannot fail to command, throughout its entire length, a large and remunerative local business.

Its advantages for through business, both Northern and Western, are also unsurpassed. It shortens the railroad connection of the City of New York with Oswego and Canada forty-five miles; and, by means of a branch to Auburn, where it connects with the New York Central, it shortens that connection with Buffalo and the West seventy miles. These are important advantages. Taken in connection with its thorough construction, its easy grades, and its freedom from sharp curves, it cannot fail to compete successfully with any and all other roads for through business. Possessing such superior advantages for commanding both local and through business, and being one of the trunk lines of road starting from the great commercial center of the Union, there would seem to be no room to doubt that the road will prove to be one of the most remunerative in the country.

CAPITAL OF THE COMPANY—ITS FINANCIAL CONDITION.

The construction of the road has been undertaken under financial auspices equal favorable. The citizens of the Midland Counties, feeling the urgent need of railroad facilities, have made subscriptions to its capital stock to the amount of *six millions of dollars*. The larger shares of these subscriptions have been made by towns and cities in their corporate capacity, and for which they paid in town and city bonds bearing seven per cent. interest. These bonds, being made by law exempt from local and municipal taxation when held in any county through which the road passes, the Company have found ready sale for them at par and interest whenever they had occasion to use the proceeds, thus rendering the subscriptions for which they were given in payment equivalent to cash. The Company, therefore, commenced its undertaking with a paid-up capital of $6,000,000, which, it is believed, *is a larger capital than any other railroad enterprise in this country has ever been started with.*

To provide the balance of the means that may be found requisite to complete and equip the road, the Company has adopted the usual method of issuing bonds secured by a first mortgage on its property. The mortgage has been executed. It conveys to A. A. Low, Geo. Opdyke, and Delos De Wolf, in trust, to be held as security for the bondholders, the entire road and its branches from Oswego to the State Line of New Jersey, together with its equipment, franchise, and all other property of the Company appertaining thereto. *It also provides that the issue of bonds shall be strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of road actually built and in running order.*

PROTECTION AGAINST SPECULATORS.

By express provision of law, the towns and cities which have thus subscribed for and now hold a majority of the capital stock of the Company can never dispose of it, whatever the market price may be, without the written consent [illegible] ority of the taxpayers in t[illegible] spective towns and cities. This, w[illegible]y, may be deemed a perpetual prohibition of sale, whereby the control of the road will remain forever with the farmers and business men residing on its line, who of all others are the parties most interested in its success, and thus save it from the hazards of being made a football of stock operators and speculators.

ITS PROGRESS.

The Company is prosecuting its work with great energy, and doing it in the most substantial manner. Nearly one hundred and fifty miles of the road is already completed and fully equipped, with regular trains running upon it. Nearly the whole cost of this portion of the road has been defrayed by the stock subscriptions raised along that portion of the road. The work is also making good progress on other divisions of the road. It is the expectation of the Company, if not retarded by unforeseen obstacles, to have the entire road completed within the ensuing calendar year.

PROVISIONS IN MORTGAGE.

In offering these securities to the public it is due to the Company to say, that in the preparation of their bonds, and the mortgage under which they are issued, they have cheerfully adopted every suggestion that we have deemed essential to render them the most perfect and attractive railroad security in the country. The mortgage provides that in case of default for a period of four months in the payment of interest the bonds shall become due; and it empowers the trustees, in that event, to take possession of the road and all other property covered by the mortgage, and to use or sell the same for the benefit of the bondholders. This we deem a most important provision, as it avoids all the delays and dangers of litigation in case of default.

REGISTRATION.

The bonds are issued with coupons; but they provide for registration and reconversion into coupon bonds, at the option of the holders. Or, if any holder so elects, he may, by surrendering the coupons, convert them into permanent registered bonds.

THE BONDS.

The bonds are payable in twenty-five years from the 1st of July next. They are payable in gold coin of the United States. They bear gold interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable in New York, 1st January and 1st July, free of Government Tax.

HIGH CHARACTER OF THE SECURITY.

In view of the $6,000,000 paid-up capital of the corporation issuing these bond; the importance of the road and its admirable location for commanding profitable local and through business; its proximity to the City of New York; its wise protection from the control of stock operators and speculators; the good judgment and energy displayed by those charged with its projection and construction; the valuable provisions contained in the mortgage; the right to convert the bonds from coupon into registered, and to reconvert them; the *sound currency* in which they are payable, and the high rate of interest they bear—in view of all these assuring facts, we feel amply warranted in commending these bonds as one of the safest and most inviting railroad securities ever offered to the public.

PRICE.

We are authorized for the present to sell them at *par* and accrued interest in currency. But the Company reserves to itself the right to advance the price at any time it may elect.

Government Bonds at market prices received in payment.

THE ADVANTAGE OF CONVERTING GOVERNMENT BONDS INTO THESE SECURITIES.

A comparison with investments in United States Bonds will show a very great advantage in favor of a change to these or any other railroad security of equally high character:

$7,000 U. S. 5-20s '67 at 115 will buy of these Bonds say	$8,000 00
Interest on $5,000 5-20s at 6 per cent. Gold, $300 Gold at 130	390 00 Currency.
Deduct 5 per cent. Income Tax	19 50
	870 50
Interest on $6,000 New York and Oswego Midland R. R. Bonds at 7 per cent., $420 Gold, at 130, free from U. S. Income Tax	546 00
Showing on the same money invested increase of income near- ly 50 per cent.	175 50

Besides, the investor secures, beyond possibility of decline or loss, 23 per cent. increase on the principal to be paid him at the maturity of the loan. The possibility of a less premium on Government Bonds, or the certainty, if held until maturity, of the entire loss of premium, may, perhaps, influence the minds of many to make the change.

At the present price of Gold (124½), these bonds pay almost as much income as a 10 per cent. currency bond subject to Government Tax.

GEORGE OPDYKE & CO., Bankers,
No. 25 NASSAU STREET,
NEW YORK, Aug., 1869.

The following extracts from an Address of the Midland Company to the citizens of New York, inviting additional subscriptions to its capital stock, issued on the 1st of January last, presents a clear and forcible statement of all the essential facts connected with this important enterprise. No one can read this statement without being convinced that the unequaled advantages of this road for commanding a large and profitable business, combined with the large capital of the Company, must render their First Mortgage Bonds a perfectly secure investment.

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD.

To the Citizens of New York:

The inhabitants of the counties of this state, known as the Midland Counties, lying between the Erie Railroad on one side and the Hudson River and Central Railroad on the other, having long felt the need of railroad facilities, organized a company about two and a half years ago and undertook the project of building themselves a railroad.

Originally they contemplated a local road, which should give an outlet to this large and fertile section of country, and connect with one or other of the through lines already built. Subsequent reflection, and consultation with merchants and business men of New York, induced the projectors to change their plan, and instead to construct a through line on road, connecting the great lakes with the seaboard, and affording New York City another great line of railroad to the North and West; and offering advantages, as we think, superior to [illegible] her route. We were then assured the western terminus of our road would give us large subscriptions; and that New York City, in view of the great advantages and benefits which the building of such a road would confer, would also, with her accustomed public spirit and liberality, freely lend her aid.

We commenced our efforts at Oswego, the western terminus of our road, from which we had a most gratifying response, and have continued from thence through all the counties on the line to the City of New York, with a success which evinces the interest felt by this portion of our people in the success of our enterprise. We now come to the City of New York, to ask its citizens to in like manner lend their aid, and contribute their fair proportion toward this undertaking, almost or quite as important to them as to the isolated counties through which the road runs—a section of our state as large as the State of Massachusetts, and containing now a population of over a half million of people. As our enterprise is comparatively a new one, and is not perhaps sufficiently known to many who would be willing to aid it, we give a brief statement of what has already been done, and some of the benefits which will accrue from its construction.

WHAT HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE.

The Company has been organized, and the necessary legislation obtained in the states of New York and New Jersey to enable us to build our road as an independent through line from New York City to the Lakes. Very important rights, grants, and privileges have been given us by this legislation, greatly to the advantage of the road and the country through which it passes. Over five millions of dollars* have been subscribed to the common stock of the Company by towns, cities, and individuals outside the City of New York. The first work was commenced on the 24th day of last June, and rapid progress has been made thus far, giving assurance of the completion of upward of one hundred and fifty miles before the first of September next. The most difficult portion of the road to build (through parts of Delaware and Sullivan Counties) has not yet been commenced, and it is for this portion of the work that we require aid from New York City. By constructing through this section we shorten the distance to the Lakes from two and a half to three hours in running time—a very important consideration to New York, and, indeed, to the whole West and North. We expect to run cars through the whole line before the end of the year 1870.

THE ROUTE.

Our road commences at the western shore of the Hudson River, opposite the City of New York, and traverses the State of New Jersey, by way of the Pompton Valley, to the New York State Line; from thence to Middletown, one of the most populous and thriving manufacturing towns of Southern New York. From there the line runs in a northwesterly direction, passing through the highly cultivated and rich dairy districts of Orange and Sullivan Counties; through or near the villages of Wurtsboro', Bloomingburgh, Phillipsport, Ellenville, Monticello, and Westfield Flats, to the southerly bounds of Delaware County. From this point the line passes over the summit between the Delaware and Susquehanna Rivers, passing through the villages of Howard and Walton to Sydney Plains, intersecting at that point the Albany and Susquehanna road, and the road down the Unadilla Valley from New Berlin, in Otsego County; connecting also at Walton with the branch road at Delhi, the county seat of Delaware County. From Sydney Plains the line passes near the village of Oxford to the large and thriving village of Norwich, in the Chenango Valley, and thence up the valley through the villages of North, Norwich, Sherburne, Smyrna, Eastville, Eaton, Morrisville, Oneida, Durhamville, Cleveland, Constantia, and Fulton, to the City of Oswego. From Norwich another branch is building, through the Counties of Chenango, Madison, Cortland, and Cayuga, to the City of Auburn, there making connection with the West and Northwest. The City of Utica is building a road to connect with ours at Sherburne; and Rome and Syracuse have organized companies to connect with us in the Chenango Valley.

GRADES AND DISTANCE.

The grades of our road, especially com-

* These subscriptions have since been increased to upward of $6,000,000.

ing toward New York, are very favorable. We run no grades exceeding sixty-five feet to the mile, and this only in a few instances. The following extract from the report of A. C. Powell, our former engineer, will show more in detail this subject:

"When I commenced the surveys I decided, with your approbation, that the maximum grade on no line should exceed 65 feet per mile. Shorter lines than those I have presented for your consideration could have been found, had higher grades been deemed admissable. Had your road been designed exclusively for the conveyance of passengers, I would have recommended an increase of grade and a consequent shortening of distance. But I have looked upon it as an important link of a great through route, reaching from the Far Western lakes to the seaboard, for the accommodation not only of passengers, but of the mighty trade which is to flow through our own state and upon our own railroads to the great metropolis of the country. In point of grades, the New York Central has the precedence over all existing roads; and yet the Pennsylvania Central and Baltimore and Ohio roads, with grades of 125 feet to the mile, are her successful competitors, owing to their diminished length. It is our purpose, by the directness of our line, to so diminish the distance of our road over the New York Central, and by our lighter grades to diminish the motive power over the Pennsylvania Central, as to occupy a midway position between the two, and place ourselves in the attitude of an equal competitor with both. In point of grades, our road is placed upon precisely the same footing as the New York and Erie Road; but with the important saving over that road of at least sixty miles in distance. As much has been said by interested parties in relation to the grades upon our road, it may not be amiss to call your attention to some of the grades upon several of the successful and dividend-paying roads of the country. The grade of the New York Central, as it leaves Albany, is 81 feet to the mile. This, it is true, is only for two or three miles; but it shows how a heavy traffic can be conducted upon an extreme grade—for an engine is useful as a horse, which tires with continual effort. One that has sufficient power to carry a load over a heavy grade for one mile can do the same for twenty miles. The Pennsylvania Central, competing with and doing a business in excess of our own Central, passes through a country far more rugged than that of the Midland, and with grades of 125 feet to the mile. The Baltimore and Ohio, equally successful, and with grades of 140 feet to the mile. And last in the list which I shall name is the Central Pacific—the most gigantic railroad project of the age. From the valley of the Sacramento to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, there is an average grade of 90 feet to the mile. At this time the 'iron horse,' fresh from the workshops of our own state, is daily surmounting the entire length of this grade at rapid speed, freighted with the richest treasures of the western world. Common sense, it is true, shows that the greater the inclination the greater the motive power required, and the more the fuel consumed. But here, in our own case, a more than human power comes to our aid. Those points on our road where the greatest power will be required, and most fuel brought into use, are found in the direct vicinity of coal mines and wooded forests, where fuel can be furnished for all time at a moderate cost. Such is the reason why a passenger or a ton of freight is carried upon the New York and Erie Road at a less actual cost than upon the New York Central. Scarcely a road in the whole of New England that has not upon it grades in excess of our own; and yet no roads are run with greater precision as to time, or greater economy as to cost. The Albany and Boston may be called the most prominent of the Eastern roads; and yet there is none in the whole list of American roads that has had greater difficulties to overcome in the way of expenses in construction and precipitous grades, and that has at the same time brought a surer and larger return to the stockholders."

We would also invite your attention to the numerous resources of the country through which our road runs, and the probable business which will be attracted to it. We cannot, perhaps, do better than to quote again from the report of Engineer Powell:

"An examination of the map will show the line described as traversing the most populous portion of the state, and not excelled by any other, except in facilities afforded by present railroad communications for reaching the commercial centers of trade. The peculiar conformation of country, owing to the numerous valleys crossing the road, furnish unusual facilities for transportation to districts lying remote upon each side of the line. Taking advantage of this fact, the inhabitants living on the various streams crossed are already moving in the construction of valley lines, which can be cheaply built and cheaply managed, and which promise a large amount of trade to the trunk line. One of these feeders or branch lines bids fair to almost rival the business of the main line. I refer to that leading from the coal mines of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. I see no reason why this road should not constitute the northern outlet to those rich and extensive mines. The coal traffic alone, with its rapidly increasing demands, will soon tax almost the capacity of our tracks. I pass by the Ellenville, Monticello, Delhi, New Berlin, and De Ruyter branches, all of them important in themselves, and draining, as they will, a wide extent of country, to what bids fair to furnish a very large amount of what might almost be styled through business, since it strikes our road so near its western terminus. I refer to the Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad—a road which, with its connections, extends 709 miles in length. Tapping this road, as we shall assuredly do, at some point in Oneida or Oswego Counties, so direct a line can be furnished to the City of New York that its claims cannot be ignored, and northern shippers will demand a transit over the Midland Road. The road from Utica to Sherburne, now in process of construction, will have been completed before our own can be put in operation. With all these feeders flowing into the main channel, is it extravagant to estimate that the way business alone will make the road remunerative?

WAY BUSINESS.

notice, for the reason that its importance is not generally appreciated. I refer to the milk business, than which there is no other that pays so remunerative a freight. The Erie Road, I am informed, receives about three-quarters of a million of dollars a year for a single daily milk train, commencing at Otisville, only seventy-six miles distant from the City of New York. The milk train of the Midland Road would commence at the extreme northern bounds of Sullivan County, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles from the City of New York, and draining as rich and extended a dairy district as can be found within the limits of the State. Fruit and vegetables, that are now raised only for home consumption, would be raised in large quantities, and shipped at rich paying rates, daily, to New York, a city which seems to have the capacity of appropriating everything which is sent to it. So rapidly is the increase of population and the growing wants of this city that the new avenues leading to her can hardly keep pace with her demands. No road that leads directly to her, and can reach her between the rising and setting of the sun, can fail to be supplied with way business to its full capacity.

THROUGH BUSINESS.

"Uniting (as does the Midland Railroad) the Lakes and the Ocean on the shortest line, and that line carrying the products of the mighty West to the greatest market on the continent, running through a country already developed, and receiving new accessions at every mile of its progress, the most vivid imagination can scarcely paint its future. I choose to look at the initial point of this road as at the foot of the great chain of lakes, with a ship-canal around the Falls of Niagara, and thus the only barrier to their commerce removed; for such must be looked upon as the inevitable result of the negotiations now pending. If our own General Government does not take the initiative steps, the new Confederate Government of Canada will, for its own interests, be compelled to make the canal. At this time the 'iron horse,' fresh from the workshops of our own state, is daily surmounting the entire length of this grade at rapid speed, freighted with the richest treasures of the western world. Common sense, it is true, shows that the greater the inclination the greater the motive power required, and the more the fuel consumed. But here, in our own case, a more than human power comes to our aid. Those points on our road where the greatest power will be required, and most fuel brought into use, are found in the direct vicinity of coal mines and wooded forests, where fuel can be furnished for all time at a moderate cost. Such is the reason why a passenger or a ton of freight is carried upon the New York and Erie Road at a less actual cost than upon the New York Central. Scarcely a road in the whole of New England that has not upon it grades in excess of our own; and yet no roads are run with greater precision as to time, or greater economy as to cost. The Albany and Boston may be called the most prominent of the Eastern roads; and yet there is none in the whole list of American roads that has had greater difficulties to overcome in the way of expenses in construction and precipitous grades, and that has at the same time brought a surer and larger return to the stockholders."

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Officers.

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ELISHA P. WHEELER, ... *Vice-President.*
WALTER M. CONKEY, ... *Treasurer.*
THEODORE HOUSTON, ... *Secretary.*
HENRY R. LOW, ... *Attorney.*
WILLIAM M. GILBERT, ... *Chief Engineer.*

Executive Committee.

DEWITT C. LITTLEJOHN, DEWITT C. STEVENS, ELISHA P. WHEELER, WILLIAM FOSTER, J. W. MERCHANT.

Trustees for the Bondholders.

A. A. LOW, GEORGE OPDYKE
DELOS DE WOLF.

THE MIDLAND RAILROAD—NEW JERSEY.

WE have tried to make our readers aware that a new Railroad from this City to the Great Lakes, through the heart of our State, is now in process of vigorous and rapid construction, at a cost of some $30,000,000. It traverses Northern New Jersey, and passes thence through Orange, Sullivan, Delaware, Chenango, Madison, Oneida, and Oswego Counties, to Lake Ontario, while a fork at Norwich pursues a more westerly course to Auburn, and will doubtless in time be pushed thence to Buffalo. This great work originated with the farmers along its track, who needed more direct and less expensive communication with this City, and who have, by bonding their towns, and by personal subscriptions, obtained the requisite means without a dime of State aid. Of course, this has been up-hill work, for the amount required was large in proportion to their means; and, now that they have done so much, it is naked justice that the property and business of this City, which are to be largely benefited by their success, should lend them a helping hand. New York ought to contribute $5,000,000 of the $20,000,000 required; and, if our capitalists would do this, the road would be completed and running through trains next year.

Appeals like this were made for the Hudson River Road; yet a very few men had to carry that road on their own shoulders, with little sympathy and no help from the mass of property-owners and great merchants, who supposed that, though the enterprise would benefit our city, the stock would prove a dead loss; yet that stock has already paid for itself in dividends, and is now worth nearly double its face. And every railroad leading out of this city is good property, except where its managers have stolen it poor. Then why should the Midland drag along, and bear so heavily on the neighboring farmers? They have nobly done their part; now let the city do hers. She is to share in the benefits, and she should cheerfully share the burdens.

We took a run up the line of the Midland last week, to the upper end of Pompton Plains, ten miles above Paterson, where three small rivers unite to form the Passaic. Here we found a considerable portion of the track graded, and a large force of men and teams at work extending the track westward. We believe it is intended that cars shall be running through to the foot of Shawangunk Mountain, in Sullivan County, early next season.

Pompton Plains are scarcely ten miles from Paterson, and will soon be within an hour's ride of Wall street; yet they have hitherto been so secluded that few New Yorkers ever saw them. They form a wide, fertile, and beautiful valley, peopled wholly by farmers, whose fields and buildings testify to abundance and comfort, yet who have hitherto been practically further from this emporium than Poughkeepsie or Bridgeport is. Their village of (at most) thirty houses is probably a little larger than when General Washington's army wintered in its vicinity; ten years hence, favored by the railroad, it will doubtless have increased tenfold. For this rich, beautiful plain is traversed by generous mountain streams, affording ample water-power just above; the ridges which rise gracefully on either hand are half covered with excellent timber; lands on every side are held at moderate prices; and the whole region wears an aspect of quiet and moderation, as though unconscious that the snort of the iron horse is about to awake it to a new and more stirring life. The Midland Railroad is the magician destined to diffuse the activities of Paterson along the valleys of the rapid streams which here unite to form her great water-power. Few years will be required to work a signal transformation after the trains shall be running hence to New York three or four times per day, and to Oswego and to Buffalo at least twice. Apart from her farm produce, her water-power, and her timber, Northern New Jersey embosoms great mineral wealth, which railroads are soon to make available for the uses of mankind.—*N. Y. Tribune, Aug. 9th.*

THE MIDLAND RAILROAD.

AT the depot of the Erie Railroad in Jersey City there is freight registered ten days ahead—the utmost transportation capacities of the line being wholly inadequate to the enormous amount of goods presented for conveyance to the West. The other great roads leading westward are in much the same condition. This is doubtless due in part to the widespread damage inflicted upon the roadways in the interior by the recent floods, which made necessary a suspension of traffic, and a consequent accumulation of freight. But it is also one of the obstacles which business has to contend with every Fall, and must necessarily continue so, as long as the internal trade of a continent depends upon three or four inadequate railways. In Spring, too, the same embargo is laid upon traffic between the West and the Eastern seaboard; and the regular adoption of an advanced scale of prices for these seasons barely suffices to keep the lines from a state of hopeless blockade. Any enterprise, therefore, which promises a mitigation, at least, of this pressure is of importance not only to our city, but to the whole internal business of the country; and it is for this reason that the "New York and Oswego Midland Railroad," now in process of construction between this City and Oswego, on Lake Ontario, has special claims upon public attention.

This line, when completed, will shorten the distance to Buffalo and the West by seventy miles, and the route to Canada by somewhat more than forty-five miles, besides offering a new highway for the through trade between the States. In addition, the Midland Road is closely linked with the interests of our own State and its metropolis. Penetrating one of the richest and most picturesque portions of New Jersey, it affords a fresh outlet for our overflowing population, and helps materially the solution of a problem every year becoming more urgent; while to the interior of New York it opens up immense possibilities. Orange, Ulster, Delaware, Sullivan, and other midland counties, have always, even when almost destitute of facilities for transporting products, furnished a large part of the food of the metropolis. With this road traversing them from the State line of New Jersey to the northern borders of Western New York, and its branches and connections ramifying the whole interior of the state, the difficulty of feeding our city population (which once assumed threatening proportions) may be said to be finally removed.

The financial auspices under which the Midland Railroad was commenced were probably more favorable than those of any similar enterprise ever undertaken in this country. The town and cities along its route have subscribed to its capital stock to the amount of *six million dollars;* and these subscriptions, being made not by individuals, but by the towns in their corporate capacity, are fully equivalent to cash. This sum, large as it is, is of course insufficient to construct and equip a road upward of 400 miles in length. In order, therefore, to obtain the requisite amount, the Company have issued first mortgage bonds payable in gold and bearing interest (in gold) at seven per cent. These bonds are secured by a first mortgage upon the road, its various branches, and the entire property of the Company. In order, if possible, to give additional security to the investment, it is also provided that the issue of bonds shall be strictly limited to $20,000 per mile of the road actually built and in running order. It is further provided in the mortgage that default in the payment of interest for the space of four months shall bring the road and its entire property into the hands of the trustees, without the possibility of litigation, to be sold for the benefit of the bondholders. A peculiar and admirable feature of the stock of this Company is that the large portion held by the towns and cities can never be disposed of without the consent of a majority of the tax-payers. This may be considered an absolute prohibition of the usual "manipulations" at the Exchange. *The London Spectator* predicted recently that Government will ultimately be compelled to abolish, by absorbing into itself, all industrial corporations. If a measure similar to the above were adopted by every railway enterprise, they, at least, might surely avoid such a consummation. —*Tribune Editorial, Nov. 13th.*

THE MIDLAND RAILROAD.

THERE are so many railway enterprises projected at present that public attention has been wearied by them, and it is difficult for any of them to awaken the enthusiasm once accorded to a great undertaking. There is one, however, whose interests are so closely related to those of our own city and state that it seems to call for something more at our hands than a mere mention.

The New York and Oswego Midland Railroad runs from Jersey City northward across to the state line of New Jersey, and thence through the great interior counties of New York to the city of Oswego, on Lake Ontario. Along this whole line of more than four hundred miles it passes through the richest districts of two states, upon whose produce the markets of our city are largely dependent, but which have hitherto been to a great extent without railway facilities.

This last not only adds another to the great lines which reach the West from the seaboard, but by seventy miles shortens the distance to Buffalo and the West and by forty-five miles to Canada. The absolute necessity of new routes to the Western States has never been more clearly seen than in the results of the recent disastrous floods in the interior. Travel was partially suspended upon one of the great lines for ten days or so, and the consequence is an accumulation of freight and an increase of rates which will be felt by business men East and West throughout the season. In fact, the practical monopoly of internal commerce enjoyed by the existing lines has all the effect of a protective tariff, and any enterprise which, like the Midland road, tends to relieve this is of much more than local importance.

Besides the benefits the road will confer upon the markets of our city, by bringing them into direct communication with Orange, Ulster, Sullivan, and Delaware counties, the best sources of supply, it will open one of the richest and most picturesque portions of New Jersey, as yet thinly inhabited, and so afford a new outlet for our overflowing population, and give New York additional suburbs.

The work on this road is now prosecuted with great energy; and it is expected by the company that the whole line will be ready for operations during next summer. A large part of the grading, masonry, bridging, etc., is finished, and one hundred and fifty miles will be completed and in running order by the first of January. This work has been paid for by the stock subscriptions of the towns and cities along the route, amounting in the aggregate to six millions of dollars.

The promoters of the enterprise are now selling first mortgage bonds to complete the work; and the conditions of these bonds seem to have been devised in good faith for the security of the holders against every possible contingency. Those who are interested in the trade and growth of New York will do well to inquire into the financial prospects of the company; and, if they are led to subscribe for the bonds, will be conscious in doing so that they are not only investing money for themselves, but are contributing directly to one of the most important and useful public works connected with New York.—*N. Y. Evening Post, Oct. 30th, 1869.*

MIDLAND AND MONTCLAIR RAILWAY COMPANIES.

A MEETING was held at Woodside on Thursday evening to consider the proposed change of route from Pompton Plains to New York, *via* Caldwell, Montclair, Bloomfield, Belleville, Woodside, Kearney, etc., to the intersection of the New Jersey Railroad, and thus landing passengers at the foot of Cortlandt street, New York, within fifteen months from this time. The meeting was organized by the appointment of C. G. Hine as chairman.

President Pratt, of the Montclair Railway Company, and ex-Senator H. R. Low made very clear and concise statements of the laws of New Jersey, and extracts therefrom in regard to bonding townships, cities, and villages, and cited as authority for the same the legislative action of the several more important states, with their network of railroads and advantages derived therefrom, rapid increase of the value of property, passenger traffic, etc; and in no case have the authorities been called upon to aid the railroads by the payment of the bonds or interest. The Hon. D. C. Littlejohn, President of the Midland Railroad, then followed in a very able and complete analysis of the cost, expenses, and income of the several large and leading railroads—viz.: New York Central and Hudson River roads, costing $100,000,000, between $90,000,000 and $100,000,000; Pennsylvania Central, $95,000,000, etc.; with incomes ranging from $15 to $20,000,000 per annum; while the Midland would start with single track $15,000,000, and double track $20,000,000. It will be remembered that the rail freight transportation will be shortened from 45 to 135 miles from present lines. By a competing line flour will be brought from Oswego, N. Y., at 40 or 50 cents, instead of $2, now charged, and paid by the consumer. It is oftentimes the case that the Erie and Central charge more for a barrel of flour from Oswego or Buffalo to New York than it costs to transport it from Chicago or Milwaukee to New York. The Midland Railroad has a cash capital of $9,000,000 at the present time; it has never sold a bond for less than par and accrued interest; that its mortgaged bonds are selling freely at that; this now work or materials have been furnished, except they were paid for in cash to the lowest bidder, and the road has never lost one dollar by bad debts or contracts. It runs through the fertile valley and mineral and coal deposits; and, in connection with the Erie through travel and traffic, the road will have an income sufficient to pay the interest on its bonds, and no risk to the townships which may subscribe. He was greeted with much applause when the able array of cunning argument was through with; and the audience could have staid until a much later hour to hear this profound thinker and pleader.

The meeting appointed a committee, consisting of Albert Beach, Thomas Jefferson Tobias, Gilbert Cummings, Charles D. Morrison, Eugene Smith, and C. C. Hine—and adjourned with cheerful prospects for the future of their town.

FIRST-CLASS BONDS.

CAPITALISTS, trustees, administrators, and others desiring to place money in a safe place, where dividends will be regularly and promptly paid, are invited to notice the advertisement of Messrs. George Opdyke & Co., highly respectable bankers of this city. They offer the first mortgage seven per cent. bonds of the New York and Oswego Midland Railroad, *principal and interest payable in gold.* Particulars were given in our last week's paper; but all the facts and figures in regard to these desirable bonds may be had in printed pamphlets on application to Messrs. Opdyke & Co. A. A. Low, George Opdyke, and Delos De Wolf—with a world-wide reputation for integrity and business talent—are the trustees of the mortgage. We regard these bonds as among the very best securities in the market.—*Independent, Aug. 19th, 1869.*

FEW enterprises started in any country ever set out on so sound a basis as the Midland Railroad, from Oswego to New York City. This enterprise comes of the necessity for improved and more direct transportation felt by the inhabitants of two of the most productive counties in this state, the people of which, in their municipal capacities as cities and towns, have provided funds to the amount of *six millions of dollars*, subscribed to the common stock of the company, which is equal to $15,000 per mile for the whole distance—400 miles. For the rails and equipments of the road the first mortgage 7 per cent. bonds of the company are sold at par, interest paid semi-annually in New York, in gold, free of tax. The principal, which matures July 1st, 1894, is also payable in gold. Messrs. A. A. Low, George Opdyke, and Delos De Wolf are the trustees named in the mortgage executed to secure the bonds. The road is to be opened in October next 147 miles from Oswego to Sidney Plains, where it intersects the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad. The track is now laid for sixty miles. On that portion of the route lying within the state of New Jersey the work of building is going on rapidly, as will be seen from an article on New Jersey railroads upon a preceding page.—*Stockholder, Aug. 17th, 1869.*

NEW YORK AND OSWEGO MIDLAND RAILROAD.—These bonds are offered at par and accrued interest in currency, and they bear 7 per cent. gold interest, free of Government tax. This road is one of the most important in the State of New York. It shortens the route from New York City by fifty-five miles, traversing a populous district, destitute of other railroad facilities, while, as a through route from New York to Buffalo and the great West, it is shorter than New York Central, and will without doubt command much of the traffic that now passes over that road. These bonds are limited to $20,000 per mile—about one-half of the actual cash cost of building the road; and they are, therefore, equal to the first mortgage bonds of the New York Central Railroad Company. As a safe investment, they are taken by our most conservative and sagacious capitalists.—*N. Y. World, Oct. 30th, 1869.*